WEEK ENDING DEC. 4, 1926

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for the Whole Family

In this Issue

A Story by ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS, *One of the heroes of* WAR BIRDS

also P.G. WODEHOUSE, J. ALLAN DUNN, VIOLA BROTHERS SHORE

Original

The fountain pen desk set idea was a Sheaffer inspiration. It has swept the country in a large way, because the desk set was a greatly needed thing. Our dealers carry an attractive assortment of them, for the home desks of women, for the office desks of men. With Lifetime° fountain pens, they sell everywhere from $10 upwards.

For your Christmas giving we here illustrate some outstanding individuals of a brilliant group, all remarkable performers. There is a Sheaffer pen and pencil for every writing need.

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W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY · FORT MADISON, IOWA

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Gifts for Everyone

So easy to buy *So nice to receive*

JUST see how this simplifies your Christmas shopping! Gathered together in one, or perhaps two departments of your favorite store, you'll find an appropriate and appreciated gift for every name on your list. No more searching from counter to counter! Paris and Hickory Presents comprise offerings for the whole family. And all such usable, valuable things! Sold in your city at most good stores.

A. STEIN & COMPANY

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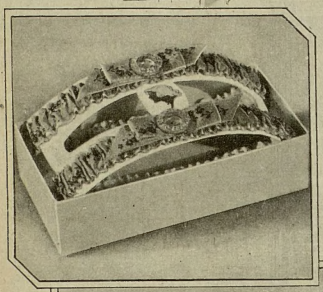
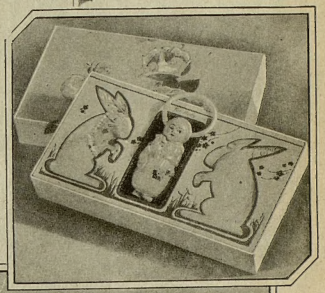
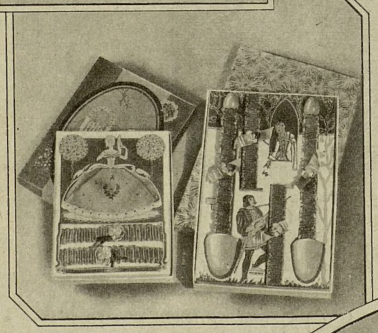


Hickory Ribbon Garters, French brocaded and tinsel-flowered ribbons with buckles of brilliants and flowers of georgette. 50c. Others, 75c and up.



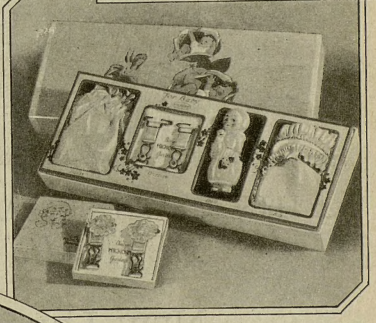
This Hickory Baby Set combines frilled rubber bib, Hickory Baby Pants and a cunning playtoy. The set, in pink or blue, in Bunny Box, $1.00

Double Gifts, Double Pleasure!



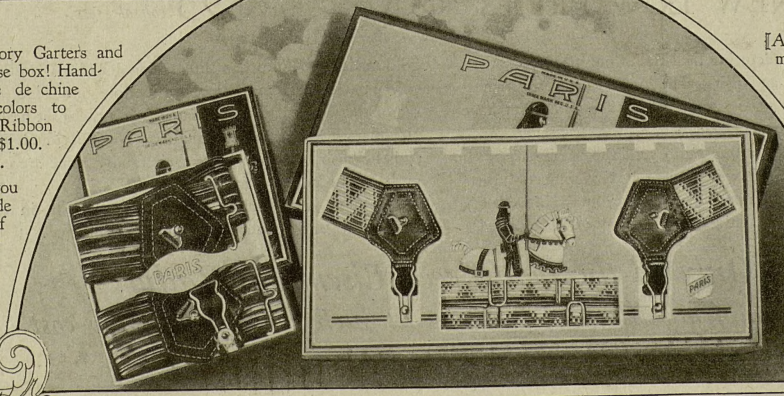
[*Left*] Hickory Garters and Slipper Trees to match, of the same fine silk ribbon, trimmed with the same tiny buds of crepe de chine. In Juliette gift box, complete, $1.00 and up.

[*Right*] The Forget-Me-Not Baby Set assembles four gifts in one pretty package — Hickory Baby Pants, frilled rubber bib, garters with ribbon bows, and a cunning playtoy. The set, blue or pink, $1.25. Others $1.00 up.



[*Above, left*] Hickory Garters and Kerchief—a surprise box! Hand-embroidered crepe de chine handkerchief in colors to match Hickory Ribbon Garters. The set, $1.00. Others, 50c and up.

Whatever else you give menfolk, include a fresh, new pair of Paris Garters in one of the bright, live, vivid colors. In box, 25c to $1.

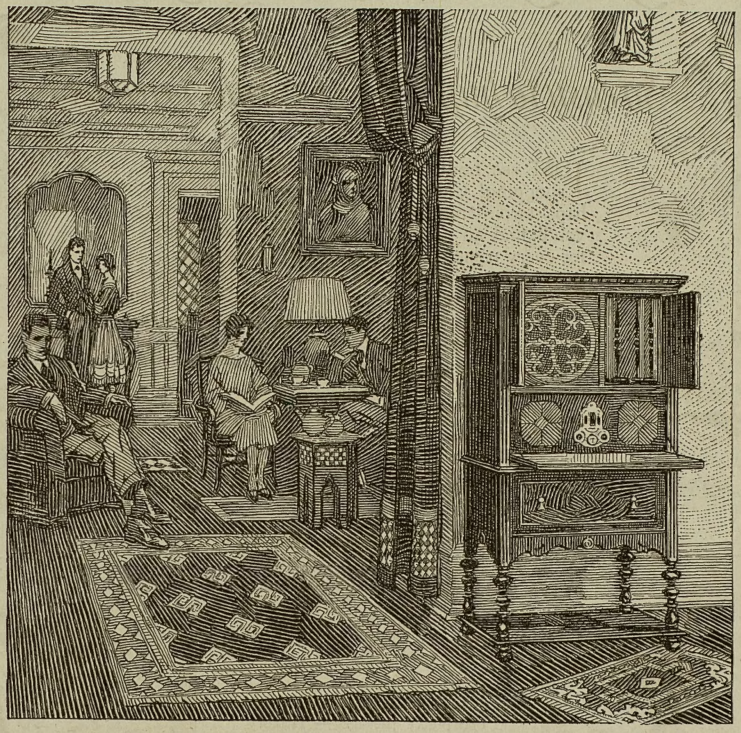


[*Above*] Their first little garters—made of wash satin with bows and a frill and a flower. In pink or blue, in easy-to-mail gift box, 25c up.

NOTE—Paris and Hickory Presents are sold at most good stores. If you do not find them, write, sending dealer's name. Address, Mrs. Ruth Stone, c/o A. Stein & Co., 1175 West Congress St., Chicago.

Paris Garters [above, left] 25c and up. Paris Garters with Armbands to match, in gift box, [above, right] 50c up.

FREED-EISEMANN RADIO



THIS CHRISTMAS YOU CAN GIVE YOUR FAMILY
The Radio of America's Finest Homes

NEW LOW PRICES: $60 *and up for table sets* $95 *and up for console sets*

** Prices slightly higher in Canada and West of the Rockies*

NOW, with the vast manufacturing facilities of our great new plant, you can buy the newest and finest FREED-EISEMANN at prices amazingly low, and yet embodying the same precision standards that have always been the FREED-EISEMANN ideal.

In the forefront of the world's fine radio sets, the FREED-EISEMANN stands alone and unchallenged. It was selected by Government experts and purchased by the United States Navy for use on the President's Yacht, the Mayflower. It is the only American Radio ever awarded a gold medal at a European International Radio World's Fair.

The name FREED-EISEMANN is a mellow one. Since the first days of radio, the name "FREED-EISEMANN" on a radio set has conveyed a definite guarantee of superlative quality. The individuals who own and control the business which bears their family name are carrying out their traditional reputation for quality.

Shown above: Model 850, $650. The only radio in which Hazeltine—Neutrodyne and Latour inventions are combined.

Only in the new Freed-Eisemann Radio
will you find all these features at such remarkably low cost

Complete metal shielding from outside interference. One tuning control instead of three. Steel Chassis construction. Superb cabinets. All sets can be run from house current with FREED-EISEMANN power units. Write to us for free home demonstration.

FREED-EISEMANN RADIO CORPORATION, Freed-Eisemann Bldg., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dec. 4, 1926

Liberty

A Weekly for the Whole Family

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

THE ANNEXATION OF CANADA—AND WHY IT WON'T HAPPEN—*An Editorial*

Premier King of Canada, in a recent speech, said that talk of annexation of Canada by the United States is bunk, circulated for political purposes. In this we are completely in accord with him.

It may be that some day, when the yellow races gird for Armageddon with the whites, some such close alliance may be necessary for the salvation of both nations. But if that time should come, it would no more be annexation of Canada by the United States than annexation of the United States by Canada.

There are strong reasons why the United States and Canada should form a closer economic, if not political, alliance. The nations, geographically and physically, are supplementary each to the other. Canada has a wealth of timber and minerals, and the future of grain-raising lies with her. In the United States the agricultural movement is toward general-purpose farming rather than toward increased grain-raising. We have tropical and semitropical products, cotton, coal, and other products necessary to Canada's development. Freer movement and interchange of commodities between the two sister nations is eminently desirable, but reciprocity, though desirable, is improbable. Political union certainly will not take place except through such a crisis as outlined above.

There is one reason why Canada would be foolish to consider any union with us: she would put herself into the straitjacket laws our fanatics have welded upon us.

Canada has a number of provinces corresponding to our States as political subdivisions. Each has its separate laws adapted to the particular needs of the different sections. Ontario is as dry in theory as the United States, and drier in practice, with the exception of some low-powered beer. The Canadian States have the sensible system. Any time they want to change the law, they can do so by a referendum. And having adopted a law, they obey it pretty well. We don't.

Our fanatics, on the other hand, have attempted to forge the shackles of an unworkable law upon us, even upon our children unto the fourth or fifth generation. The Canadians, wiser in their handling of the liquor problem, would be foolish to vote themselves into the United States under such a law. And this is one of the reasons why they never will.

THESE BE HARSH WORDS—*An Editorial*

The Methodist Board of Temperance and Public Morals, which was largely instrumental in putting over prohibition, is now engaged in a campaign against tobacco, especially cigarettes. Recently LIBERTY published an article dealing with the increase of smoking among women. The Board of Temperance and Public Morals, commenting on this article, contends that smoking among women is confined to prostitutes, "high society" women, and flappers with holes in their stockings.

These be harsh words, un-Christian words, untrue words.

This writer, being masculine, has the idea that women would be better off if they did not smoke. He knows, however, that women do smoke, and that smoking is increasing among them. Women closely allied to our own lives smoke. To our own knowledge the statement of the Methodist Board of Prohibition and Public Morals is false.

Heywood Broun expressed the reaction of the majority of normal people when he wrote:

"There is no reason why the Methodist Board should indulge itself in transparent lies. Nor can I detect much Christianity in shouting 'Prostitute' at the millions of respectable women who choose to use cigarettes. I also hope that the belief will not become general that a hole in the stocking makes anybody a moral leper."

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Beginning Billie Burke's Story

THINK of saying good-by to your husband every morning, knowing he's going straight to Broadway's loveliest temptresses, because it's the way he makes his living! That's the daily good-by of Billie Burke, who married Flo Ziegfeld, of Follies fame. Lovely Billie's struggle and triumph are revealed in a delightful series by SIDNEY SUTHERLAND, entitled BILLIE BURKE LAUGHS AT A THOUSAND RIVALS.

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS begins THE FEAR OF GOD, a splendid serial in which France's glittering age of romance, wit, and license flashes into life. In it you'll find the gayest, bravest, most adorable heroine you could ever hope to meet.

PER SCHEDULE SUMMERALL TAKES A CHANCE is an article by NORMAN S. HALL, revealing a hidden chapter of the World War. It gives a vivid close-up of the army's new Chief of Staff.

OLD ALEX THE GREAT is the first of a series on Grover Cleveland Alexander, the biggest ace in the whole pack of St. Louis Cards. HUGH FULLERTON wrote it.

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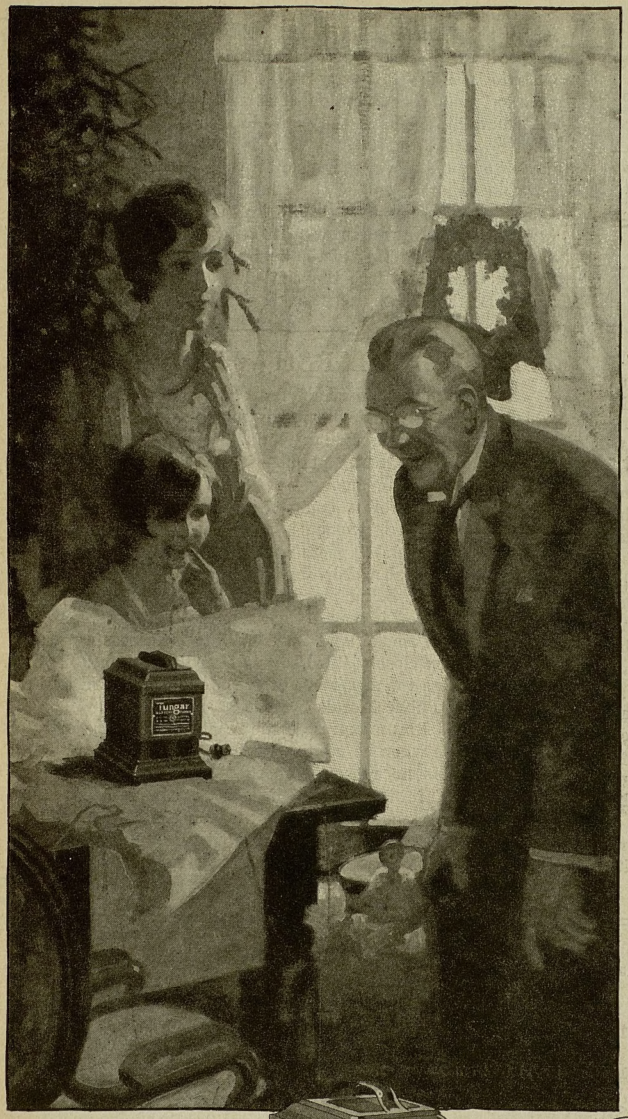

Send your good wishes ... *and a* Tungar *too*

If he enjoys the radio—surprise him with a G-E Tungar. It will keep batteries fully charged; help him to obtain better reception. Through the years, its helpfulness will be a constant reminder of your greetings.

Two ampere, five ampere, or Trickle Charger—your dealer will show you the correct type for any service. They are all made by General Electric—they all can be permanently installed, and they all say "good-bye battery charging problem."

P. S. Treat yourself to one, too.

Two ampere—charges all 2, 4 or 6 volt "A" and 24 to 96 volt "B" batteries in series—and auto batteries, too.

Five ampere—same range as two ampere—charges faster.

Trickle—charges 4 or 6 volt radio "A" storage batteries: four charging rates up to one-half ampere.

Merchandise Department
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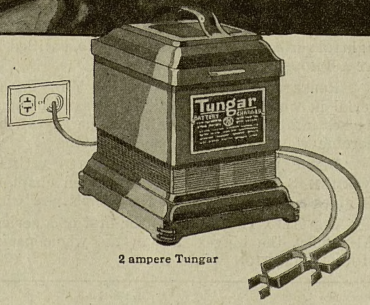


2 ampere Tungar

East of the Rockies
2 ampere Tungar, $18
5 ampere Tungar, $28
Trickle Charger, $12
(60 cycles—110 volts)

Tungar
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
BATTERY CHARGER

Tungar—a registered trademark—is found only on the genuine. Look for it on the name plate.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Faint Heart— Fair Lady

A Short Story of Two War Birds in Love

By Elliott White Springs

Pictures by Clayton Knight

"THIS sheik stuff is all the bunk," remarked Hy Hardwell, as he filled up his glass again. "Women don't fall for that cave-man stuff anywhere but on the printed page. It never pans out except on a typewriter,

CAP came down through the fog again and landed, but Jimmy wouldn't even try it.

and I'm referring to the instrument and not the pilot. If you give an imitation of a poor consumptive looking for bail, you'll get their sympathy and bank account, but if you try to understudy Mr. Piltdown, you'll get a crack on the cerebellum with a bronze candlestick."

"If you believe that, then you don't know feminine psychology," I interposed. "A woman's maternal instinct may be aroused by the poor devil behind the bars, but the man she loves is the man that can beat her up and does so freely."

"Bunk," says he again. "Bunk! And I can prove it. Did you ever hear of a man in

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[FAINT HEART—FAIR LADY Continued from Page Seven]

jail or out of a job losing his wife? No. It's the rich Bennie on the avenue that has to keep nets under his windows."

"You're all wrong," I told him. "Women love to play the clinging vine. They want to be ruled. You're judging by outward appearances."

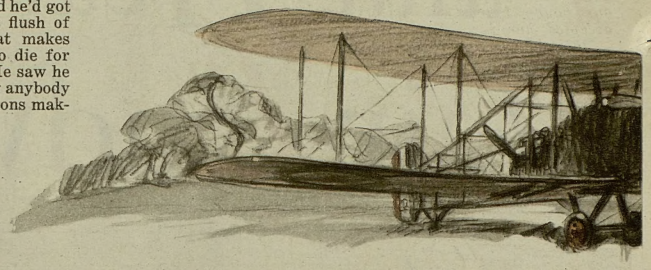
"Bunk again," Hy insisted. "A woman won't stick to any man who doesn't make her think he needs her. I remember once—well, I'll tell you the story:

"BACK in the spring of '18 I was up at Cranwell, about a hundred miles north of London, at a Royal Flying Corps training squadron. It was a night-flying outfit and was equipped with FE2Bs, commonly known as Fees. Everybody at the squadron was an expert pilot, so the only training we did was in night work. We were also Home Defense and supposed to chase any Gothas that came over bombing. The airdrome had flood lights on it and the regular equipment of rockets and flares. Every plane carried a parachute flare, which was a big ball of magnesium on a parachute, and it would light up when dropped through the tube and give plenty of illumination to make a forced landing by.

"We were having some bad weather for a spell and everybody was loafing about and catching up with their drinking.

"The chief instructor was a bozo who'd been cut at the front for ten months and could find his way around on a dark night better than most people could in daytime with a guidebook. Most men who'd been out at the front for a long time got awfully calloused and, when they came back to instruct, didn't care what happened to their pupils. They'd take them up for a few hops, give them some good advice about not mixing drinks, and push them up solo, either to kill themselves or become pilots and go out and get killed by the Germans. In neither case would they keep track of the details.

"But this instructor, Cap, was different. He was as tender a nurse as ever a Hun had. (We called all pupils Huns in England because they crashed so many British planes.) Cap was a good instructor because he didn't ever want to go back to the front. He'd had enough of it to see that no man could last indefinitely, no matter how good he was, and that everyone would be killed off if the war lasted long enough. He figured out that the only boys who would live through the hostilities were those who stayed away from the scrapping. And he'd got over that first flush of patriotism that makes a man want to die for his country. He saw he wasn't serving anybody but the munitions makers and bully-beef tinners and he decided that it was high time he picked a soft berth for himself and dug in like the rest of the smart ones.



"So, when his time at the front was up, he made up his mind he was going to be the best instructor in the flying corps and make himself so indispensable in England that they couldn't get along without him. He succeeded in doing just that thing. He was so good they let him run the whole squadron and the Major never came out of the bar except when some general came up to inspect.

"ONE afternoon he was up with a new Hun, letting him take a look at the surrounding country and pointing out emergency fields to him. They were about five miles from the airdrome when the motor sputtered and conked cold. Cap took over the controls and pancaked in a meadow beside a big country house. They got out and tinkered with the old Beardmore motor and found water in the gas.

"You see it now, do you? All right; good! There was a girl who lived in that big house, as pretty as a silver albatross in the afternoon sun. You know what complexions English girls have. Well, this one was enough to make any pilot take his mind off the controls. She came out to see what was going on and both our young heroes called it a day and accepted her invitation to tea.

"Before they'd bitten into two biscuits, both of them were down out of control. They were both captains and there wasn't much to choose between them. The Hun had been out in France since '15, and had got his captaincy with the poor bloody infantry before he got tired of the mud and decided to end it all by joining the flying corps. They both had the gift of gab and knew in a general way how to appear pleasing before the female by spreading their tales like peacocks. As the modern child would say, their sex appeal was about fifty-fifty.

"They swilled tea and whisky-and-soda until dusk, and then got going again and flew out of the meadow and stunted that Fee for half an hour. It's a wonder they didn't pull the wings off that old crate the way they threw it around. The girl watched and waved and realized how easy it was to love an airman. Times have changed, but in those days a pair of wings was just like a love philter.

"FOR the next month those two bozos were as busy as the sergeant major of a Chink construction company in a bomb raid. They cracked up two Fees in the vicinity of that meadow and there never was more than one of them around the squadron at the same time. We got confidential bulletins that it was a dead heat and it was so serious that neither one of them could be kidded about it.

"She came over to watch the flying often, but while she was there neither one of them would take the air. Hairpins were found in several planes, so the squadron knew that she was getting her share of joy rides.

"After about a month of that we had some fine weather for night hops and Cap announced he was going to send up his pupils for their first solos at night. Jimmy, the Hun captain, was among those scheduled to go up, and the girl came over that night to watch. Both of them clustered around her till they looked like a mob and the most delicate eye couldn't detect any favoritism on her part. She thought they were both just fine and it looked like it was just a question of which one got bumped off or ordered to the front. Neither of them had been able to hit on the right method to coax her head over on his shoulder.

"Two pilots took off in two machines—Jimmy and a little Scotsman—and Cap went up in another bus to look after them. It was a bright moonlight night and the ground showed up as well as on a cloudy day.

"Everything was going fine upstairs until Cap noticed that a wind had sprung up and was blowing in a ground fog. You know how quick a fog can come rolling up there, don't you? Cap fired his signal pistol for them to come down at once, but before he got down himself there was a light fog about fifty feet thick lying over the airdrome. He landed all right and so did the Scotsman. Then Jimmy came down to land; but as soon as he struck the fog he lost his nerve and opened the throttle and went up again. Cap had taxied on up to the hangars and stood watching and waiting and listening. Jimmy tried it again, but his nerve failed and he wouldn't come through. The girl dashed over to Cap and was trembling so she could hardly talk.

THEY swilled tea and whisky-and-soda until dusk, and then got going again.

SHE came out to see what was going on and both our young heroes accepted her invitation to tea.

"'He's going to be killed!' she cried to him. 'He can't get down! What will he do?'

"'He's all right,' Cap reassured her. 'It's only a light fog. Don't get frightened.'

"When Jimmy tried it again and didn't get down, Cap got in his machine and went back up to get him. It takes nerve, mind you, to go up in a fog, but Jimmy was his pupil and he was going to look after him. He picked him up above the fog and got in front of him to lead him down. The rockets were coming up through the fog and it was easy to locate the airdrome. Cap led him right over the airdrome and came in to land. He came in with a little motor and held his nose up and sank down through the fog and pancaked to show him how to do it and let him see that it was only about fifty feet through it.

"But Jimmy wouldn't come down. He didn't like that fog and he wasn't going to try it again. The girl ran out to see which one it was that landed, and when she saw it wasn't Jimmy, she let out a terrible shriek.

"'Never you mind,' says Cap. 'I'll go up and get him and take him over out of the fog and we'll land where it's clear. Don't worry!'

"So he went back up and picked Jimmy up again. They both had lights on their wing tips, but they could see each other in the moonlight anyway. Cap led him over about ten miles where there was no fog and picked out a nice field and dropped his flare over it and went down and landed. Jimmy watched and saw him do it and then circled up above and dropped his flare and started to come down himself. But he'd never made a forced landing at night and he wouldn't do it. He got right down over the ground and then gave it the gun and went back up.

"By that time, of course, he was in a panic. And he should have been, too, because he had only the one flare and he was helpless now if he had to land anywhere else but on the airdrome. Cap knew it and so took off in the dark and went up to get him and lead him back to the airdrome and the flood lights.

"He picked him up again and Jimmy followed Cap back to the airdrome. Cap came down through the fog and landed, but Jimmy wouldn't even try it. He was as good as dead now, because a man in a panic in a plane is as good as dead in the daytime, and much more so at night in a fog.

"THE girl was crazy now. She was sobbing and shouting, and Cap stood by and watched her and meditated.

"'I've done all I can,' he told her. 'He won't come down until his petrol gives out or God takes over the controls. He's good for about three-quarters of an hour more.'

"Everybody stood around and waited, listening to his motor moaning up above and occasionally his wing lights could be seen through a break in the fog. The ambulance was cranked up, waiting; but it was a hearse that ought to have been there, not an ambulance.

"There wasn't much use in going up again, but Cap felt he'd rather be up in the air than on the ground with the girl. He ordered the rockets sent up every ten seconds and took a mechanic in his plane with a couple of flashlights.

"He flew up close to Jimmy's machine and had the mechanic turn a flashlight on him so Jimmy could see him plainly. Then he motioned to him to follow close behind. Jimmy had calmed down by that time and got the idea and flew right behind him. Then Cap got 'way back and came flying in low at an even pace and gradually throttled down. Just at the right moment Cap waved the flashlight frantically and cut his motor off. Jimmy could see him but not the ground through the fog, and they both sank on through it and pancaked in the middle of the field. Jimmy bent up an axle and dragged a wing, but that was all. The mechanics and pilots came running to meet them and clamored around Cap and congratulated him as if he'd shot down a Zep. It was a pretty good show.

"But the girl went straight for Jimmy and cried over him like he'd been killed. She didn't even look in Cap's direction, she was so intent on dragging Jimmy away from that field before something else happened to him.

"Cap walked on back to the mess all alone and sat down by the fire. The Major came bustling in to congratulate him.

"'That was a jolly stout effort, my lad,' he told him. 'If you were out at the front you'd get the D. S. O. for less than that. No chance to wangle anything for you up here in that line, but I can arrange something for you and I shall report the matter in full to the brigade. Is there anything I can do for you?'

"'Yes,' said Cap, looking up in disgust, 'there is. You can tell the steward to bring me a double whisky and put in my application for transfer back to the front.'

"SO, if you want to win a woman, don't waste any time trying to make her think you're Napoleon. That won't get you anywhere. Just get in a perambulator and act like it's feeding time. Give your inferiority complex full sway!"

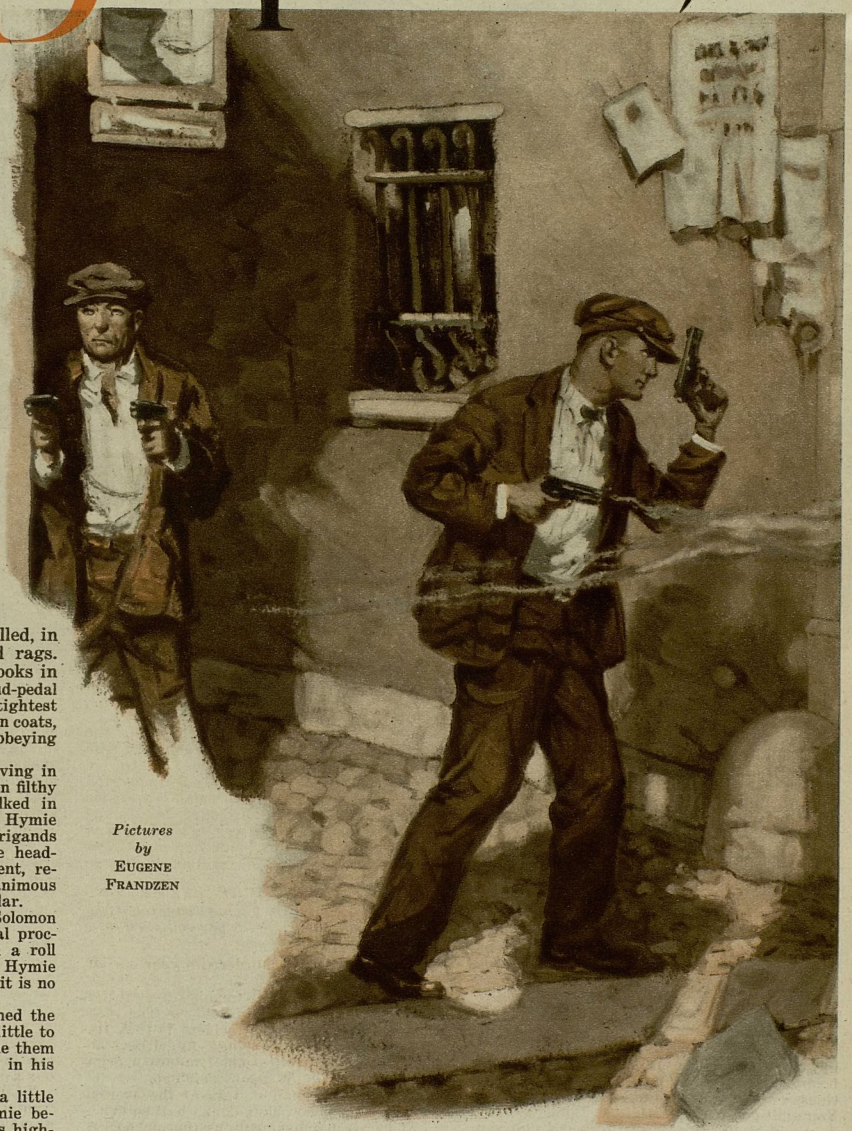
"That's a good story," I remarked. "It has all the earmarks of intimacy. But, tell me, Hy, which one were you—the instructor or the Hun?"

He eyed me contemptuously. "That's none of your business. I was proving a theory, not making a confession."

THE END

BAD and Proud Of It

Uncovering That Amazing Streak of Vanity Which Makes Simpletons of the Cleverest Crooks and Helps the Police Solve the Most Baffling Mysteries



Pictures by EUGENE FRANDZEN

THE clothes Hymie wore were called, in the slang of his heyday, glad rags. He was not peculiar among crooks in that he loved the garish vest, the loud-pedal raiment—the yellowest of shoes, the tightest and sharpest of trousers, the last word in coats, socks, and cravats. He was merely obeying the impulses of his kind.

His wife and children might be starving in a cold room and his parents might be in filthy rags, but Hymie and his gentry walked in beauty. So, as I have said, the night Hymie and his mob—seven precious young brigands—were arraigned before me in police headquarters, my mind was, for the moment, removed from their crime by their unanimous sartorial splendor. Hymie's in particular.

That he should be thus dimming Solomon was but a symptom of Hymie's mental processes—a swell front, a swell gal, and a roll you could block a steam roller with. Hymie and his kind ask but little more, unless it is no interference from the police.

Many years a policeman, I had learned the minds of such as Hymie. It would be little to my credit were I not equipped to handle them with some skill. So I attacked Hymie in his most vulnerable spot—his pride.

I admit, of course, to having quite a little information about this particular Hymie before he was fetched in. The crime was highway robbery—a pay-roll holdup. I had reason to suspect, too, that Hymie had done something more serious.

The seven of them, Hymie in the center, glistening like the jewel he was, were ranged before me.

"Hymie," said I, "where did you get those frenzied clothes?"

Hymie flushed. His pals sniggered.

"I've seen rags like those on the stage, Hymie," I went on, "but I thought the fellow wearing them was just kidding. Perfumed, too, aren't you, Hymie? I'm surprised, Hymie, that the cops even thought of arresting you—I should think they'd have kissed you."

Hymie's pals laughed. So did the detectives. Hymie was fit to do murder. He was hurt where the hurting is most painful. He was proud of those garments. And even his pals were laughing. I turned to the detectives.

"Take them all to the detention room—except Hymie. I must talk more to this eyeful."

HYMIE and I were alone. He was almost in tears—tears of rage, I might explain. But I said no more about his clothes.

"Hymie," I said, "up until now I had quite a respect for your work. I thought you were smooth—away up on the honor list. Clever guy. Listen: I've got two things on you. One is that you and your mob pulled that holdup, and the other is that your wife is about to have a baby.

"A nickel-plated boob you are—pulling a job like this at such a time. Jennie Gold is your wife, and I know—everybody knows—that you're crazy about her. The only white thing in you, Hymie. You do love Jennie Gold. And you pulled a job that means a long stretch up the river at a time like this. Clever? Listen, Hymie, you're about as clever as a bullfrog. You don't look unlike a bullfrog, at that.

"Guess I'll have to send you into the pen with the others. I was going to try to pin the murder of old man Jacobson on you—the old

An Article by George S. Dougherty

Former Deputy Police Commissioner and Chief of Detectives of New York City

THE crime was highway robbery —a pay-roll holdup.

guy that was killed in the stickup. But no boob like you ever pulled that. Not big enough. Guess one of the other guys cooked Jacobson. You ain't got the guts, Hymie. And, say, how do you hold down the job of leader of that mob —a boob like you?"

Hymie was apoplectic. He jerked at his tall white collar as though suffocating, actual tears in his eyes. I waited. Hymie spoke.

"Dougherty," he began.

"'Mr. Dougherty' or 'Commissioner' to a yellow scut like you," I snapped.

"Commissioner, you say I ain't got the guts. You say I'm a bum, hey? You think I ain't got nothing more than a bullfrog. Listen: I cooked Jacobson. What do you know about that, hey? Who would cook him? Ain't it my mob? Listen, what do you mean I'm a scut? I cooked Jacobson, and what's more, I knocked off that Williams guy. What you got to say about that, hey?"

Williams had been murdered a year earlier, during another holdup.

We electrocuted Hymie for his sins, but that is not the objective of this story. The more remarkable phase of the incident is that Hymie's vanity was his undoing. And I have obtained a hundred confessions from other criminals by similar plays upon their ego.

There is no woman so vain as the average crook. There is no prima donna half so prideful of her accomplishments as the pickpocket, the burglar, the counterfeiter, the gunman, and so on. The most conceited of artists is a modest violet compared with these crooks of ours. The truth is that a great number of crimes solve themselves, literally fall into the hands of the police, because two or more crooks get to quarreling over their respective abilities.

DO you remember the murder of the gambler, Herman Rosenthal? Five men went to the chair for that, among them a police lieutenant, Charlie Becker. Well, the first break toward the solution of that crime was the result of my appeal to the pride of Libby, the chauffeur who got the murder car out of the garage and took it back again. I say the first break. Possibly we would have cleared up this case without Libby's injured pride coming to our assistance, but the facts are these:

"Libby," I said, "the dicks [detectives] want to pin that job on you. They say you drove the car. Now, I don't believe that. You're too smart a guy to show yourself at a garage where everybody knows you, ain't you?"

Libby remained silent but panicky. He feared the chair, but he also feared the death which would be his if he squealed on the others. I went on:

"You're a smart kid, Libby. Too smart to tip your mitt like that. Or maybe you ain't. Maybe you're not as smart as I thought. If you did drive that car and showed your face like that, you're a boob, because you're done for if that's the case. But I don't believe it yet. No, Libby, a smart guy like you——"

"Well, I got to hand it to you, Chief," Libby

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almost whimpered. "You got me right. I was too clever to drive the car when they pulled the murder. Shapiro drove it. I got the car and gave it to Shapiro. I got it back and took it in. I'm too wise a guy to be mixed up in anything like that. Whitey, Gyp, Frank, and Lefty were in the car with Shapiro."

I claim no corner on this knowledge of the crook mind. Not long ago, in Buffalo, a gentleman came face to face with a burglar in his house. The gentleman was courageous and mentally fast. You will have to be both to try his method of saving your treasure.

"Good Lord!" said the gentleman, elevating his hands. "How did you get in here? Why, my architects told me this was a burglar-proof house. They didn't take you into consideration, I guess. You're a clever man—too clever to be in a dangerous business like this. Brains like yours would be a good investment for any business house.

"Leave my stuff alone. You might get away with this junk this time, but you may be caught or killed in the next house you turn off. I have a fair proposition and I'm willing to take a chance. Go now and come to my office tomorrow. You're too clever to let go along in this business. I have a job that needs clever brains like yours."

Surprising as it may be, the burglar actually did leave without booty. His vanity had been tickled too much. But he never showed up at the gentleman's office. Probably was clever enough to do a bit of honest thinking after he had been kidded into leaving the house.

SOME years ago a broker's home in Westchester County was robbed of a pearl necklace valued at $15,000. The hiding place wherein the jewels were kept was ingenious, but not proof against the thief's cunning. Also, whoever did the job had been careful to leave no fingerprints.

Now, it just happened that I believed it the work of an experienced porch climber. Also, there are but fifteen or eighteen real porch climbers in this country. The trade is a difficult one. About ten of these lads were, at the time, in sundry prisons. They couldn't have done it. By otherwise eliminating a couple more I narrowed the possibilities down to three or four.

Some time later, on Broadway, I met one of them. He had been out of prison exactly a year.

"Why, Red," I exclaimed, "I was just thinking about you! Oh, no, nothing serious. Fact was, I was thinking over a job out in Westchester. Fifteen thousand dollars' worth of pearls. But the job was away over your head, Red. I'm not kidding. I mean it was too clever for you. Got you on fingerprints last time, but this was a wise guy. No fingerprints. Also, this guy locked up the drawer after he pulled the job. Made it look like an inside job. See? I'm thinking it was one of those smart Western guns this time. Smart guys, those Western guns. Got you Eastern boys skinned a mile. Nobody in the East clever enough for this job."

And then Red, the poor simp, interrupted me:

"Listen, Chief, are you all through talking?"

"Sure."

"Well, don't believe all they tell you about those Western guns. Bums, Chief, bums. I turned that trick. What do you think of that? I was going to turn off the house next door, but the folks were upstairs. I wasn't coming home empty, so I tried this house. See?"

I am prepared to hear you scoff. I agree that it passes understanding that a crook should thus confess to a policeman, when he knows perfectly well it means a heavy sentence. But any detective who knows his business will verify my assertions. It is part of the criminal mentality. They have the moral fiber of morons and the boastful pride of achievement of little boys.

ADAM WORTH, one of the most famous of the old-timers at crime, was so inordinately vain that he insisted upon returning to its owner Gainsborough's Duchess of Devonshire, which he had stolen and kept for twenty-six years. Billy and Bob Pinkerton caught Worth.

"Yes," said Worth, "I stole the Gainsborough. Never got a chance to get rid of it. Didn't want to very much, because I'm an artist too and I wanted it to look at myself. But, say, let me take the painting back to Agnew [the owner]. I'd like to let him have a look at me."

The painting was purchased later by the late J. P. Morgan. It now hangs in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Mr. Morgan paid the modest price of $125,000 for it. It is worth thrice that today.

Mike Lehr, the forger, really was smart. He was educated beyond his class and his dexterity with a pen—in either hand—was amazing. We were morally certain that Mike was the man we wanted for several exceedingly clever jobs, but we lacked the proof that a jury would demand.

"Mike," I said, "we haven't anything on you. We don't think you did the writing we're interested in, but we just picked you up, thinking you could help us. This is a big-boy job, Mike. Who are the big boys with the pen and ink these days?"

FIFTEEN thousand dollars' worth of pearls stolen and no fingerprints.

"Listen, Chief," sneered Mike: "what are you trying to do, kid me?"

"Oh, all right," I said to the detectives. "Lock him up for a few hours. Maybe some little-boy job will turn up and maybe Mike can help us on that. Mike"—turning to him—"you're a forger. We've got that much on you. But you're a piker at it. If you insist on sticking to the profession why don't you pull some big stuff like this boy did—whoever he is? What do you do, Mike, use a rubber stamp?"

"Listen, Chief, I can write anything any of you guys write so that you can't tell which is which. That's the kind of a boob I am."

"Yeh?"

"Yeh. Write your name."

Mike did a master's job.

"You're improving, Mike," I said admiringly. "If you live long enough you may be as good as this guy. See you later, Mike."

"Let's see this big boy's job," demanded Mike suddenly.

He produced a precise duplicate of the forged signature.

"Why, Mike Lehr," I cried, "I'm tempted to think you're the big boy himself!"

"I'll say I am," gloated Mike.

AFTER all, it is not so remarkable as I may have led you to believe. Who among us hasn't this same vanity, whether we parade it or not? What Wall Street broker is not proud of his financial coups? What banker doesn't take pride in his shrewdness? What writer, painter, actor—particularly the actor—isn't quite sure he is the best at his game?

The crook has it in a degree beyond the ordinary. He rejoices when the newspapers call him the "Master Mind," the "King of Pickpockets," the "Czar of the Underworld," the "Wolf of State Street."

Such journalistic epithets merely fire with aspiration and ambition the kid who would emulate his crook-hero.

It is true, of course, that in their boastings the crooks will lie to impress; but such lies are soon detected—much sooner in too many cases than the real perpetrator of the crime. However, that is aside from my story. Let me tell you, instead of digressing, the story of Dutch Alonzo.

After Thomas F. Byrnes retired as inspector from the New York Police Department, he published a book—Criminals of America. It was profusely illustrated with photographs of these bad boys.

One day, soon after the book began to have wide circulation, I met Dutch Alonzo. Obviously he was humiliated. His reputation as a thief did not suffer in comparison with any crook in America; and yet——

"Chief," said he dolefully, "have you seen Byrnes' book?"

"Sure. Great stuff."

"The hell you say! It's rotten. I always thought Byrnes knew his business. Did you see my mug in it? No, you didn't, because it ain't there. Listen, Chief, Byrnes must have lost his mind. Did you find my record in it or anything about me? No. The book's useless."

I tried to be sympathetic. Dutch cheered up a little as we were parting.

"Maybe Byrnes did it only to be fresh," he said. "Or he may be sore on me. I wonder if he's sore on me. I can't think of anything I ever did to him to get him sore like that."

I assure you I am not exaggerating. Dutch Alonzo died in a hospital, and I was near enough and not too busy to visit him just before he passed away.

"I'm leaving clean, Chief," said he. "Tell Byrnes I'm not sore."

THE END

Sylvia Treads Among the Goulds

A Bride's Past Puts Life Into the Family Skeletons

A Short Story by

Viola Brothers Shore

Pictures by Nancy Fay

"I NEVER was no nearer to Paris than flyin' there in a dream."

"HOW'D you like to go down to a house party at Mrs. Van Dam Gould's place?" Sandy says to me, "and meet some real society people? A baroness and a lord, and Lady Castleton and young Ferdie Cowen the polo player?"

Of course, never havin' met none of Sandy's friends, I says, "I *cernly* would."

"I was gonna surprise you," he says, "and not tell you where I was takin' you; but I thought maybe you'd want some new clo'es to take along."

It seems this Mrs. G. was gettin' up this midwinter party for Sandy, and invitin' Andrew Weir, the famous playwright, that has a place nex' to hers and is a frien' of Sandy's. They met at Lord Duffield's in Canada, and Sandy was all excited over meetin' him again.

"D'ju tell her you was bringin' me?" I ast.

"Well, not exackly," says Sandy. "You see, they don' know I'm married, and I thought it'd be fun just to write I was bringin' a surprise." He never accepted none of her invitations before, he says, accounta not likin' parties and people. On'y, now he's married, he feels the Lil Woman oughta have some diversion or she'll get bored, never talkin' to nobody but a dull writer.

Which is a cupa coffee, because to me Sandy asleep and snorin' is better comp'ny than anybody else bein' the life of the party. But I gotta admit I was kinda rawed up over meetin' a lotta his friends and a real lord. Then I begun to get cold pedals accounta thinkin' maybe I wouldn't fit in with all them swells.

"Don' be foolish, Baby," Sandy says. "Not one of them is as good lookin' as you—not even Fifi, young Gould's wife, and she was a famous beauty."

"It ain't on'y looks," I says; "it's clo'es and education and all that."

"I never knew my Gold Top could be so silly," says Sandy. "I guess our money will buy as good clo'es as anyone's." And, he says, for the rest, well, he says, who wouldn' pick a live flower any day sooner than an unnatural one? "Jus' be yourself," he says. "Naturalness and truth are respected and admired anywhere in the world."

"Well," I says, "natural is my middle name. But would you mind if I was to change the first one to some'm more refined than Tessie—and some'm that fits in better with Drury?"

"Your name is your own property entirely," says Sandy. "You can call yourself Lizzie Boloney if you like."

"No, thanks," I says; "I prefer Sylvia. Unless you think Sylvia wouldn' be apperpo for a tough egg like me?"

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[SYLVIA TREADS AMONG THE GOULDS]
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"I can on'y think of one better," says Sandy, "and that's Gorgeous Gloria Goldilocks." (Ain't he the last word and testimony?) "How much money do you need to absolutely knock their orbits out, Sylvia?"

That gimme a thrill. Sylvia Drury! I felt more like I could meet them Casabas a'ready.

Well, so we drove up in Sandy's car, all done up in furs, to this place called The Gullerie. The poor things, they on'y got their own private park, and garadge and stables, swimmin' pool, gymnasium, golf and tennis course. And you never seen so many rooms excep' in a institushon.

Well, the minute we stepped in the entrance hall, and Sandy says to a marcelled dame with short white hair and long black earrings, he says, "This is my surprise, Mrs. Gould—" I noo, like the Danish feller that et too much chicken, that some'm was fowl in Denmark. And when she trots out her daughter Virginia May, a tall girl built along the gen'ral lines of a starfish, that was tryin' to keep away from cigarettes with a holder a foot long, say! Anybody but a smart man'd know that dame had Sandy all measured for this long drink of water of hers, and she wasn' dancin' no war hoop over no Lil Woman.

Another Long Delay come out to look us over, and she was the Baroness Fun Popper—and, say, she carried her nose like she was born with a silver spoon in her mouth filled with Limburger.

In backa the Baroness was an awful pretty blonde that was Fifi Gould—young Van Dam's wife—and a dark young feller had a full Nelson on her arm, so I nacherly says, "Please to meet you, Mr. Gould." But he gimme a dirty eye and it turned out he was Ferdie Cowen, the polo player.

So outa the five people I met comin' in, the old grand dame and her prodgidy, the Baroness Fun Popper and young Cowen, the on'y one with who it wasn' a case of hate at first sight was Fifi, and the jury was still out on her.

A BUTLER showed us to our room. What a bedroom, with its own parlor and sleepin' porch, and I never seen such a bathroom—green tile with a shower in back of a glass door, a step-in tub, electric curlin' iron, and four dif'rent kindsa towels. Say, that room we had at the Onyx Hotel was a corner closet unner the back stairs in the poorhouse compared to this cell.

Sandy was jus' explainin' to me what the two telephones, eight push buttons, and patent heat reggelator was for, when there's a knock on the door, and a French maid starts to polly-voo at me. Sandy translates it: Would I like any help dressin' for dinner?

"Say," I says, "whaddo I look like—unner age or unner pa?"

But Sandy says Mrs. Gould sent her in and she'll look after any of my steppin' togs that needs pressin'. So, figgerin' when in Rome why struggle, "Tell her to do her worst," I says to Sandy.

Say, she cernly had her nerve. When she unpacked my combination, the one I give seven berries for, you'd a thought it was nineteen cents' wortha bad debts. And when she come to my evenin' dress I thought she'd have kittens. It was the first evenin' dress I ever had (not countin' my black sleeveless that the Old Gent staked me to Christmas a year ago) and it was toiquoise bloo—and chick? Say, all I needa say is, Sandy picked it out accounta it was the color of my eyes, and I guess Sandy knows as much about what's what as a servant girl, even if she is French!

My dandruff was up. "What'd she say?" I ast Sandy.

"She wants to know if that's the on'y gown you brought."

Can you top that? You can't wear out an evenin' dress from Friday to Monday, even usin' it for breakfast!

Well, on topa her, a Casaba comes in, and he's a valley and he starts layin' out Sandy's soop-and-fish. So I says, "What *is* this?" I says. "Somebody gettin' married?"

"We dress for dinner," Sandy says, and gosh, was I covered with mortification!

Well, I couldn' get away from leavin' this Paulette help me dress for nothin' less'n sudden death. Can y'imagine leavin' anybody comb your hair outsida your mother or the barber, maybe? When she got done, I run a comb through it for spite. Sandy likes it curly and not all plastered down.

Well, I mightn'ta had better food, but I cernly had food that tasted better than that dinner. First, they put Sandy a mile away, between Mrs. Gould and Ginny May. (That's what they called her, and, say, I don't think that's so refined!) And I'm nex' to young Van Dam—one of these lil men that looks like a plucked chicken outa cold storage. For all the attention he paid me, I mighta been the Spirit of Prohibition, he was so busy watchin' his wife down the line with young Cowen. Cowen never loses a chance to tell how he's from an ole Richmond fam'ly, and from the way he was workin' up her arm they musta been the original Virginia creepers.

On the other side of me was Lord Castleton, with a pointy mustache and fishy eyes. He took to me right away, and I took to him like a oyster takes to alcohol. I could feel my edges curlin' up. Halfa the time I couldn' even get what he was sayin', accounta he talked like adenoids. Somebody oughta learn them English how to speak their own language properly.

I made myself scarce in a big high-backed couch with the Sunny papers.

What with tryin' to watch how Sandy et without lettin' on I was watchin', and not leavin' the hired man in backa me see I was rattled to death, we got awmost through dinner before I realized the line he was handin' me.

"I'll wage-ah," he was sayin', "you have a body like a dried."

"A dried what?" I asks.

Finely I got what he was sayin': "A dry-ad."

"Maybe you're right," I says; "there's prohibition signs all over it."

"Haw-haw! That's a droll one," he says. "By George, I thought you couldn't use that little mouth except for kissing."

By that time I was gettin' hot around the lahvaleer. "Say, lord," I says, "you ain't seen nothin' yet."

"I'd like," he says, "to see much that doesn't meet the eye."

"Well," I says, "what I'd meet your eye with'd be so swift you couldn't see it."

Just then I seen his wife givin' me the dirtiest eye, like she wanned to annilate me. She was an overripe Casaba with the bigges' jew'ry I ever seen, includin' the rings unner her eyes.

THERE was another fussy old gent at the table named Francis Marion Pratt, and I got the feelin' him and the Fun Popper was laughin' at me. What a washout—with Sandy a mile away, the talk all swimmin' over my head, Lady C. wantin' my life and ten years more, Lord C. gettin' rough and warmer, and the whole Van Dam fam'ly actin' like I wasn' there at all! But I was proud of the way Sandy held his own. Imagine a hunka salami like me married to a guy like that!

After dinner they ast me, "Do you play bridge?"

"No," I says; "I heard about it, o' course, but I don' play."

You'd think I said I didn' brush my teeth!

"What's the matter?" I says. "Do they cut people's throats in this part of the country if they don't?"

"No," says Mr. Pratt; "they cut your throat if you do!"

I begun to think maybe he was a human bean, even if he did lisp and leave people call him Francis Marion.

Sandy ast me do I mind if he played, and, knowin' he's crazy about a game, of course I says, No, I'd love him to, and I'd watch and maybe learn. So they all got down to it, one gang in one room and one in another. The on'y ones left was me and Ginny May, and she wen' over and parked on the arm of Sandy's chair, and, not wishin' to look jealous, I wen' in the other room and stood in backa Mrs. Gould. She looked at me like I was contagious! You'da thought I ast her age or some'm when all I said was, "Why donchu take it with the king?"

I made out I didn' notice them all givin' me the ice, and I jus' kep' on talkin' real friendly, when all a sudden Mrs. G. calls in the nex' room, "Virginia May," she calls in an imperial voice, "won't you take this child away?"—like I was a brat with the hoopin' cough.

"Here," says Sandy, jumpin' up, "you take my hand and I'll play cassino with Mrs. Drury."

"I won't hear of it," says Ginny May, pushin' him back in his seat. "I'm sure Mrs. Drury won't mind your playin' a *little* longer." Like I was the kind that would! "I'll amuse her."

But I wasn' takin' no favors from that damn sell, so I sat on Sandy's other side, and he tole me it's against the rules to ask queshons, and I felt like a mosquito bite. I begun to count the hours I'd have to troupe with that gang! The on'y one of the women that didn' treat me like I was a dark secret was Fifi.

After the games broke up, and the men was out gettin' a breath of air, "What do you wash you hair with?" she says. "It has such a lovely glint."

I coulda fell on her neck and broke it.

"Soap," I says.

Ginny May was standin' with the Baroness.

"Nothing could be more appropriate," she says, loud enough for me to hear.

Well, I couldn' leave her get away with that.

"There's some'm even better," I says to

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SOUP
for the home luncheon

"WHAT shall we have for luncheon?" Thousands of housewives are daily faced with this troublesome and often vexing problem. Breakfast and dinner require careful planning and providing also, but they are more definite meals which the housewife does not find so puzzling. On the other hand, luncheon (and supper, too) are more in the nature of "off-meals" for which it is often difficult to know exactly the most appropriate food to serve. Sufficient nourishment must be supplied to act as the carry-over to the more substantial meals. And the appetite, too, is apt to be more capricious and less easy to attract at such "in-between" times.

SOUP—well-made, hot, nourishing, delicious soup—is the ideal answer to this problem. Do you realize why soup has sprung into such extraordinary popularity for luncheon and supper service, in addition to its regular place at the beginning of the longer meals? Quality, in the first place. The housewife knows that she can always trust the soup she buys at the store. She is familiar with the maker's name and label, asks for the soup by that name and is confident that it is always tempting to the appetite and made of the very finest ingredients that money can buy. For these reasons, she knows that it is nourishing and invigorating and offers in generous quantity the healthful nutriment so important in the meal where it is made the principal dish. And convenience! What a boon that is in the middle of a busy, hustling day—or at the end of it, when one is so likely to be tired out! The good soups she purchases are already blended and cooked by famous French chefs, with practically nothing left for her to do but serve them!

VEGETABLE SOUP is a favorite for luncheon or supper, with Vegetable-Beef, Beef, Ox Tail, Mock Turtle, Mulligtawny, Chicken, Chicken-Gumbo, Pepper Pot and Clam Chowder offering delightful variety. Tomato, Pea, Celery, Asparagus and Bean Soups are also attractive and popular midday and evening selections—especially nourishing served as Cream Soups, so easily prepared according to the simple directions on the labels. Supply yourself today.

12 cents a can

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET!

The Christmas Favorite

"If you want to make your own Christmas a merrier one, buy a whole box of 24 delicious bars of **Baby Ruth.** Trim your tree with it, fill up the children's stockings, and keep the rest on the table for an all-day treat.

Sparkling eyes, happy faces and thankful hearts will reward your thoughtfulness.

America's Favorite Candy will make every home merry on Christmas morn!

Buy **Baby Ruth** by the box for Christmas gifts."

Otto Y. Schnering,
President

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY
CHICAGO

"Nothing could be more appropriate," says the Baroness, loud enough for me to hear.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

her, "but you prob'ly been usin' it all along, so it won't be no noos to you."

"What's that?" she says, like I'm a pain in her neck.

"Liquid veneer," I says. "Save the surface and you save all."

"WELL, Gorgeous Gloria Goldilocks," Sandy says, when we got in our room, "how you enjoyin' yourself?"

"Well," I says, "I couldn' have a better time at a fun'ral."

"I'm glad you feel perfeckly at home," he says, "because the men want to go ice fishin' tomorrer, and I wouldn' leave you unless I was sure you did."

I near had an attack of verdigris. A whole day there without Sandy!

"Couldn' I go along?" I says.

"I'm afraid it'd be much too cold," says Sandy. "And I doubt whether ladies'd be welcome. If you rather I didn' go, Sweeter——"

Can you imagine me standin' in the way of Sandy, especially when the doctor says get him outadoors as much as possible?

When I hear him sneak out before it was light and dress in the bathroom so's not to disturb me, I hid my head unner the covers to keep from callin' out. I kep' tellin' myself, "One day can't last more'n twenty-four hours!" which shows how much I noo about it!

Well, I was jus' dressed and startin' for downstairs when I met the French maid and a butler comin' up, and it seems I shoulda rang for her to hold the tooth powder for me.

And, folks pass No. 2, he was comin' to inquire was I ready for my breakfas' in bed? After the hard work of watchin' them play bridge you ain't s'posed to be strong enough to go down.

And, social error No. 3, I thought the dinin'-room was the place to look for eats. By the time the second assistant depity butler steered me in the breakfas'-room I had about as much self-confidence as a shipwrecked collar.

Francis Marion Pratt, the one that lisped with gray hair, musta forgot his Book of Etiketty too, because he come down for breakfas' too. And, say, he ackcherly talked to me like I was a yuman bean. I was so thankful I jus' gabbed my head off. Rememberin' what Sandy tole me about actin' nacheral, I thought what's the use puttin' on the Duchess? I ain't ashamed that I use to help the Old Gent in the cafeteera.

So when he ast me queshons about how I come to know Sandy and all, I didn't see no reason for not tellin' him I run away from home accounta an argument I had with the feller I use to go with over a Christmas present, and in Tchicago Sandy picked me up accounta we were both alone, and we tied the martial knot nex' day.

Well, he seemed awful interested, and he tole me how lucky I was, accounta Sandy bein' so talented and also admired by older writers like this Weir.

"I thought he was gonna be here," I says.

"My dear, he's supposed to come for tea tomorrow," lisps Pratt. "But he won't. He's a hard-shelled old crab." And then he tells me a lotta soop about Mrs. G. tryin' to land Weir for years for Ginny May, but he never even nibbled till he heard Sandy was comin'. "Him and your husband met somewhere in Canada," he says.

"Yeah—at Lord Duffle Bag's."

"Oh, my dear," grasps Pratt, "you slay me, you're so quaint! Tell me more."

WE was gettin' along hotsy, when in comes Ginny May, and starts in talkin' to Francis Marion like I was a wart on the end of nothin'. So I finely drifted into one of the parlors where there was an open fire, and made myself scarce in a big high-backed couch with the Sunny papers.

Well, the Fun Popper wen' through, but she didn' see me, and soon I heard a lotta laughin' from the breakfas'-room. Soon Lady Castleton come down. And right after her Fifi come along with the Polo Bear, and I guess the reason he didn' go fishin' was accounta it wasn' so cold at home.

Well, I felt like a leopard sittin' out there alone, and I was jus' gonna fade up to my room when the door opened and they all come

[CONTINUED ON PAGE NINETEEN]

This Way—Health!

A simple method that has conquered old ills and shown thousands the way to new life and energy

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active, daily releasing new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day, one before each meal: on crackers, in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, in small pieces. For constipation dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and at bedtime. Dangerous habit-forming cathartics will gradually become unnecessary. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days.

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. G-37, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

"I BROKE OUT FROM HEAD TO FOOT with skin eruptions. My entire body was covered with angry welts. I could not rest at night and was tortured during the day. Finally some one suggested Fleischmann's Yeast. I took three cakes a day and now I am well. That was three years ago and I have not had any skin trouble since."

MRS. FRANK G. MEHRLING, Baltimore, Md.

"AFTER SUFFERING FOR YEARS FROM SICK HEADACHES—brought on by stomach trouble—sometimes two attacks in the same week—and after trying out various treatments, I was advised by a Denver doctor to 'eat yeast.' I began eating Fleischmann's Yeast three times daily, and continued taking Yeast until I was convinced the practice was benefiting me. I have been free from headaches for several months, and there is no reason to doubt that Fleischmann's Yeast did for my stomach trouble what all the other remedies and treatments failed to do."

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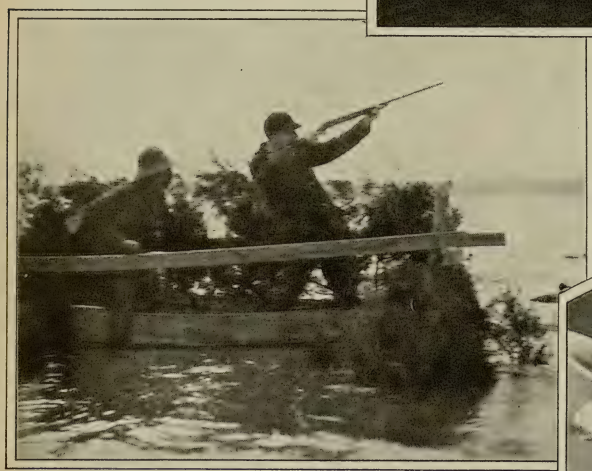

"CONSTIPATION WAS MAKING ME ILL. I suffered from intestinal pains at my work and at all times. One day one of my friends suggested that I take Fleischmann's Yeast. I started taking Yeast immediately and have been eating three cakes a day ever since. The pains have gone, and I feel one hundred percent better."

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RIGHT

"I BECAME TIRED AND LISTLESS owing to the lack of proper exercise. I was also troubled with indigestion. I was seriously alarmed. On a doctor's advice, I began taking Fleischmann's Yeast. I cannot praise it too highly. Every trace of indigestion vanished. I still eat Fleischmann's Yeast to keep fit."

ELEANORE G. READE, New York City.

THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTEEN]

out laughin' and talkin', and Cowen was sayin':

"From Scullery to Gullerie, in one act——"

Ginny May give a laugh like she just laid an egg.

"Can you *imagine* anyone so stupid as to *tell* things like that?"

"Well, of course," says Fifi, "Francis Marion drew her out."

"Like a vacuum cleaner," says Pratt, "I removed all the dirt."

"Yeh," says Cowen—and I wasn' such a marron I didn' know he was imitatin' me—"you *cernly* did!"

They all wen' in and turned on the radio, and the suff'rin' I went through on that soft couch woulda made a dentist's chair seem like a seat in the S. P. C. A.

Well, finely I sneaked up to my room. I laid down and dished up the first tears since marryin' Sandy.

And, of course, who comes in but Paulette to fix me up for lunch? If there was two things I didn't want, they was Paulette and lunch!

"You're all I need," I says. "I on'y wisht you talked English, so's I could tell you what I think of that school of inchworms downstairs."

"What's the matter?" she says in perfect English (honest—as good as mine!). "They been ridin' you?"

Was I dumfoundered!

"It's awright," she says; "you can talk to me."

"No, thanks," I says; "I done too much talkin' a'ready."

"I know," she says; "to Prattle——"

Well, say, I jus' sat up and bloo my nose.

"Say," I says, "I thought you was from Paree."

She laughed. "I never was no nearer to Paris than flyin' there in a dream."

"That's the bes' way," I says. "No metal can touch you. But what's the idear of all this pollyvoo?"

"You gotta," she says. "These babies pays twice as much for American goods if it's got a French label. My mother's French, so I come by it honest. But I was brought up on Seventy-first Street and my name's Pauline Wedigger."

I NEAR jumped offa the bed. "D'ju ever go to P. S. 76?"

"I sure did!"

"Well, you ole Casaba, I was in the same class with your sister Marie. I'm Tessie Gavin."

Looka, don't life beat the Gi'nts? A lil while ago I was committin' Harry-Carrie because I was alone in the wide, wide world, and here I was, laughin' and chewin' away with an ole frien'! And, say, she wouldn' hear of me not goin' down for lunch.

"What?" she says. "Give the gools the satisfaction? They'll on'y laugh behind your back."

"That's better than havin' 'em do it to my face."

"Don' you believe it. At leas' you can laugh back. Who do they think they are, anyway? Who's the Baroness? Her gran'father got his title because he made the best sausages in Vienna. Honest. His name was Adolph Popper."

"Sweet music!" I says. "Tell me more."

"All you want," says Paulette.

And while she talks she lays a coupla wet pads on my eyes and rubs my head. And, b'lee me, I felt better by the time she got through rubbin' it in.

SO I wen' down, and they was all at the table, and the on'y one that didn' look at me like I was a enemy ailin' was Fifi, and she was too busy listenin' to the Polo Bear whisperin' in her ear. Nobody says a word to me till we get to the sollad. And then the Fun Popper turns to me and says:

"Francis Marion was tellin' us about your colorful past."

Prattle give her a sign to shut up; but some people don' b'lieve in signs.

"Why," says Ginny May to Prattle, "you said she's not a bit ashamed of it—that she rather glories in the fack that she use to wash dishes in a s'loon."

"Not a s'loon," says Polo. "It was a *cafeteer-eye-ai*—wasn't it, Mrs. Drury?"

I felt the blood leavin' my face and a lump like an Edam cheese come up in my throat.

"And didn' you say," says Lady Castleton, as if I wasn' in the room at all, "that her name was Gussie some'm, and she adopted Sylvia as bein' a better *no dagair* for meetin' Mr. Drury's frien's?"

"Vivian tole her," says Ginny, "that she'd be received *every*where if she jus' spoke the truth and said her prayers ev'ry night."

"Don' mine them," says Mrs. Gould; "they jus' like to tease."

"Not at all," says Lady Castleton. "I'm reely curious. One hahf of the world doesn' know how the other hahf lives! I want to know whether Vivian Drury *reely* picked her offa the streets

of Tchicago and married her to make a good girl outa her. And whether she *reely* lef' home because her jiggler beat her and took away her money." She turned to me. "Do tell us all about it, Mrs. Drury."

"I think you're a lotta pigs," said Fifi.

"Society people," says Pratt to me, "are very rude."

"She don' mind our askin' queshons," says the Baroness. "Do you, Mrs. Drury? We haven' had the opporchunity to meet anybody of quite your type before."

"No," I says, very slow and easy, bein' a great admirer of the kinda snake that bites without no rattle; "I don' mind as long as it's the custom. I jus' didn' know. Where I come from, people's private life is their own business. But as long as queshons is the style here, don' stop on my accoun'. In fack, there's a few I'd like to ask, myself. F'rinstance," I says to the Baroness, "is it true your gran'father got his title from bein' the Sausage King of Vienna? And your coat of arms use to be two frankfurters rampin' on a bed of sauerkraut?"

I don't mind tellin' you I thought that dame'd have an epilectic stroke. It was worth all I wen' through jus' to see her face.

She made a noise between a choke and a gag, but it was los' in the uproar that wen' aroun' that table. The way them cats lapped up a joke on each other!

"Ha, ha!" everybody howled. "Sausage King of Vienna!"

"You'll never live that down, Delphine!"

"Two frankfurters ram——"

"Oh, my dears," grasped Pratt, "she slays me!"

"Somebody get her to ask more," says Cowen—as if he couldn' talk no language I could unnerstan'.

"Sure I'll ask more," I says to him. "Is it true, the day your grammother lost her di'mond crucifix goin' in church, she got so rattled she grabbed her buzzom and yelled out, 'Oi—oi—mein cross—'?"

I thought he was gone into gallopin' measles—till he finely dropped his monockle and made a dive unner the table that woulda give Aileen Riggin some noo idears. The others wasn' laughin' *quite* so loud and carefree, bein' a lil scared, maybe, about what bush the lightnin' wasn' gonna beat about nex'.

"THIS has gone far enough," says Mrs. Gould. "I won't have my guests insulted at my table."

"Insulted?" I says, reel surprised. "Why, I'm like Lady C.—jus' curious. Ain't it so?" I says to Lady C. "One halfa the world don' know how the other half lives! F'rinstance," I says, "my jiggler—whatever that is—didn' beat me and take away my money, accounta where I come from it's the men that coughs up. But I heard," I says, reel confidential, "it wasn' nothin' unusual in society where a man'd marry a woman jus' for her money, and the mos' she'd be able to get outa him'd be maybe a coupla marks on her arm. In fack, they tell me——"

"Stop it! Stop it instantly!" yells Lady Castleton, raisin' half outa her chair and reachin' for some'm to throw. But Fifi pulled her back in her seat, while Mrs. G. turned to me.

"Really, Mrs. Drury," she starts in, when Ginny May busts in:

"You vulgar lil beast!"

"Why," I says, strugglin' to keep the leash and muzzle on the ole Irish, "I'm jus' tryin' to foller soot. When in Rome you gotta

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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The instant you apply Mennen Skin Balm you sense the good it does. First a cool, live "tingle"—then a feeling of utter cleanliness. Now your skin seems smooth and dainty as a flower petal.

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MENNEN SKIN BALM

[SYLVIA TREADS AMONG THE GOULDS
Continued from Page Nineteen]

keep roamin'. You all ast me queshons, and what's sauce for the goose oughta be applesauce all aroun'. At least," I says, "even *I* know it's manners to answer a queshon. So I wanna answer the one you ast me before. No," I says; "I ain't proud of my past, Miss Gould, but I ain't ashamed of it, neither. Don' you feel the same way about it?"

A lil grasp wen' aroun' the table, but I kep' right on: "F'rinstance, there was a gent I use to know—he *said* he was Eyetalian nobility——"

"Shut up, you——!" screamed Ginny May, jumpin' up.

We both turned over our chairs, but the noise didn' drownd out the name she called me—for jus' remin'in' her about the count she was interdoocin' as her fi-an-see till it turned out he was somebody's barber—a name that I wouldn' even repeat—not bein' no lady.

Anyways, I was too quick for her, stannin' with my back to the door.

"Oh, no," I says, "I ain't that bad. You're jus' a lil prejudiced accounta not lannin' Sandy yourself."

I looked aroun' at them all, ev'ry one of them wishin' they could strangle me, but not even darin' to open their mouth for fear of hearin' a skeleton rattle, and I says, reel sweet:

"What? No more queshons? I got a few more I'd like to ask, on'y I don' care much for solitaire——"

You coulda heard a crowbar drop. And then Pratt, tryin' to be funny, says: "I feel hurt, bein' left outa this lil game. Isn' there anything you'd like to ask me? Don' be afraid. I won't be insulted."

"No," I says, "I don' insult ladies—particklarly *old* ladies!"

And with that I banged open the door and banged it shut and bounced out, awmost on the head of an ole gent with a flock of gray hair, that was bent over on the other side of the door.

"Bravo!" he says, not bein' the least bit ashamed. "Who is the lil spitfire?"

"I'm through tellin'," I says. "Who are you?"

HE bowed. "Andrew Weir, and your sincere admirer."

"Well, for heaven's sake," I says, "were you snoopin'?"

"No," he says, "for my own. Don' look so shocked," he says. "Writers haven' any conscience. They carry a fountain pen instead. I come over in searcha Vivian Drury. Do you happen to know him?"

"Slightly," I says. "I'm his wife."

"Well!" he says. "Now I *am* interested to know what it's all about. Won't you tell me?"

"Not here," I says. "I just give them buzzards a taste of live meat and I wanna get outa the house before they come to."

"Fine," he says. "Put on your hat and coat. I come over to kidnap Vivian, so I wouldn' have to exchange banana trees [whatever that is] with any of them."

So we took a walk, and he wasn' nothin' like Prattle said. He kep' callin' me Little One, and by the time we got back to Mrs. G.'s he had me all ironed out.

They was all sittin' around drinkin' highballs, and, gosh, they cernly was excited.

"I come over to ask you whether you wouldn' rather have tea at my place tomorrer," says Mr. Weir.

If they wouldn' rather! Say, them society bugs is as anxious to get in with famous writers as they like to think other people is crazy to get in with them!

"Not havin' no lady in my establishment," he says, "I'll have to have somebody play hostess for me." There was a tent's pause for a moment. "And Mrs. Drury has kindly consented to ack——"

Well, I wisht you coulda seen them.

"Ask somebody to help you, Mrs. Drury. Consider it your tea party."

Then Ginny May breezes over to me.

"I'll help you pour," she says, "Sylvia, old thing."

Well, there was a highball all around, and everybody starts gettin' sociable, and when Sandy come home, everybody was around the fire, with me and Weir in the middle. And Lady Castleton was sayin' to Polo Cowen, "You're the tapeworm's breadbasket, Casaba——"

"You see," says Sandy, gettin' me in a corner of the conservatory where he could kiss me, "you're a terrific hit. You've created a vogue."

With that we heard Francis Marion's voice in the nex' room. "Gosh," he was lispin', "they *cernly* do!"

THE END

They was all sittin' around drinkin' highballs.

THE GREATEST WORD IN ENTERTAINMENT

Paramount Pictures
The Trade Mark of Romance

"IF IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE IT'S THE BEST SHOW IN TOWN"

Paramount Guide to the Best Motion Pictures

Check the ones you have seen, make a date for the others, and don't miss any! Your Theatre Manager will tell you when.

TITLE	PLAYERS	DIRECTOR	DATE
FINE MANNERS	Starring GLORIA SWANSON. Eugene O'Brien is the leading man.	Richard Rosson	
THE SHOW-OFF	With Ford Sterling, Lois Wilson, Louise Brooks and Gregory Kelly.	Malcolm St. Clair	
Sinclair Lewis' MANTRAP	Clara Bow, Ernest Torrence and Percy Marmont.	Victor Fleming	
THE CAMPUS FLIRT	Starring BEBE DANIELS	Clarence Badger	
TIN GODS	Starring THOMAS MEIGHAN. With Aileen Pringle and Renee Adoree.	Allan Dwan	
NELL GWYN	Starring DOROTHY GISH.	Herbert Wilcox	
VARIETY	With Emil Jannings and Lya de Putti.	E. A. Dupont	
DIPLOMACY	With Blanche Sweet, Neil Hamilton, Arlette Marchal, Matt Moore and all-star cast.	Marshall Neilan	
YOU NEVER KNOW WOMEN	Starring FLORENCE VIDOR. With Lowell Sherman and Clive Brook.	William Wellman	
HOLD THAT LION	Starring DOUGLAS MacLEAN.	William Beaudine	
Zane Grey's FORLORN RIVER	With Jack Holt, Raymond Hatton, Arlette Marchal and Edmund Burns.	John Waters	
Florenz Ziegfeld's KID BOOTS	Starring EDDIE CANTOR. With Clara Bow, Billie Dove and Lawrence Gray.	Frank Tuttle	
THE GREAT GATSBY	With Warner Baxter, Lois Wilson, Neil Hamilton, William Powell and Georgia Hale.	Herbert Brenon	
YOU'D BE SURPRISED	Starring RAYMOND GRIFFITH.	Arthur Rosson	
SO'S YOUR OLD MAN	Starring W. C. FIELDS. With Alice Joyce and Charles Rogers.	Gregory La Cava	
THE CANADIAN	Starring THOMAS MEIGHAN	William Beaudine	
THE QUARTERBACK	Starring RICHARD DIX. With Esther Ralston	Fred Newmeyer	
THE ACE OF CADS	Starring ADOLPHE MENJOU. With Alice Joyce and Norman Trevor	Luther Reed	
EVERYBODY'S ACTING	With BETTY BRONSON, Ford Sterling, Louise Dresser, Lawrence Gray, Henry Walthall and Raymond Hitchcock.	Marshall Neilan	

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THE thrilling story of a fascinating Prince who loved lightly and not for long, and of a peasant girl who dared to love him, told against the glamorous background of Vienna before the war, as only the amazing genius of Erich von Stroheim can picture it.

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ABOVE are three of many big Paramount productions of the coming season. The two below and those in the chart you can see now very soon. Your Theatre Manager will tell you when.

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ASPIRITED, swashbuckling romance with Ricardo Cortez as the chivalrous, daring pirate who woos a beautiful girl, Florence Vidor, and braves fire, mutiny and the combined British and Spanish Navies to win her! A FRANK LLOYD PRODUCTION from the novel "Captain Sazarac" by Charles Tenney Jackson.

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ALL hands on deck for this one! Beery and Hatton the daffy doughboys of "Behind the Front," are in the navy now! You'll laugh the minute you see the pair, each "spic and span a Navy man" and the laughs will continue for weeks afterwards. With Chester Conklin and Tom Kennedy. An Edward Sutherland Production.

C

As in the Harp, whose short and long strings produce high and low notes, the SAAL Eccentric Cone Speaker, with its "center" scientifically placed off center, provides a short radius for the high treble notes and a long radius for the deep bass tones.

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Saal Ec-centric comes in two models: 20-inch, $25; 14-inch (Junior), $15. Slightly more west of Rockies.

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The *new* HOOVER

It BEATS . . . as it Sweeps as it Cleans

The Doctor's Greatest Riddle

Photos from P. & A.

GROUP of specialists leading the fight against cancer. Left to right: Dr. Joseph Colt Bloodgood, Dr. L. F. Barker, Dr. L. Duncan Bulkley, Dr. Maud Slye, Dr. J. E. Barnard, and (using microscope) Dr. William E. Gye.

A Medical Writer Tells the Present Status of Science's War on Cancer

An Article by

W. A. Evans, M.D.

A FEW months ago the New York papers carried an account of the death from cancer of Dr. W. F. Campbell, an authority on cancer.

The report of the death from cancer by an authority on cancer raises several questions:

Is there anything in the work of a physician which makes him prone to develop cancer?

If Dr. Campbell was an authority on cancer, he must have spent much of his time in studying cancer in the persons of those sick with the disease. Did he catch the malady from a patient or in his laboratory? Is cancer contagious?

If physicians know how to prevent cancer, why did this physician develop the disease?

If physicians know the signs of cancer that reveal the disease when it is in an early and curable stage, why did this physician fail to recognize these signs in his own case?

If physicians can cure cancer, why did this physician fail to cure himself? "Physician, heal thyself!" is a command that has much of logic as well as much of spiritual authority.

Some of these questions can be answered, in a general way at least, though we have no facts that would permit answers as to the case of Dr. Campbell.

Is there anything in the work of a physician which makes him prone to develop cancer?

Cancer is responsible for the death of many physicians. One-eighth of all deaths of men fifty-five years of age and more, and one-fifth of all deaths of women more than forty-five years of age, are due to cancer. Since the average age of physicians at death is more than fifty-five, according to the law of averages a large number of them should succumb to cancer.

But there are one or two hazards of medical

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

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The difference is so pronounced—in smoothness of operation, in wealth of power, in alert response to steering wheel and throttle—that anybody driving or riding in the Chrysler "60" recognizes it at once.

An hour behind the wheel, threading easily through traffic, flashing effortlessly past other cars, or in open country sweeping up to 60 miles and more per hour to hold the pace *smoothly* as long as you wish—

Try it and you will convince yourself utterly that the Chrysler "60" is *beyond comparison* with any ordinary type of six, even many that are far higher-priced.

But this is no more than should be expected of a car so designed and built that it can give maximum performance, if required, every mile and minute of its life.

The model number "60" means a 60-mile-an-hour standard of performance. This, combined with characteristic and proved long life of Chrysler products, is made mechanically inevitable by the unique Chrysler plan of Standardized Quality manufacture.

At its new lower prices, the Chrysler "60" stands forth more emphatically than ever—a value not even remotely approached by any other light six in the industry.

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

NEW LOWER CHRYSLER "60" PRICES

	OLD PRICES	NEW PRICES	SAVINGS
Club Coupe	$1165	$1125	$40
Coach	$1195	$1145	$50
Sedan	$1295	$1245	$50
Touring Car	$1075	Roadster (*with rumble seat*) $1175	

All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

work that accentuate the danger of cancer to physicians as a class. Those who work with X rays and radium are prone to develop cancer. When X rays first came into use, this danger was great. Almost all of the pioneer users of X rays are dead, and cancer was the cause of most of the casualties.

Just a year ago I saw Dr. R. D. Carman, of the Mayo Clinic, Rochester, Minnesota, go into the X-ray room to be examined. For many years most of his time had been spent in X-ray work. The examination showed that he had abdominal cancer. Six months later he was dead.

Here was a great authority on X-ray exposure. He knew the danger of it. His laboratory was well equipped with protective apparatus. In fact, the first X-ray room I ever saw in which the operator stood behind a lead screen and watched the apparatus and the patient through a lead glass window was at the Mayo Clinic. Yet Dr. Carman died of X-ray cancer. What is true of Dr. Carman is true of a long list of physicians who in that earlier day made use of X rays.

ON a train recently I talked with a surgeon who had suffered from X rays in another, less tragic way. He and his wife hoped to rear an old-fashioned large family. They had two boys. The oldest was killed accidentally. Then too much X-ray work caused the father to become sterile. The only hope of perpetuity for that family rests with the one boy.

The old family physicians—the *Ian Maclarens*—were somewhat prone to skin cancer because of their continual exposure to sun tan and wind chap. Many of them, when old, had the dry, leathery skin in which skin cancer is prone to develop. And this is about all there is in the work of a physician which makes him prone to develop cancer. What we know of the relation to cancer of some other vocations will be told later on.

Did Dr. Campbell catch cancer from a patient or in his laboratory? Is cancer contagious?

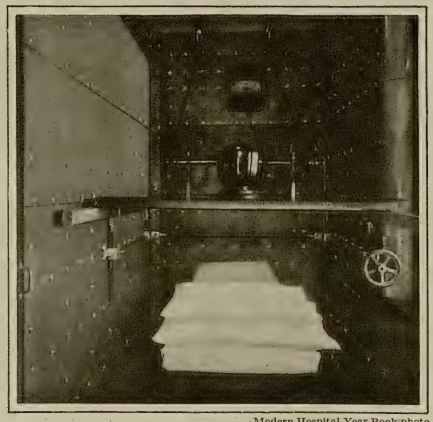
This raises the large question: What is the present opinion of the cause of cancer—if there be an accepted opinion?

We can answer the question as to Dr. Campbell very quickly. He did not catch the disease. Physicians and nurses who operate on cancer and who take care of cancer cases are in no special danger by reason of their employment. Cancer is not contagious in that sense, if it is in any sense.

To be honest, we do not know the cause of cancer. Whenever there is a dearth of knowledge, speculation is in order. In the case of cancer these speculations have led into many fields. In fact, some of the speculations relate to causes which time and experience will prove to be contributing factors, at least. For some of them there is neither logic nor fact as a basis.

The theory that cancer is caused by various articles of diet has little to sustain it. Eating meat cannot be the cause of cancer, since Roger Williams found that nearly two-thirds of the cancer subjects in the Jeypore hospital were vegetarians. There is much confirmation of this observation that vegetarians are prone to have cancer.

It is said that eating salt meat is the cause of cancer. But cancer abounds in Australia, where they eat fresh meat almost altogether. It is said that eating canned meat causes cancer, but it prevails among persons who eat no canned meat.



Modern Hospital Year Book photo

ROOM lined with lead in Blodgett Memorial Hospital, Grand Rapids, Michigan, where X-ray treatments are given for cancer.

Among the multitude of food explanations of cancer, none of which has any foundation, are that it is due to eating fresh fish, dried fish, salt, tomatoes, cabbage, or other uncooked vegetables, and to drinking alcoholic beverages.

A FEW years ago Dr. L. Duncan Bulkley launched a propaganda movement to prove that cancer was caused by the use of devitalized, embalmed, and mummified foods. In spite of the prominence of Dr. Bulkley, and his evident honesty, his theory has made no headway.

In the report of the Imperial Research Fund this statement is found: "Diet exerts no primary influence on the occurrence of cancer in various races of mankind."

A recent book on cancer, written by an Englishman — Barker — stresses constipation as a cause of cancer. One reason for the credence given this book is the fact that Sir Arbuthnot Lane gives it some indorsement in the introduction he wrote for it. But it has not been proved that constipation is a cause of cancer. Nor is there any logical reason for thinking so.

Recently the food theory of cancer received new impetus from the research of Dr. M. T. Burrows and his associates. These gentlemen hold that cancer is due to a lack of normal balance between the two growth vitamins—A and B. Cancerous tissue is said to be high in vitamin B and low in vitamin A. There has been no confirmation of the views of Burrows. Even though he be proved to be right, at the present time the Burrows theory has nothing practical to offer. There is no known way of bringing cancer cells back to normal by decreasing their values in vitamin B or increasing the vitamin A values.

The germ theory is prominently before the public mind just now because of the papers which Dr. William E. Gye and Dr. J. E. Barnard presented in 1925. Their proof was that there was a virus capable of propagating itself, which was capable of causing cancer, but that it was not effective except in the presence of a specific agent.

There has been no satisfactory substantiation of the position of Gye and Barnard in its entirety. The trend seems rather to be toward the notion that the causative agent lies in the specific agent. Just what that causative agent is has not been established.

EXPERIMENTERS have been able to inoculate animals with cancer. For this purpose they implant pieces of tumor. These grow and produce fatal cancers. But when they implant a fairly large piece of cancer they may be implanting bacteria or a chemical substance or cells capable of being grafted, of growing, and of reproducing cancer characteristics. Which of these causes the new cancer has always been a question.

Dr. L. W. Sambon claimed that cancer was a living agent, and that it was spread by some insects. He made his studies in certain so-called cancer houses and cancer streets in Italy and in certain reputed cancer regions elsewhere. There has been no confirmation of his discovery.

These two reputed discoveries of cancer parasites are cited because of the standing of the men who proposed them. Many others have thought they had discovered cancer parasites. Some of these are omitted because, though discovered by men of standing, further observations have not sustained the claims. Others are omitted because there never seemed anywhere near sufficient ground to support the claims.

It has been maintained that inheritance is the cause of cancer. There is no question about inheritance being a prominent factor in cancer of certain lower animals, especially mice. But when it comes to human beings the claim is disputed.

Dr. Maud Slye claims that human beings inherit a tendency to specific types of cancer in specific locations and at specific ages. This means that if a woman has a cancer of the kind called carcinoma in her breast when she is fifty years old, her descendants will have a tendency to develop

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

Add Years of Youth To Your Appearance

Corrective beautifying will do it. Enjoy the immediate effect of a soft, pearly, entrancing beauty while your complexion defects yield to corrective treatment. Discourage blemishes, muddy skins, flabbiness and wrinkles and give your skin a fascinating, youthful appearance thru the use of

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM

"Beauty's Master Touch"

No messy "rubbing in" or tiresome treatments. Your friends will note an actual, definite improvement in your appearance from the first moment you use it.

Far superior to powders and creams. The appearance rendered does not streak or show signs of perspiration or moisture. Affords an exceptional method for concealing permanent blemishes and relieving undue redness and oily skins. Made in white, flesh and rachel also compacts. Secure a bottle from your dealer now or send 10c for the trial size.

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Enclose find 10c. to cover cost of mailing me a Trial Size Bottle of Gouraud's Oriental Cream.....shade.

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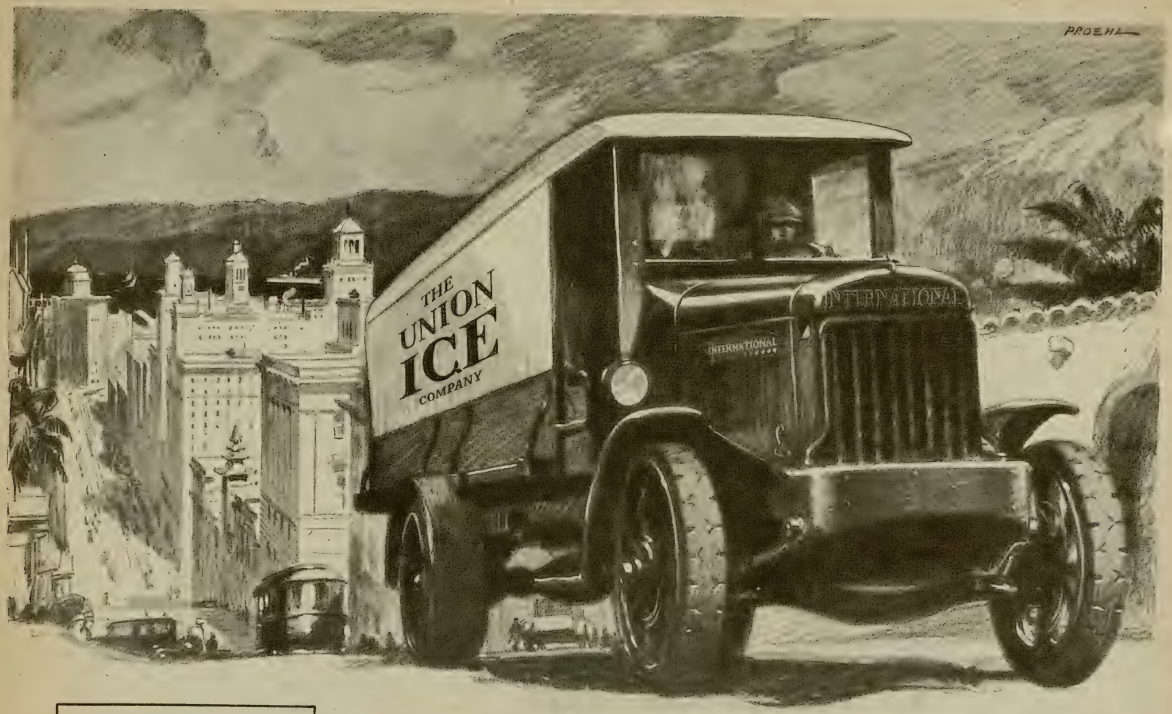

Ice Delivery in Sunny California

UP THE steep hills of San Francisco with heavy loads of ice! Hammering over the rough cobbled streets that try the fibre of men and trucks!

Seventy-six International Trucks serve the Union Ice Company whose plants and trucks are scattered all over California and Nevada. After seven years of the most strenuous service from its heavy-duty Internationals the Union Ice Company is adding more and more Internationals to its fleet. That tells volumes.

Here is added evidence of rugged power, and plenty of it. And here is proof of the *climbing ability* of International Trucks. Thousands of other owners use that ability on hills. Others use it to haul rock and earth out of excavations. Others to pull loads through hub-deep mud of oil fields or to bring timber out of the forest.

Many are the stories told, by owners and drivers, of the climbing ability of their Internationals. Yet power alone does not account for the success of International Trucks. Power is backed by all the other qualities that the Harvester organization has learned to put into trucks through more than 22 years of truck building.

76 Internationals in the Union Ice Company Fleet

Following is a letter from the Union Ice Company:

"Our company has in operation seventy-six International Trucks. Two at our Reno plant are now finishing their seventh year of service. We have a fleet of Internationals operating in our San Francisco delivery, where, due to hills and cobble pavement, the requirements on motor vehicles in heavy-duty service are most exacting.

"We are well satisfied with the performance of these trucks and are pleased to acknowledge the satisfactory service which the Harvester Company is rendering from its various branches."

(Signed)
UNION ICE COMPANY
M. H. Robbins, President and Gen. Mgr.

The International line includes the Special Delivery, Speed Trucks of 1¼-ton and 1½-ton sizes, Heavy-Duty Trucks ranging from 1½-ton to 5-ton sizes, Motor Coaches for all requirements, and the McCormick-Deering Industrial Tractor. Served by the world's largest Company-owned truck service organization—121 branches in the United States and 17 in Canada—the farther you go from one the nearer you get to another. Write for complete descriptive literature.

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606 So. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

HARVESTER COMPANY

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

cancer of the same kind, at the same place, and at the same age, approximately. She says that the inheritance of cancer corresponds to the laws governing Mendelian recessives, there being a dominance of the normal over the abnormal. She says that if her opponents admit that inheritance is a factor in mice, their admission must hold good as to human beings.

In a discussion of heredity in relation to cancer, Dr. James Ewing, who opposes the theory, and Miss Slye, who advocates it, seem to be in agreement. Their differences in opinion appear to be largely a matter of definitions. The common ground on which they stand appears to be this:

In many there is no inheritance of cancer as an entity—there is a hereditary susceptibility. This differs from the actual occurrence of the disease. An exciting factor is also necessary for its occurrence. Miss Slye goes further and claims:

"Heredity has proved more fundamental than irritation as a determining cause of cancer. And knowledge of the inheritability of any disease tendency puts into our hands the method of complete extermination of that disease. It shows the type of causation to avoid."

I doubt the willingness of the opponents of the inheritance theory to go that far.

IN the best presentation of the subject of cancer that I have read—Cancer and the Public—Dr. C. P. Childe opposes the inheritance theory by saying if inheritance were a factor, life insurance companies would penalize those whose relatives had had cancer. To my mind, that does not follow. Life insurance companies take no notice of occupation, irritation, contagion, or any other cause of cancer. If this is used as an argument against one cause, it can be used as an argument against any or all the supposed causes.

I think all agree that inheritance is a factor worthy of investigation and full consideration. There is a disagreement as to its relative value as a factor. For instance, Miss Slye says heredity is the most important factor. A great group of investigators would deny that.

It has been established that cancer can be caused by a number of irritants. Reference already has been made to exposure to X rays, to radium, and to the weather. When a section of the skin of an animal is repeatedly painted with tar, cancer develops in the painted area. This is well established. It has even been discovered which kind of tar and which ingredient of the tar cause the cancer. It is even known about how much tar and how many applications are needed.

The old-fashioned chimney sweep got cancer from the combined influence of soot and rubbing of the body against the brick of the chimney top.

In certain Pacific islands persons are frequently burned by hot pans held against the body. Cancer develops in these burns.

The chewers of betel nut in the East Indies are prone to develop cancer. Tobacco smokers and chewers are prone to develop cancer of the lips and tongue.

Certain chronic infections and chronic inflammations are liable to cause a continued irritation out of which cancer develops. Prolonged mechanical irritation may cause cancer.

All of these facts are established. They are so well accepted that they influence habits and customs. They have served as a basis for changes in certain trade practices. It is true that life insurance companies do not use them to load rates, but they find their ways into customs in other ways. In all probability they are only contributing causes.

Billie Burke Laughs
at a Thousand Rivals

THE intimate love story of the famous stage beauty and Flo Ziegfeld. How she has won battle after battle with Broadway's loveliest sirens to keep her home and husband, as told by herself to

Sidney Sutherland

Starting in Next Week's
LIBERTY

Summing up the causes of cancer, all we can say is that the inoculability of cancer under laboratory conditions is established; its contagiousness under conditions of social contact is not established. A bacterial cause is in the red heat of discussion and experiment, but is not established.

THE fact that irritation, chemical and mechanical, is a contributing cause is established; but the degree to which this cause operates is not agreed on. Heredity as a factor is established, though the importance of this factor is not agreed on.

Of the several causes under discussion—main and contributing causes—the only one that has been reduced to a working basis and applied to living creatures is irritation.

The next two questions—as to the possibility of cancer prevention and the signs that herald the disease—are a little different. But the difference is not great and they can be answered as parts of one question.

In nearly every case cancer gives warnings that, if heeded, will lead to a discovery of the disease in a comparatively early stage. This may not be true of cancer of the stomach, intestines, liver, and a few other internal locations, but it holds good as to cancer in other places. In a preceding paragraph I referred to the case of Dr. Carman, the X-ray expert who died this year of cancer of the stomach and liver. Fifteen minutes before his condition was diagnosed as inoperable cancer, I saw him in his laboratory. I marveled that a man who worked so much in a dark room could have such rosy cheeks, such a smooth skin, and such an appearance of general good health. A few minutes later it was known that he had an inevitably fatal carcinoma. Within six months he was dead.

I think it is Childe who says: "It is as much a crime of hygiene for a person to die of cancer of the skin as it is to die of typhoid fever in the present age of widespread information."

A careful reading of the very readable Cancer and the Public by this author will prove that the same statement is virtually true of cancer of the lip, the tongue, cheek, and possibly the breast.

The same statements as to cancer of the uterus and of the testis would be a little further from exact truth, though they could be defended with some success.

VARIOUS contributions to cancer literature made by Dr. J. C. Bloodgood establish the fact that a large proportion of cancers give reasonable warning of their presence in the early and curable stages. Thanks to the influence of Dr. Halsted, primarily, the cancer records of Johns Hopkins have been exceptionally well kept for about forty years.

It is customary to pronounce a cancer cured if the operation and X-ray treatment or radium treatment are immediately successful and if for five years thereafter there has been no recurrence.

The Johns Hopkins records permit of just such studies. These studies show that cancer gives warning by early signs; that these should not be disregarded; that, when they are not, cancer is curable. The most valuable part of Cancer and the Public is the chapter that tells what are these early signs, in whom they appear, and who should heed them.

The Illinois State Department of Health circulates a pamphlet giving these signs and their significance. (Copies of this booklet may be obtained, free, from the Illinois State Department of Health, at Springfield, Illinois, or from Dr. W. A. Evans, Health Department, the Chicago *Tribune*, Tribune Tower, Tribune Square, Chicago.) Doubtless other health departments will follow this example.

Women who know the danger of irritation of the breast from corsets change their style of dress,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

Healthy hair is strong, free from dandruff

Only strong, clean looking hair is *healthy*

THERE are two ways of becoming bald. *Dandruff* is an actual scalp infection. Slowing down of circulation causes a gradual *thinning* of the hair.

Whichever way you may be threatened with baldness you can check the trouble easily—even when well established, with this *simple* treatment:

EVERY MORNING moisten hair and scalp generously with Ed. Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Then with firm fingers move the scalp vigorously in every direction, working the tonic thoroughly into every inch of the scalp. Brush your hair while still moist. It will lie smoothly just the way you want it.

This quick treatment invigorates scalp circulation so that hair is nourished to new growth. Also it destroys dandruff infection. The improved appearance of your hair after only a few days' treatment will astonish you!

Get Ed. Pinaud's Eau de Quinine at any drug or department store *today*. Each bottle bears the signature of Ed. Pinaud in red. Pinaud Incorporated, 90 Fifth Ave., New York—sole distributors for Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, Paris.

ED. PINAUD'S
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Gentlemen: A Delightful Surprise for Wife or Mother on Christmas Morning

A gift that gives her comfort year after year

WE offer here not only a timely suggestion for a Christmas gift which will show great thoughtfulness on the part of the giver, but we also offer a money-saving opportunity.

Regardless of price, no gift could be finer than a wonderful Sturtevant Electric Vacuum Cleaner, but it should be doubly appealing because of its new low price—$39.

And best of all, you can pay for it on easy terms and your mother or wife may try it for 10 days free trial. If you do not agree that this is the finest vacuum cleaner, regardless of price, it may be returned at our expense.

You know of the B. F. Sturtevant Company, the world's greatest specialists in air moving machinery.

A 62-year old, $10,000,000 concern—recently awarded the largest contract of its kind—ventilation of the Hudson River vehicular tunnels.

Not pleased with the former method of selling through dealers and canvassers we now sell direct from factory to home.

You know the saving over our former price—in this case $26.

We are convinced this is the finest vacuum cleaner that experience and money can produce. It is the climax of our years of specialization in air moving machines.

Sturtevant

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Vacuum Cleaner

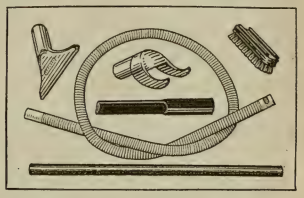
Complete with attachments

Now $39

It has many super-features. It comes with all the extra attachments. It is so easy to demonstrate it in your own home—you and your wife need no professional demonstrator to show you how this wonder dust-remover works.

After presenting this Sturtevant to your wife, let her use it for ten days. If she doesn't agree it is the finest to be had, regardless of price, return it at our expense.

Complete With All These Attachments



Let her be the sole judge.

The Sturtevant weighs only 11½ pounds—lighter weight and easy running. It has a powerful motor with more suction than usual.

It is approved by Good Housekeeping Institute and Modern Priscilla Proving Plant. Remember, this is not a newly introduced cleaner, but one which is used in thousands of homes.

Only our plan of selling is new. Now we deal direct—no demonstrators. We thus save you $26 over our former price.

Merely mail the coupon. Either for a free trial Sturtevant or further information. Check which, please.

B. F. Sturtevant Company
Dept. 136, Hyde Park, Boston, Mass.

☐ Ship me a Sturtevant vacuum cleaner for 10 days' free inspection. If I keep it, I will pay $39 as follows: $4 at the end of the trial period and then at the rate of $5 per month. If I return the Sturtevant, you are to refund the express charges. The title to remain in you until fully paid for.

☐ Please send, without obligating me, descriptive booklet of Sturtevant vacuum cleaner and complete information.

Name.....

Street Address.....

City..... State.....

Shipments are made F. O. B. our plants in Boston, Mass., Camden, N. J., Sturtevant, Wis., or Berkeley, Cal., whichever is nearest to you.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

but it is not easy to prove that measures for prevention are successful. Statistical proof is hard to get. Perhaps we have it as to chimney sweeps, but beyond that it seems we must be satisfied with the Scotch verdict—"Guilty but not proven."

Is cancer curable? The answer is yes, although I must say again I do not know the circumstances in Dr. Campbell's case.

Cancer is sometimes cured spontaneously. I think I once saw such a case. A woman who had a cancer which metastasized and caused many cancers in her skin and elsewhere, and from which she died, gave a history of having had a tumor of the same nature as the primary tumor then present and that it went away spontaneously. Her physician, who diagnosed this tumor as cancer, said the previous tumor was cancer.

THERE is better evidence than that of the spontaneous cure of cancer. Twenty-five years ago the Coley treatment cured some cases. There are scores of careful studies that prove not only the curability of cancer, but the mathematical probability of cure of various kinds of cancer in various localities and under various circumstances.

Dr. Bloodgood draws on Johns Hopkins data to prove this point. Childe says no European data are quite so good as those from the Mayo Clinic and Johns Hopkins.

The proposed cancer cures fall into several groups. One group is composed of those in which the attempt is made to remove all the cancer cells. The principle on which the cures in this group are based is that there is an active cause for the growth. This cause may be certain tissue cells or it may be some chemical substance or some virus in the cells. But, whatever it is and whatever its nature, the principle is to kill or remove the cells, regardless of whether they are cause or carriers.

St. Mary's Hospital at Rochester, Minnesota, where the Mayo Clinic is located.

The cures listed in this group are: Removal by knife, actual cautery, chemical cautery, freezing, diathermy, X rays, radium, and plasters.

The statistical proof of the efficacy of cures by these methods, the relative efficacy of each, the locations of cancers and the kinds of cancers for which each is available, are to be found in the medical journals.

A second group is directed toward the cells of the cancer, attempting to change their chemistry and their biology, but making no primary attempt to remove them. X rays and radium belong in this group rather than in the first, in the opinion of many.

The promising Blair Bell lead treatment belongs in this group. So do the other proposals to poison the cancer with other heavy metals. The proposal of Burrows to lessen the amount of ergusia, or vitamin B, and to increase the amount of archusia, or vitamin A, in cancers belongs in this category; also the proposal to starve cancers by tying up some of the blood vessels. I presume Dr. Bulkley's plan for lowering the state of nutrition of the individual also would be put in this category.

A THIRD group is composed of the treatments that propose to destroy the virus of cancer by some antitoxin or other specific antisubstance. There is a great deal in support of the opinion of Gye that cancer is a specific disease, caused by a virus or a group of viruses. The recognized inoculability of cancer pointed that way long before Gye published his researches. Even if what we call cancer should prove to be a group of several different diseases, the theory would not be disturbed. It would indicate a group of viruses rather than a single one.

When it comes to present availability for practical use, these treatments fall into three groups. The various operative procedures, including the use of radium and X rays, are on a practical basis. They are available.

The specific antibody treatment, the change-in-vitamins treatment, and some others are valuable as measures for laboratory experimentation, but they are not on a practical, usable basis.

The Blair Bell lead treatment is in the stage of clinical experimentation. It is being used by a few men on a few human patients. But it is not available for use by physicians generally.

A few words as to progress in cancer control will not be amiss. Fatal cancer is on the increase. The studies by Hoffman, Schereschewsky, and others prove that. Some part of the increase is due to the increasing span of human life; some to the greater accuracy of diagnosis.

But, aside from these two explanations, which take away some of the significance of the facts, cancer is yearly becoming more prevalent.

The diagnosticians are doing their work better. So are the surgeons. There is some improvement in the alertness of the people. But not all of these combined are sufficient to offset the increasing tendency to cancer.

A way out remains to be found. It will be found.

What will it be? That is the question. It may be genetics. It may be bacteriology and immunity. It may be biology.

But, pending a solution, important work can be done by health departments, the public press, and the surgeons.

THE END

Powders won't fill these
5 AFTER-SHAVING NEEDS
This new way will—every time!

Aqua Velva was made to do for the freshly shaven face what powders never can do. Powders blot up moisture and leave the skin dry. But Aqua Velva conserves the natural moisture of the skin, keeping it flexible and well conditioned.

5 important things Aqua Velva does for any face

First: It makes your face feel sharply alive.

Second: It instantly gives first aid to each tiny cut or scrape.

Third: It leaves a keen, masculine fragrance.

Fourth: It protects your skin against wind and cold.

Fifth: It conserves the needed natural moisture in your skin. (Powder absorbs this necessary moisture—leaves the skin dry.)

Aqua Velva *keeps* your face comfortable all day long—just as Williams Shaving Cream *leaves* it.

The large 5-ounce bottle of Aqua Velva Costs 50c (60c in Canada). By mail, postpaid, on receipt of price if your dealer is out of it.

The coupon below will bring you—free—a generous trial bottle of Aqua Velva. Send for it—NOW.

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF WILLIAMS SHAVING CREAM

FREE trial Bottle
SEND COUPON BELOW

The J. B. Williams Co. Dept. 1112 A, Glastonbury, Conn.
Canadian Address: 1114 St. Patrick St., Montreal
Send free test bottle of Aqua Velva

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Soon
a new line of automobiles with

The speed of an aeroplane

The comfort of your favorite chair

The smartness of a new Parisian style

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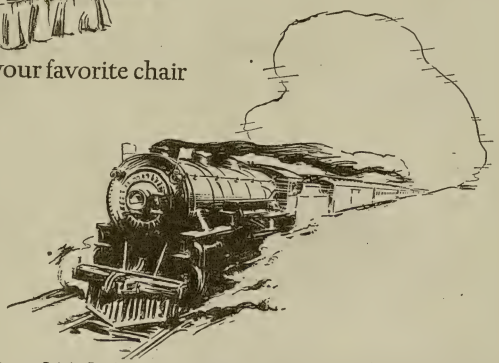


-and with the travelling certainty of the Century

One of the greatest forces responsible for this nation's success is the will of its people to prosper; to advance; to seek that which is better than they have. This attitude is a great economic asset but it places an endless requirement upon those who seek to merit public patronage. Perhaps this is no more evident than with motor cars. What satisfied yesterday seems mediocre today. Cars **must** be better built, of better design, capable of better performance and longer life. Car owners are too experienced and too critical to be satisfied with superficial changes. Simply changing body lines, or colors, or even prices will not suffice for those who want the **best** obtainable today. Improvements must be real and fundamental. Auburn is ready to offer a new line of cars to satisfy, as never before, the **highest** requirements of those who demand the most.

—E. L. Cord, President.

The Six—120" wheelbase, 65 M.P.H. Sport Sedan $1195.
Straight Eight—125" wheelbase, 75 M.P.H. Sport Sedan $1495.
Straight 8-88—130" wheelbase, 80 M.P.H. Sedan $2195.
Eight other models from $1095 to $2595.

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, AUBURN, INDIANA

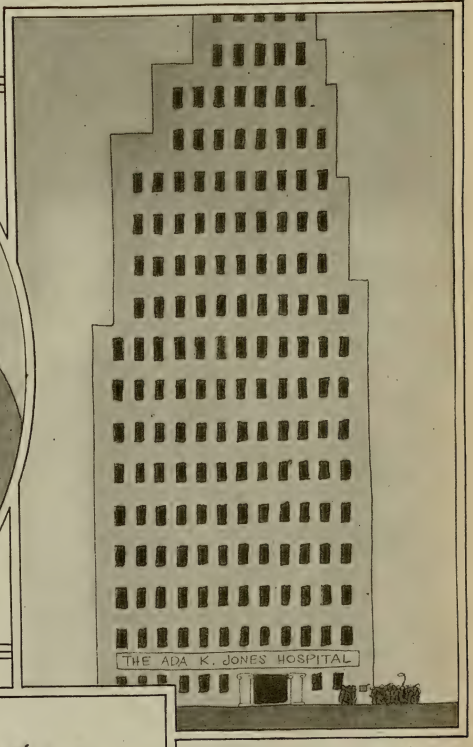
AUBURN

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

ONE OF OUR SPECIAL INVESTIGATORS IN FRANCE, preparing an article on What the French Man-in-the-Street Thinks of the Debt, put to only a slight disadvantage by not being able to understand French.



PROGRESS AND SCIENCE AGAIN YIELD TO TRADITION: Placing a plaque on the house where Culbert McP. Waybus, the great poet, was born.

(Left to right) CYRUS W. SOOMS, Prohibition leader, and Pete R. Manderson, champion soak of Pennsylvania, shortly to debate on the subject: Resolved, That Alcohol Is Injurious to the Human System.

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Charlie's *little brother* Syd

A Close-up of the Chaplin Boys, and How They Got That Way

A Movie Review by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

Syd Chaplin (at left) and George Ackroyd in The Better 'Ole.

Rod La Rocque as he appears in Gigolo.

Esther Ralston in The Quarterback.

THE front legs of a horse, a fast grid-iron star winning for dear old Colton in the last minute of play, and a gigolo dancing man dependent upon feminine dansant patrons for his daily bread—

Otherwise Syd Chaplin, Richard Dix, and Rod La Rocque in their newest pictures.

First, let us consider the equine phenomenon of Charlie's brother, Syd, in The Better 'Ole.

This new presentation of Bruce Bairnsfather's immortal comic Tommy, *Old Bill*, is, to me, the funniest film in several years. It's as funny as Charlie used to be before he was called a genius—as he was in Easy Street, for instance. It's Syd's best effort since that humorous classic, The Submarine Pirate.

Most of the fun of The Better 'Ole comes from a remarkable sequence built around a comic horse. *Old Bill* is the front half and *Alf* is the rear part of *Black Beauty*, at the moment depicting a prominent role in a soldier play. Just as the amateur theatricals are at their height, the town is captured by the Germans. *Black Beauty*, otherwise *Bill* and *Alf*, is forgotten in the hurried retreat. All of which leaves *Bill* and *Alf* to circumvent the Germans in as hilarious a series of events as has ever been filmed.

Syd is a fine clown. Like Charlie, he came out of the British music halls an able pantomimic comedian. Before that were years of privation. The Chaplins grew up on crusts in the squalor of Whitechapel. Syd was born in Cape Town, South Africa, forty-one years ago; his mother being a variety entertainer on tour. Charlie and Syd drifted about the London halls, until Charlie, on an American vaudeville tour, got his chance in the old Keystone comedies. It was Syd who business-managed Charlie into millions, keeping in the wings while the spotlight played upon his brother.

Charlie had no real relish for Syd's film appearances. And Syd was so busy playing the market and with business ventures—one of them an airship syndicate which, oddly enough, made money—that he let the films slip.

Of late Syd has been trying hard to establish himself as a big-time comedian. One of his films, Charley's Aunt, grossed $2,000,000, but in it Syd was pretty labored. The Better 'Ole, however, is a wallop, both as to comic finesse and box-office appeal. Take our word and do not miss seeing *Black Beauty* play havoc with the German army.

Note, too, that The Better 'Ole was directed by Chuck Reisner, who used to help make Charlie's comedies.

* * *

RIGHT now there is an epidemic of college films, but even Red Grange's expert One Minute to Play cannot make you think the less of Richard Dix's pigskin effort, The Quarterback.

Dix carries the ball over for his Alma Mater in the last sixty seconds of play, but the suspense is nicely built up. The football stuff has the tang of authenticity, largely because that coaching genius from Michigan, "Hurry Up" Yost, supervised matters. The sweating extras play real football for Dean Zukor.

This boy Dix, born in St. Paul just ten years after Syd Chaplin saw the flickering gaslights of a tawdry Cape Town music-hall dressing-room, is no mean athlete. He carries two broken hands from his efforts as a boxer in the old days. In the close-ups he has to hide a near tin ear.

Dix has roughed his way to the top. He got a lot of hard knocks playing in stock, he managed to reach Broadway and even be a member of William Faversham's company, and then he hit the films. Nobody paid any attention to him until he did The Christian. Even after that Dix had no easy road.

Now he's one of the six best sellers, cinematic. He is improving steadily in his work, too. He has developed an easy, humorous style. Still he isn't satisfied. Having had a taste of the tragic, as the ill-starred redskin of The Vanishing American, he has decided to lay stardom aside temporarily while he plays in Paradise for Two, with Betty Bronson. This production will start soon.

Still, Dix is popular enough to get a chance at bigger and better things. Meanwhile The Quarterback is real entertainment. And Esther Ralston is a fine foil.

* * *

ROD LA ROCQUE has a three years' edge on Dix and thirteen on Syd. That is, he was born the year Dewey cut the cable, off the China coast. La Rocque, whose birthplace was Chicago, started in films naturally at the old Essanay plant there.

La Rocque had been on the stage since he was seven. Long and short footlight seasons led to motion pictures. He played in a number of Cecil de Mille efforts, chiefly The Ten Commandments, in which Dix also had a principal role.

De Mille has believed always in La Rocque. I could never see anything in particular in him except his curious resemblance to Monte Blue, and the fact that he is the tallest leading male player in pictures, being six feet three. La Rocque, however, does some real acting in this new film, Gigolo, based on Edna Ferber's story.

Richard Dix in his latest role, The Quarterback.

He plays an American wrecked physically and in spirit by the war. The dapper aviator becomes a Paris derelict with a twitching face. Ultimately, he develops into a gigolo, here depicted merely as a paid entertainer in the Parisian night clubs, until the little girl from back home comes to rescue him.

Gigolo gave Will Hays a lot of worry, I have heard. He was afraid that reformers might fall into mass formation at the mere mention of a gigolo. The film, however, is harmless enough.

Do you know that—

Gloria Swanson's second United Artists release is to be a New York story by Arthur Stringer, who wrote Manhattan? . . . After that, Gloria and the Marquis will take a long vacation abroad? . . . Owen Davis has been signed to write original scripts for Famous Players? . . . Emil Jannings has arrived in America? . . . Corinne Griffith is to make Wine, Women, and Song? . . . Charlie Chaplin is now cutting 288,000 feet of The Circus to a mere 7,000 or 8,000?

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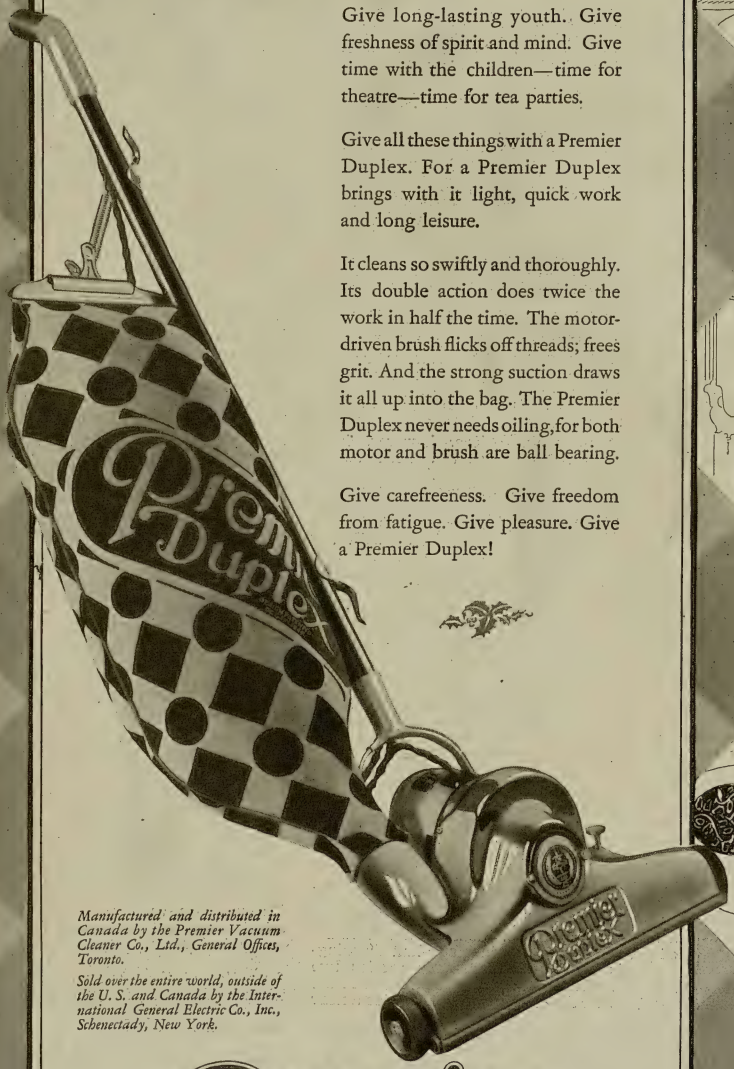

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Under *the* SUN

Love and High Adventure Are Allies in a Thrilling South Sea Romance

A Short Story by

J. Allan Dunn

Picture by H. Winfield Scott

A spear came straight at Jessie, and Lennon pushed her aside, striking at the shaft with his kris.

THE big Chinaman came serenely up the gangplank of the Minahassa, a coolie holding a fringed umbrella over his head, six more struggling with his baggage. The Eurasian purser waited deferentially beside the British captain, portly and pompous.

The face of Chung Li was as serene as the full moon, remote as Confucius. It seemed to have been carved from ancient, ungrained ivory, smooth as a billiard ball.

His eyes, black and glossy as the back of a beetle, rested on the captain, and the broken veins in the latter's florid face deepened their purple. His big body seemed suddenly shrunken, flabby inside his uniform, and his puffy eyes were like those of an old hound that views its master.

"Tail between his legs, all right," Lennon told himself. "They say the Chink owns the packet. No doubt about him owning the skipper."

Chung Li passed on to his deckroom suite. A Portuguese officer fussily bossed the getting under way, the purser cursed at the baggage coolies, and the steamer glided from the quay two hours behind schedule—if she had a schedule—waiting for Mr. Chung.

Bob Lennon looked over the rail with lackluster eyes.

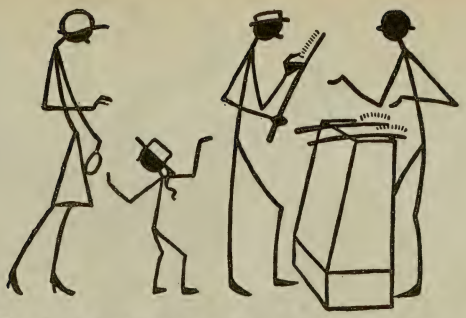
The natives in their scarlet sarongs and high turbans, armed with the inevitable kris, swaggering along; the ships in the roadstead, the white walls of Celebes' capital, the lighthouse and the high citadel above Macassar's European quarter; the tree-tapestried ridges lofting to the black crater crests of Lompo Batang—all left him cold.

There came the smell of curry, and Lennon sniffed disdainfully. He would trade all the curry and *prikkadel*, *ajam*, and *ikan* in the Dutch East Indies for one good, rare-broiled porterhouse with potatoes *sauté* and cauliflower *au gratin!*

Stage stuff, all this scenery! And the grub!

The sight of a Standard Oil tanker, the day before, shoving its blunt stem into the crisp waters of the Madoera Gulf on the way from Surabaya had brought his homesickness to a crisis.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-NINE]



"Look, Mother! What is the man doing?"
"Ethelbert! Hush! He is buying a tooth brush."
"But, Mother, he is brushing his thumb with it."

The A.O.T.B. *strikes a snag!!*

ANOTHER invasion of personal liberty! A denial of the inalienable right of the Ancient Order of Thumb Brushers! A bar to the time-honored custom of buying tooth brushes by rule-of-thumb!

Always, until now, the Thumb Brusher has had free rein. Like a hawk upon a henyard, he has swooped on a tray of tooth brushes. Thumb! Thumb! Thumb! The more, the merrier. How he reveled in it!

Then on to conquer new worlds. The packaged brushes! Open them up! Let's try the bristles. Another! And another!

But now comes Dr. West, challenging, defiant. "Thumb your brushes as you will," he says to the A. O. T. B. "*This* brush thou shalt not thumb!"

* * *

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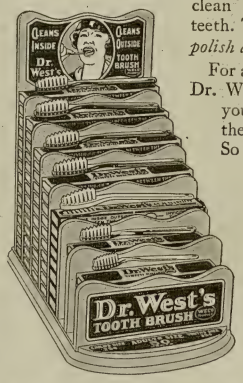

STERILIZED AND SEALED — FOR YOUR PROTECTION

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

Thank the gods, he was almost through. Representative of a firm back home with important Oriental agencies, he was on a financial round-up of extended credits. He had made a successful trip, but he was sick of it. He was primarily a business man, but even the gold that the slaves of the independent rajahs washed out of the river sands, the pearls they dived for, did not touch his commercial instinct or his imagination. All right for Chung Li, but not for Bob Lennon of the U. S. A.

He was aboard the Minahassa with her stuffy cabins, stodgy food, polyglot crew and passengers, because she made the ports he had yet to visit. Then Manila—and home!

HE turned abruptly from the rail, almost bumping into a man in greasy dungarees and smutty singlet, muscular arms streaked with oil, sweaty face masked with stokehold soil—and blue eyes and white teeth flashing through.

"Hot, ain't it? But you oughter try the engine-room. I'm third in that junk heap."

"American?"

"Irish. Harlem-Irish. Name's Jerry McGovern."

Harlem! Hudson Bluffs! Riverside Drive! Even Grant's Tomb!

Lennon gave his own name, thrusting out an insistent hand, regardless of grease and oil.

"What are you doing out here?" he asked.

"Harlem ain't healthy for me, brother."

Lennon proffered a cigar. "I'm on my way back," he said.

"You're lucky. T'anks. Smoke it later. I git erlong an' I have my bit of fun, but this is no place for a white man—much less a white woman."

Lennon nodded. "There's one aboard," he said.

"A beaut'! I've seen her." The engineer wiped sweat and soot off his forehead with a brawny forearm tattooed with the American flag. "Well, I gotta go. The chief's canned an' the second's dead from the neck up. See you later."

"I suppose I've got to eat some lunch," Lennon decided as the other turned away.

Tiffin, they called it. Rice table, highly seasoned *sambals* and kerry sauce; tough fowl; tougher minced beef; fried fish. Ugh! He didn't see how the girl could stand it.

He went below. . . .

"But," said the girl—Jessie Lawton, her name read on the passenger list—as she and Lennon leaned on the rail at Toli-Toli, "can't you see the romance and the adventure back of it all?"

She gazed with shining eyes at the gabled roofs of the kampong rising amid the palms, the dome of the mosque, the more massive buildings of the House of Consultation and the House of Strangers.

All around the steamer were small canoes crowded with natives, naked save for vermilion sarongs, clamoring their wares, looking for a chance to clamber aboard. The kampong *sabandar*, distinguished by his high, stiff lilac turban, was dickering with the purser. The white beach was crowded with men and women in vivid costumes. It was a barbaric setting.

"I don't get it," said Lennon.

Picture by John R. Pierce

"HANG to my legs and drop," he told her.

"If that's romance, give me a New York flat and a bathroom. As for adventure, I've never met any."

Her blue eyes widened. "I wish I had," she said. "We were on strictly tourist schedule up to Singapore. Even then it was all wonderful. Do you suppose we stop here long enough to go ashore?"

"I'll find out," Lennon told her, and went to interview the purser.

He knew something of her recent history now. She had come out to the Orient as traveling companion to a wealthy widow who had been successful in annexing the attention of a man in Shanghai, and the latter had followed them to Singapore. The widow had been wooed and won in a sordid kind of affair, Lennon gathered.

As for the girl, she had been dismissed with her fare back home and a compensatory bonus. Some of this last, if not all of it, she was spending on a tour of her own, intending to return, as Lennon was, by way of Manila.

PLUCKY, pretty, vital, looking for excitement, for adventure, for romance.

Those were words that did not conjure with Lennon's imagination. Romance he considered coinage of the fictionists. Adventure? Applesauce!

They were not stopping long enough for a shore party, the purser said, and he returned to find Chung Li beside the girl.

The Chinaman was altogether too unctuous, and he looked at the girl as if she were a commodity. Lennon felt a keen desire to punch his head. There were stories current in the clubs about Chung Li—slave trader and opium smuggler under cover of his legitimate commerce. He was talking in his clipped, singsong pidgin:

"Velly nice place. Not so good as Kolanga. That next stop. Number one place buy culio, plenty cheap. Ivoly fan, plitty shell box, nice beads, plitty ealling, blooch. Velly cheap."

"I'm afraid I haven't much money to spend," the girl said with a smile.

Chung Li waved deprecating hands, smooth as wax, the nails of his forefingers sheltered in filigreed cases of silver.

"Oh, velly cheap. One dolla go long way, you go shop I tell you."

"I'll go with you," Lennon broke in. It struck him that he

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-ONE]

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This is the Coral Gables Elementary School, the finest and most complete public school building, not only in the Miami district, but in Dade County. Enrolment 875.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

would like to make her a present, to see her eyes brighten and widen, to watch the flush deepen in her cheeks.

Then he was conscious of the baleful gaze of Chung Li's beetle-like eyes, though the Chinaman's voice was cordial.

"Velly good. I fix it."

The purser touched Chung Li on the arm. He ambled off to speak with the respectful sabandar in the high purple turban.

"I don't like that Chink," said Lennon.

"He's been very nice to me."

Lennon grunted non-committally.

After a while the sabandar descended to his proa, the disappointed canoe men paddled off, and the Minahassa steamed slowly out of the bay. The scent of nutmeg blossoms came off the land. The odor of curry eclipsed it.

"I'm hungry," said the girl. "Are you?"

They went down to tiffin, where a turbaned, barefooted waiter passed the great mound of rice, others following, salaaming as they presented squashy, vivid-hued condiments.

She ate daintily but heartily, Chung Li recommending this and that, the too paternal skipper leaning toward her, Lennon glowering. What license had they to talk to her—to any decent woman?

"GREAT little dump, Kolanga," said McGovern late that night. The atmosphere was that of an overworked steam laundry, the sea like glass. The shores, faintly tinted in the bright moonlight, showed no hint of breeze.

"I've got a goil here," said the third assistant. "She's a *tandak* dancer. She's sure some Fatima. Dances up to the Sultan's when he puts on a *wajang* in his *pendoppo*. Ever see one? Wajang, I mean? It beats the Charleston. I'm takin' the evenin' off, if you want to go along. They built them engines out of melted-down bedsteads, buddy, an' I'm sick of the sight of them. Whatyusay?"

Lennon didn't accept. The prospect did not appeal to him, but he did not want to offend McGovern. Another time he might have gone. He had heard of the wajangs, with the women gliding in their serpentine mazes, screaming like peacocks in shrill chanting, clad in magnificent sarongs of batik cloth shot with gold and silver, their shapely bodies, bare above the waist, decked with golden breastplates and armlets.

He told McGovern he was tired and was going to turn in; that he would see him later.

"Right. But you don't want to miss this show. There may be nuttin' goin' on, but we'll rustle some excitement. Me, I don't care if I never see this hooker again."

Early the next morning his cabin steward brought Lennon coffee, according to custom. They were off Kolanga, he said. Lennon was still drowsy after a sultry, fearful night. There was a patch of prickly heat between his shoulder blades. He was out of sorts and the coffee tasted bitter in his mouth as he gulped it down. The girl must have put in a dreadful night of it.

"A rotten climate! No place for a——"

Picture by John R. Pierce

LENNON gripped the steward's shoulder, the muzzle of his gun in the flabby belly.

The man was gone, silent as a cat.

Lennon yawned, turned on his side.

He awoke with the feeling that he had been asleep for hours. His head was aching, his mouth dry as a lime kiln. His cabin was on the east side, but it was in shadow.

His watch said 7 o'clock. It was going, wound the night before. He swung his legs out of the bunk, apathetic, until he remembered that this was Kolanga. He had promised to go ashore with the girl. This was where Chung Li had told her——

He shook off his lethargy. The look that the Chinaman had given him flashed on his mental retina. A sense of something sinister spurred him to swift dressing. How could he have slept that long? The bitter coffee——

Clothed, stooping over his kit-bag, he heard the sound of a winch engine, the rattling of a chain. They were getting under way. And McGovern had said they usually stayed all night!

He thrust the automatic he was looking for into his hip pocket, filled another with spare clips. The Dutch strictly prohibited the bringing ashore of firearms without permit, but this was no time for customs regulations. The blood was racing in his veins.

He saw a cabin steward as he stepped into the corridor, and the man drew back out of sight too swiftly. The girl's cabin was at the end of the passage, and he went to it on a run. The door was unlocked. He did not stop to knock, so convinced was he that things were not as they should be. He glimpsed her steamer trunk, certain garments aswing on hooks, and raced on deck.

IT was twilight, the swift tropic dusk sifting down. Already lights were showing in the kampong. The shore boats had gone. Lennon found the purser, caught him by the arm.

"Miss Lawton—is she aboard?"

"Missi Lawton? I think yes."

But Lennon knew the Eurasian lied. The first officer was on the bridge. Steam shot from the whistle in the farewell blast. The steamer began to tremble with the turn of the shaft, the thrust of the screw.

He ran to the captain's cabin. It was locked and he could hear snoring within. Asleep or drunk, probably both. Chung Li—it was no use questioning Chung Li, though he did not doubt that the smug scoundrel was aboard. He caught sight of the chief steward and put his query. The other shrugged, preparing to evade him, and Lennon shot out a long and sinewy arm, gripping the steward's shoulder, holding him against the deckhouse while he jammed the muzzle of his gun into the flabby belly.

"Miss Lawton go ashore? Did she come back? Tell me the truth or I'll put a hole through your guts."

The steward's eyes bulged, goggling with fear. This sort of white man meant business. Lennon's eyes looked like little pools of burning alcohol with their blue blaze of anger.

"She go—she no come back."

He flung the man free. No use appealing to anyone. This was Chung Li's ship. Lennon thrust his gun well back into his pocket, ran to the rail, mounted, and dived, coming up clear of the screw, lunging in a swift crawl to the shore. The water would not hurt his well oiled weapon or the greased cartridges.

Night had descended suddenly. The village glittered with lights; the ridges were purple against the stars. The Minahassa, its ports agleam, swung out to the Macassar Strait. Even if his dive had

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-THREE]

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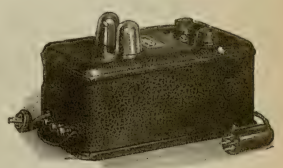

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The Homepower's overall dimensions are only 4¾" x 8 x 12½", small enough to slip easily into most any battery compartment, making your set self-contained, clean, and free from dangling wires and cables.

Type 3—Only $21.00

With all these improvements the price of Homepower is remarkably low—only $21.00 to $28.00, depending on the type, as against $25.00 to $35.00 and more for separate batteries of equal quality and trickle or bulb type chargers.

A Homepower for Every Radio

National Homepower comes in three types for all radio sets using four or six volts "A" current. All types are housed in lustrous black composition cases—a new development in battery case construction that is practically indestructible and keeps its finish and handsome appearance indefinitely. The price of Homepower is so low that you cannot afford to let your radio pleasure suffer through lack of one—Type 1 (6 volt, bulb type), $28.00; Type 2 (6 volt, trickle type), $22.50; Type 3 (4 volt, trickle type), $21.00.

See the Homepower at your dealer's. If he has not yet stocked these wonderful units, send direct to us, using the coupon as an order blank.

Honest value batteries for car, boat or radio at money saving prices.

NATIONAL LEAD BATTERY CO.
General Office, St. Paul, Minn.

Factories: St. Paul, Chicago, Kansas City, Los Angeles
Branches: New York City, Dallas, Oakland, Atlanta, Portland (Ore.), Baltimore

Dealers: Be the first in your territory with this truly marvelous improvement over the ordinary charger outfits. See the National Homepower Units and make sure of your customers' satisfaction. Upon request, we will furnish complete details of our dealer policies, advertising co-operation, etc. Write today.

NATIONAL "A" BATTERIES ARE HONESTLY RATED AND FAIRLY PRICED

National "A" Radio Batteries give you volume, distance and clear reception in full measure. They are models of neatness, compactness—and leak-proof, with containers of special, one-piece composition. These batteries require water only four times a year, and are guaranteed for 18 months' service. Be sure to see the National Dealer in your community.

Send This Coupon

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I am enclosing check, draft, P. O. Money Order in the amount of $..... for which please ship me, complete National Homepower Unit Type.....

Name.....

Address.....

If no money is enclosed send me literature on National Homepower Units and National Batteries.

NATIONAL

IN NAME FAME PRICE

HOMEPOWER RADIO "A" UNITS

NATIONAL LEADS THE WORLD IN BATTERY VALUE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-ONE]

been noticed or reported, they would not bother about him. Chung Li had tricked the girl ashore, delivered her, received the price of his human commodity.

Sharks! But Lennon did not think of them. The water churned in phosphor about him. The man of Manhattan had disappeared. He was surcharged with primitive emotion, savage as any Malay, but with his own keen wits working.

WHAT to do? The whole village would know of the devilish transaction; be leagued against him. And Jessie trembling, shuddering, a white girl at the mercy of a lecherous rajput who had bought her for a plaything, craving her fair beauty.

He touched bottom, and waded ashore, gun in hand. From the kampong came drifts of song, the clang of cymbals, the high skirl of a pipe.

Where to go? The sultan's palace—how to find it?

The drug by which Chung Li had kept him away from the girl's defense had lost its effect. He felt strong to rescue her against kris, *klawang*, and spear. The palace would be guarded. Where was it? Whom could he ask?

What was that? A drunken, husky voice. A white man's. McGovern's! He had forgotten McGovern.

There was a counter under a straw thatch, a half-caste serving spicy food, McGovern lolling against the slab, his arms around the waists of two giggling native women.

"'I love my daddy, my daddy loves me.' Sing ut wit' me. Now, thin!"

The Harlem Irishman whirled at the touch of Lennon and stood staring with a silly grin.

"You're all wet, buddy. Fall overboard? We'll make a night of it. My goil's up to the palace, but I shud worry! Take your pick of what I'm holdin'; I ain't fussy."

"Come away—I need you."

McGovern obeyed the imperative demand.

"What's eatin' you, pal?"

"Miss Lawton's somewhere ashore. They've left her here. Drugged me. Chung Li's at the bottom of it."

"Chung Li. Left her? God! Lissen, buddy: I'm stewed, but I git you an' I'm wit' ye. Loti——"

He jabbered vernacular at the half-caste, who mixed a soapy drink, which McGovern bolted with a wry face.

He waved Lennon away.

"Be all ri' in a jiffy. Goin' soak my head."

He went down beach, while Lennon followed him part way in a fever of impatience, but rejoicing in his unexpected ally. McGovern was kneeling, splashing.

"Fine as silk now, buddy. Bit buzzy in the bean, but it'll wear off. I'm wise. Chung Li's sold her—him an' that yeller-spined skipper. You got a rod—a gun? Can you use it? If not, I'll git you suthin' else, an' I'll swing the gat. I can handle one, buddy. Tha's why I'm here an' not in Harlem. Clips? Good. Now we'll git you a dirk from my goil's house. Come along."

Suddenly he stopped, thrust out his hand to grip Lennon's.

"You swum ashore! Pal, you're a sport! I'm wit' you. We'll git your goil outa this. Likely to be one hell of a scrap before we git clear. This way."

He led the way between stilted houses, keeping in dark shadows; clambered up to a back porch, and came sliding down again with a crooked knife in his teeth.

"Wished we had a file," he muttered. "Them bamboo bars they put on their winders are hard as steel. But we'll make it. There's a wajang on. Your goil's safe for the night. She'll be scared ennyway, an' they don't want 'em that way. Make 'em see they're helpless. My goil's told me a few things. They got their own rotten methods. But she's safe till the wajang's over, ennyway. An' that's just begun."

They could hear gongs and cymbals, shrill chanting now and then in barbaric rhythm as they went uphill in the scented park, past the village, in a jungle lane—disturbed, suspicious apes chattering in the trees.

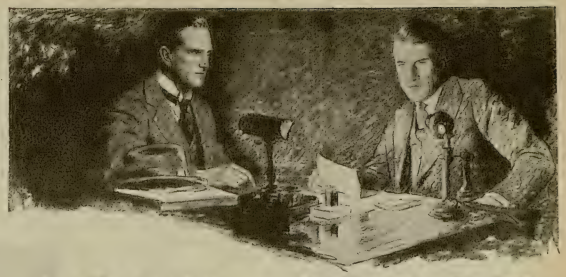
Then a clearing under the stars, a mass of buildings with roofs whose ridges were horned. A compound lighted with torches; a glimpse of women weaving in a dance; the glitter of gold ornaments and jewels; a raised platform, canopied, with robed men upon it.

THE buildings were grouped three-sidedly around the compound. In front was a palisade with a gate in it, guarded by spearmen. They went around an angle, questing, listening. McGovern halted at the back where the jungle came close up to the palace. There were two windows high up, barred, dimly lighted.

"This shud be the right dump," said McGovern. "You're the Romeo. Git up thet tree an' take a looksee. I'll be stickin' round handy."

With the naked knife under his belt Lennon climbed the trunk, and worked his way out along a limber bough. McGovern had clarified things. She was his "goil." There was no question as to that. And he, credit expert of Loper & Bellows, Commercial Agents, Liberty Street, New York City, was aswing

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



LOST: $35,000

THE OTHER DAY a representative of the Alexander Hamilton Institute walked into a business man's office in answer to a telephone call.

"I have sent for you because I am in serious trouble," said the man. "I am on the verge of bankruptcy.

"Fifteen years ago I had an opportunity to enrol with the Institute," he went on. "But I was just out of college, making a good salary, and I expected to get my experience out of my work. I did pretty well. I accumulated a small fortune."

He hesitated. "It's gone now," he said. "In the last two months I have lost $35,000 in my business, and all because there are certain fundamental principles of business I thought I knew *and didn't*.

"But it's not too late," he concluded. "I can get back that $35,000, and this time I won't lose it. I want to enrol for your reading course before another sun sets."

Procrastination is the thief of *cold hard cash*

It is the business of the Alexander Hamilton Institute to prevent just such tragedies as this. How? By providing a means whereby a man may become familiar with *all* the underlying principles of business.

The young man of twenty with no responsibilities to anyone but himself can perhaps afford to take a chance.

But these are serious days, these days after thirty! The earning of money, once taken more or less lightly, has become vital. You want your wife to have every comfort this world offers. You want your children to have as good a chance as you had—a better chance.

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[UNDER THE SUN
Continued from Page Forty-three]

like an acrobat, rescuing the woman he loved from a rajah's harem. Why—this was adventure! This was romance! His girl!

The bough began to sway down under his weight, and he swung himself to a higher one, the cold steel between his jaws, the metallic taste of it arousing something in him that found a grim joy in the job ahead. Their only chance was to get through to the beach, to secure a boat. A slim chance at that, but it must serve. It would.

He saw her through the bamboo grating, seated against the farther wall on a pile of mats. Her dark hair, unbobbed, hung around her shoulders. Her eyes were closed and she looked pale, as waxen as hyacinth bloom. There was a green sarong, embroidered with gold, mantling her.

Lennon saw the squat shadow of some watcher projected by an unseen lamp. The shadow did not shift—perhaps the jailer dozed. But he did not think that Jessie was asleep. Just weary—hopeless.

THE tree he was in was some kind of acacia. Big seed pods, like mammoth beans, pended close at hand. He took one and broke it, finding the round seeds, the shape and size of shotgun wads, closely packed.

He must attract her attention, and so he flipped a seed at the bars. It clicked against them, and instantly Jessie Lawton looked up. But the shadow was unmoving. He flipped another, and this went true, falling in her lap. She rose and came across the room. Lennon saw that her little feet were bare. She came with infinite caution, her lips parted, her eyes widening, one hand at her rising breast.

"Jessie." Bob was several feet away and he made the merest whisper, his heart leaping when he saw the sudden joy flood her face.

"Bob!" She set a finger against her lips, motioning sidewise with her head. "She's asleep. The door's bolted. There's another one. Went down to look at the dance. May be back any minute."

McGovern had moved off on patrol. The moment was desperate. If the other woman came back! Lennon glanced at Jessie, slender, but plucky, unbroken by her peril.

"Can you handle this one? I've got a kris. Bind her up, gag her. Kill her, if you have to."

She nodded.

"Be quick," she whispered.

He edged out to the limit of the limb's support, let it sag with him a little. The girl felt under her sarong and produced a length of silk, a long *cummerbund*. She rolled it, flung it, and Bob caught the fluttering sash and tied his kris to it. It thumped a little against the side of the house, and the girl stood still, then, stealthily, cautiously, she hauled it in.

Another Smashing Serial Starts in Next Week's Issue. It's called—

The Fear of God

by

Robert W. Chambers

This is the story of Michelle d'Aulone, gallant daughter of France's proudest nobility, who was flung, friendless and alone, into a world rocking with intrigues, persecutions, and the wars that settled the fate of the New World. How she fled from the murderous anger of a king, to find happiness with the cavalier of her choice, is told in a novel in which Mr. Chambers returns to the type of fiction that made him famous. Don't miss the opening installment—

In Next Week's Issue of LIBERTY

With the knife in her hand, she disappeared from his view. He saw the shadow move, heard a choked exclamation.

Then he caught the limb above him, crouched, riding the pitching bough, his heel in the notch, and sprang for the bars, pulling himself up, looking into the room.

He saw a fat Malay woman with her dark face the hue of ashes, pop-eyed with amazement and terror at the sight of the gleaming weapon in her captive's hand, stricken rigid as she saw Lennon appear. The point of the kris pricked her, and she turned to the wall at the girl's gesture. A moment more and she was bound, toppled over, gagged, swathed in the cummerbund and her own sash and sarong—the girl, lithe and swift as a tigress, turning with flushed face to her lover.

Lennon had one arm crooked around a bamboo bar; his feet had found a molding. The silicaed bamboo was flinty hard, but the sill was of softer wood, and he thanked the keen edge of the well tempered steel as he notched away in feverish haste. Jessie went over to her late jailer and found another knife, shorter but sharp, and together they hacked at the sill. The bar was well seated. The seconds seemed like hours.

A low call came from below:

"Makin' it? All hunky, so fur, down below."

The bar came out at last, wrenched from its socket by a desperate tug. Lennon could hardly have got through the aperture, but the girl's slender body passed.

"CLIMB over me—my belt—hang to my legs and drop," he told her, panting, sweating with his exertions. "McGovern's looking out."

She crept over him, while he thrilled at the contact. She swung from his belt, found temporary footing, clasped his ankles, dropped.

"Right," came McGovern's whisper. "Let's beat it."

Lennon clasped the bars. It was a big drop, but there was long grass beneath. There was the sound of a sliding bolt. The door opened and a woman gazed in. One look at the room, a glimpse of Lennon's face, and she screamed and fled, still shouting.

McGovern helped Lennon to his feet.

"Fat's in the fire, buddy. Don't lose me."

They were off. There was only one way, past the gate, down the trail. But McGovern gave them good news:

"Rajah's got a launch on the beach. I fixed it once. If we can make it, an' there's gas in the tank, there's nuttin' to it."

Meanwhile alarm spread in the palace. They could see torches flitting, the robed men in confusion on the platform, the dance halted. Some kind of order rang out as the woman darted to the dais, howling her news.

Men sprang toward the gate. The sentinel spearmen swung it open and leaped out to bar the way. McGovern was leading, the girl next. His gun cracked and

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-NINE]

MIRRO
The Finest Aluminum

Star-Points of Mirro Fairyland Toys

9-Piece Colonial Coffee Set

The Combinations—Cooking sets, tea sets, coffee sets. Big sets and little sets. "Really truly" percolators. Tea pots and tea kettles. Roasters and double boilers. A *different* set for every little girl in America's largest family.

The Boxes—A trip through fairyland, with glimpses of Robinson Crusoe, Humpty-Dumpty, the Gingerbread Man, Santa Claus, and other notables, comes with every set.

YES, the Mirro people make aluminum toy sets for children. They are delightful sets, as the picture will tell you. The boxes are delightful, too—the "Fairyland" boxes which lead little folk through the magic kingdom of fable. Look for these sets this Christmas. There are many different ones, at prices starting very low. . . . All are made with that same extra touch of conscientiousness which truly entitles Mirro utensils for grown-up kitchens to be called "The Finest Aluminum."

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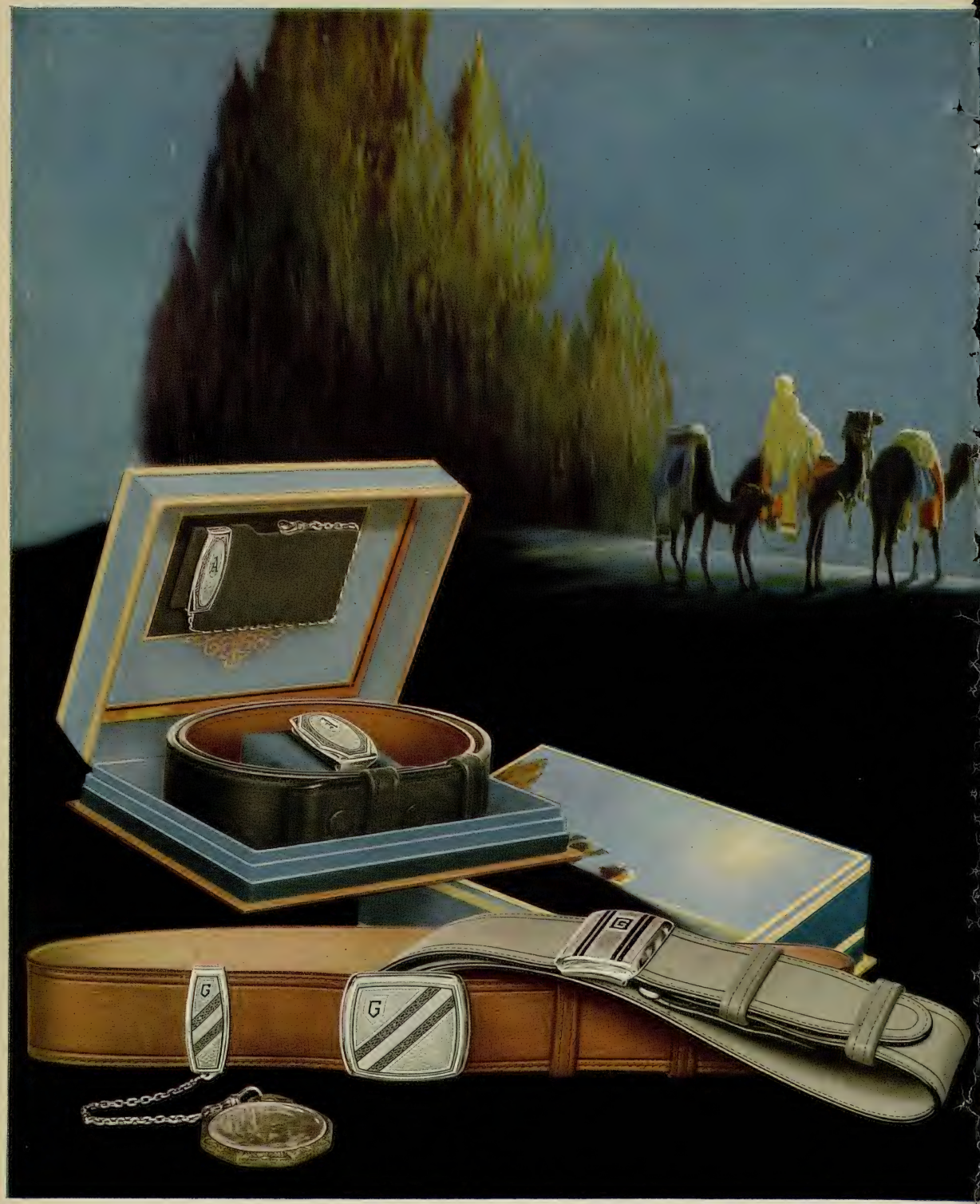
Star-Points of Mirro Fairyland Toys

27-Piece Colonial Tea Set

The Construction—Of pure aluminum, carefully fashioned into captivating likenesses of grown-up utensils. A bright and shining finish that will not rust or tarnish.

The Prices—The cooking set on this page (in colors) is $1.25: the coffee set, $1.75: the tea set, $1.50. Many other sets, ranging from 15c to $2.50, are on sale by good stores everywhere.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THE gift which you select for him must show thoughtfulness, it must have individuality — and, of course, it must be practical and useful. With this in mind, HICKOK Belts, Buckles and Beltograms are a perfect choice.

¶ Discriminating men now match each suit with a Belt harmonizing in color and style. They select Buckles and Beltogram Watch Guards to fit the occasion — sets for sport, for business and other activities, in Hickok plate, Master plate, or Sterling Silver, — all faultlessly designed and wrought by HICKOK. This name, on the underside of Belt, Buckle or Beltogram is your assurance of the integrity of the piece — that it is unapproached in value.

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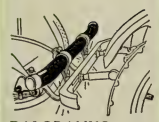

BALCRANKS protect against bumpers that are higher or lower—10 inches fending area.

Appearance has become an important factor in the selection of an automobile. With beauty so much in demand, it is but fitting that the equipment be in keeping with the beauty of the car.

Balcranks are made to harmonize with attractive cars. The bar, finished in the color of the car, is very popular on flashy sport models. "Balloy-black" is recommended for all cars. This is a lustrous, baked enamel, with contrasting, non-rustable "balloy" trimming that is always bright.

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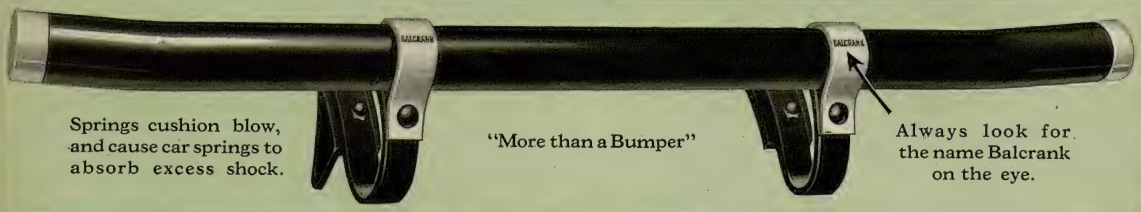
Balcranks are sold only thru car dealers, who equip the car. Equipment is seldom installed by the factory. If your car dealer cannot show you Balcranks, write us, giving his name and make of car. The Cincinnati Ball Crank Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.



Springs cushion blow, and cause car springs to absorb excess shock.

"More than a Bumper"

Always look for the name Balcrank on the eye.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-FOUR]

the first man fell headlong. A spear came straight for Jessie, and Lennon pushed her aside, striking at the shaft with his kris. The edge held the wood, almost twisted from his grasp; but he freed it as the man jumped for him, klawang flashing.

Lennon thrust, and felt his blade go through flesh, screech against bone as it struck a hip and his opponent collapsed, blood spurting.

The next moment he was parrying steel. It was trench work all over again. His arm was slashed high up, but he drove in and the snaky edge cut deep into the other's neck. McGovern was firing. More spears. A huddle of men in the gate, blocking one another for one blessed moment—and they were through, racing down the narrow path, a hideous clamor of pursuit behind them, more spears slithering through the leaves.

"I got a fresh clip in. Go ahead a bit—I'll hold 'em off," said McGovern. "Don't go too far."

Lennon's arm was smarting now, blood drenching his sleeve. The girl could not see it in the dark. He could last, though he was oozing strength with every heartbeat.

Back of them the Irishman's gun barked — deliberately. Then he was with them.

"Run like all hell was back of you," he said. "Foller me close. The village'll be on top of us."

GONGS throbbed in the din. The girl was limping. Thorns, and her bare feet. She faltered, and Lennon picked her up, for all his wounded arm, new strength surging in him.

McGovern's white-clad figure led them, dodging between houses where people called to one another and rushed down their ladders, gathering in a confused mob. Now they were out on the beach, a fair mark. Yells announced that they were seen, that the pack was after them.

They reached a pier and ran along its sagging length. A hooded launch rode below and they leaped into it. McGovern shoved the gun into Lennon's hand, and jumped for the engine, priming, spinning the flywheel while the pier rocked to the tread of the pursuit. Canoes were putting off, men swimming to a moored sailing proa.

The engine coughed, sputtered, failed, while McGovern swore. A man stood poised on the pierhead, and Lennon fired at him, shattering his kneecap. Then came a sharp explosion—a series of them. They were moving, the line severed with the kris. They were off!

"Take the wheel!" called McGovern. "Straight out. I gotta stand by this Lizzie."

The proa was hoisting sail. The canoemen were paddling furiously, with spurts of sea fire at every powerful stroke. But they had the speed of them—they were clear. Lennon's bad arm was worthless now—and he wanted to put it around Jessie while he steered with the other. Kolanga was only a broken line of lights, a place of dim and baffled shouting. The proa held on, far behind.

Suddenly he sagged. The girl—his girl—came close to him with a little cry:

"You're hurt!"

HE tried to say it was nothing, but all he achieved was a husky groan. Everything was hazy.

They were clear. That was all that mattered. He was barely conscious of the girl bending over him, of McGovern coming aft, of his sleeve being cut away. Then he rallied. It would never do to give out. Fiery liquor burned his lips, his gullet, his stomach.

"Arrack, buddy," said McGovern. "Whole jug of it aboard. Why didn't you say you was hurt?"

The girl's sarong was off. He heard

Picture by John R. Pierce

"I'll say that's a nifty bandage," said McGovern.

the tearing of cloth, got a glimpse of white shoulders. Then she was binding up his wound, with the smart of sea water, a tourniquet high by his armpit—expert first aid.

"I'll say that's a nifty bandage," said McGovern. "I reckon you've took lessons, miss."

Then, because he was an Irishman, he left them—inspecting the gasoline tank, uttering a soundless whistle of dismay.

* * *

IT was dawn, beautiful but pitiless in its revealing light. The launch floated, the engine dead for lack of fuel. And, two miles away, a proa was coming up with the sunrise breeze.

McGovern sat perched forward. They were in Mamiju Bay, where the coast of Celebes assumes the shape of a profiled face with stubby nose and outthrust lip. A great headland stood out ahead, and the current had caught them in its swirl.

They were trapped, with the proa coming up fast.

Things were going to be very unpleasant and McGovern reviewed the outlook somberly. It was far better to be dead than to have the rajah dissect their living bodies. As for the girl—she would have to be shot. She was that kind of girl. And Lennon would have to do it—inside of fifteen minutes, the way the wind held. The jug of arrack was untouched: McGovern wanted to pass out sober.

It was a washout, as the Tommies used to say, "over there." But McGovern prayed to his God. If ever a miracle were needed, this was the time and place.

"LOVER," said Jessie Lawton, "you have been wonderful. If we have to die we'll both know this—that we have loved."

And Bob Lennon, credit man, agreed with her, though his heart seemed crushed in giant hands. The helpless launch, the relentless breeze that brought the proa on, a perfumed breeze, the irony of fate. She was so slender, and so sweet.

He could not even fight for her any more, crippled——

The proa closed in. They could see the men in her, twinkling points that were weapons. And the dawn was so fair.

Half a mile away now. Lennon had the gun. He knew what he had to do.

Shouts on the wind.

A louder shout from the bow:

"Erin go bragh! Whurroo! By all the powers, we've got 'em licked!"

The blunt stem of the Standard Oil tanker nosing round the point. The clumsy hull, complete, Stars and Stripes fluttering.

Her kiss on his lips—and McGovern looking ahead, winking to himself as he waved his coat and wildly wigwagged with it.

"Glory be!"

THE END

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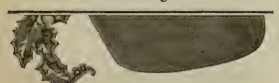

Twenty Questions
How Much Do You Know?

LIBERTY publishes twenty questions every week. *You* send them in, together with the answers. For each question and answer published we will pay $5.

Don't forget to include answers with your questions.

How many of these can you answer?

1—When and where was the first subway constructed?—*J. Emmett Frost, Buffalo, N. Y.*

2—When was prohibition first tried in this country?—*Wanda Craig, Mansfield, Mo.*

3—What State first granted woman suffrage?—*Mrs. C. C. Hawthorne, North Long Beach, Calif.*

4—How and when was the Liberty Bell cracked?—*Gladys E. Cassidy, Denver, Colo.*

5—What States have more Senators than Representatives in Congress?—*F. H. Valentine, Washington, D. C.*

6—In what States is the sale and smoking of cigarettes prohibited?—*Elsie Uthoff, Colorado Springs, Colo.*

7—What insect will commit suicide when threatened with death by fire?—*H. O. Thompson, Malden, Mass.*

8—How fast does a baseball travel when delivered by the average pitcher?—*Miss Pearl Smith, Chicago, Ill.*

9—What dog has webbed feet?—*Marguerita Kay, Sturgis, Mich.*

10—What was the first public address in America to be reported in shorthand?—*Mary Henke, Monticello, Ind.*

11—What present-day world figure was a librarian eight years ago?—*Grace Young, Hammond, Ind.*

12—What was the first State admitted to the original thirteen?—*J. M. Green, McAlester, Okla.*

13—What is the record for field goals in football in one game? By whom made?—*Hattie Morris, Detroit, Mich.*

14—What is the total energy of Niagara Falls calculated to be?—*C. C. Syler, Vandalia, Mo.*

15—Where is the world's largest floating dry-dock?—*Ruth P. Connolly, Buffalo, N. Y.*

16—What is the largest paper money printed by the United States Government?—*J. H. Harrington, Concord, N. H.*

17—Has the Vice President a vote in the Senate?—*William J. Hennessey, Newburgh, N. Y.*

18—How much air will the lungs of the average man hold?—*James E. Trask, St. Paul, Minn.*

19—When and by whom was the Tammany Society founded?—*C. J. Keller, St. Paul, Minn.*

20—In what two States in the United States is New Year's Day not a legal holiday?—*Laura G. Perrin, Long Beach, Calif.*

See Answers in Next Week's Liberty

Here are last week's questions answered:

1—What President of the United States coached the Princeton and Wesleyan football teams?—*J. C. Wilton, Roanoke, Va.*
A.—Woodrow Wilson.

2—What is face powder?—*Archie Rice, Walton, N. Y.*
A.—A white clay called talc, ground to flourlike fineness.

3—How many Federal Reserve banks are there? Where are they?—*Mrs. C. C. Corpening, Morristown, Tenn.*
A.—Twelve: In Boston, New York City, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Richmond, Atlanta, Chicago, St. Louis, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Dallas, and San Francisco.

4—Give the nicknames of the following States: Michigan, Minnesota, New York, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Kansas.—*Mary J. Kadel, Terre Haute, Ind.*
A.—Wolverine, Gopher, Empire, Buckeye, Hoosier, Sucker, Sunflower.

5—What weapon was used to murder Julius Cæsar?—*Mrs. G. L. Miller, Fort Worth, Tex.*
A.—A stylus of the sort used in writing.

6—How does the United States pay homage to the author of The Star-Spangled Banner?—*Mrs. Mabel Vandeveide, Dyersburg, Tenn.*
A.—By keeping a flag floating over the grave of Francis Scott Key at Frederick, Maryland.

7—In what State is the right to vote restricted to those who own a stated amount of property?—*A. C. Taylor, Jr., Stanley, N. C.*
A.—Rhode Island specifies that voters must be worth thirty-four dollars.

8—What was the "cheesebox on a raft"?—*Stanley D. MacDowell, Lyndhurst, N. J.*
A.—The ironclad Monitor, which fought the Merrimac in Hampton Roads, Virginia.

9—What early American colony was known as New Sweden?—*J. S. Fowler, Cincinnati, Ohio.*
A.—Delaware.

10—What was Plato's real name?—*Helen Salee, St. Paul, Minn.*
A.—Aristocles. Plato was a nickname given him because of his broad chest and forehead.

11—Where do women have plural husbands?—*Mrs. W. E. Blake, Goldsboro, N. C.*
A.—In Ladakh, a province on the Tibetan side of the Himalayas.

12—What is the official name of Westminster Abbey?—*Mrs. Joseph J. Kreger, Trenton, N. J.*
A.—The Collegiate Church of St. Peter.

13—What was the longest big league ball game ever played?—*C. A. Sheldon, Chicago, Ill.*
A.—Twenty-six innings, between Boston and Brooklyn, National League, on May 1, 1920. The score was 1 to 1.

14—In what State has the Governor not the right of veto?—*William J. Axelby, Bridgeport, Conn.*
A.—North Carolina.

15—When and where was the first fire insurance company organized?—*Aston Hilly, Baltimore, Md.*
A.—In London, after the great fire of 1666.

16—What small-town lawyer was the father of four kings?—*Mrs. E. E. Pfanstiel, Carlisle, Ky.*
A.—Charles Bonaparte, of Ajaccio, Corsica, father of Napoleon I; Joseph, King of Naples; Louis, King of Holland; and Jerome, King of Westphalia.

17—How high can a horse jump?—*E. J. Elwood, Fort Tilden, N. Y.*
A.—The highest jump on record, 8 feet 13/16 inch, was by Great Heart, owned by Mrs. Stuyvesant Peabody, at the South Shore Country Club, Chicago, June 8, 1923.

18—What error is common in pictures of bird dogs?—*Earl A. O'Hara, Pittsburgh, Pa.*
A.—The pictures show the dogs "making a stand" on birds they can see, which they never do.

19—What President had the first bodyguard?—*Valliere G. Decker, Spearfish, S. D.*
A.—Andrew Johnson. The custom was brought about through the assassination of Lincoln.

20—What is the hottest region in the world?—*Horace G. Bloom, Toronto, Ont.*
A.—The African desert, where the temperature often reaches 150 degrees.

LIBERTY publishes the answers, believing them to be correct. But no one can know everything.

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TUNNEY

The Man of Destiny

By W. O. McGEEHAN

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Here is the first of two radically different opinions concerning the merit of Gene Tunney as a fighter and the honesty of the big battle in Philadelphia, written by two of the best known writers on fights in the world—W. O. McGeehan and Sidney Sutherland. Mr. Sutherland's article begins on Page 55. The editor of LIBERTY will be glad to receive letters from readers, telling whether they believe the fight was on the level.]

THERE are two Tunneys. There is James Joseph Tunney, the son of a longshoreman from County Mayo, Ireland. He is a simple, unaffected young man whose background and inclinations might have made him a Catholic priest but for the press of circumstances.

The other is Gene Tunney, heavyweight champion of the world, a grandiloquent young man who is quoted as having said that he is now just as much a part of the public as the stars are part of the universe, and who counters interviewers with a fast quotation from Shakespeare.

And yet the two Tunneys are one.

It seems to me that Gene Tunney the prize fighter tries to screen James Joseph Tunney from all prying eyes and incidentally all those who are part of the life of this retiring person. To all questions concerning the family of James Joseph Tunney, Gene Tunney says, "Please don't ask me that. They have nothing to do with the prize-fight business."

Gene Tunney, as Joe Humphries, the announcer, would put it, is a product of Greenwich Village, New York. Now, the Greenwich Village of today is as different from the Greenwich Village of the time of the birth of James Joseph Tunney as Gene Tunney is from James Joseph Tunney. The old Greenwich Village was the dwelling place of many staid and respectable families like that of Henry Tunney, while the modern Greenwich Village purports to be a sort of Latin Quarter free from inhibitions or what have you?

Whether the change in Greenwich Village is for better or for worse depends on the point of view. So does the transition of James Joseph Tunney into Gene Tunney.

Gene Tunney was born at 101 Bank Street

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

International photo

Dempsey *Tunney*

P. & A. photo

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[YOU PAYS YOUR MONEY AND YOU TAKES YOUR CHOICE Continued from Page Fifty-one]

some twenty-eight years ago. This is one of the little streets that end quickly at the docks where his father worked and where Gene also started to work at the age of fourteen. Until then he had been a pupil in the little parochial school, St. Veronica's, in Greenwich Village. The remainder of the education that seems to have impressed the sporting writers so forcibly was picked up at night school and through reading directed by James Joseph Tunney's own inclinations.

On the whole, his boyhood background is much the same as that which produced Patrick Cardinal Hayes and Governor Alfred Emanuel Smith. James Joseph Tunney might have started in the footsteps of either of these. His family was intensely religious—one of his sisters is a nun and they say that another is considering dedicating her life to the service of the Church.

THE boy dreamed of both a political and a religious career. When you consider the Gene Tunney of today it would seem that he had the potentialities for either. And yet he is heavyweight champion of the world and the immediate successor of William Harrison Dempsey, who came from an entirely different environment.

One can understand why Jack Dempsey does not care to have his past pried into; to be reminded of the days when he traveled the rods and fought in the hobo camps and barrooms for a loaf of bread. The real story of this Dempsey is as lurid a romance as ever could be written, but it cannot be dragged out of him. Mr. Dempsey of Hollywood hates and fears that glorious young animal, the Dempsey of the rods and the hobo camps.

If the bewildered ex-champion had a boyhood and a background like that of the present champion he would parade it where the present champion shuts the door of his private life and says to admirer and critic alike, "You shall not enter. This is no part of the Gene Tunney that belongs to the public."

Immediately after a champion wins his crown it has been the custom to get photographs of the prize fighter in his home. The picture of him with his mother is the favorite. Benny Leonard, for instance, was photographed with his mother when he became champion and again when he nailed his boxing gloves to the wall and became an ex-champion.

When Tunney was getting ready to return in triumph to New York after winning the heavyweight championship the photographers broached the idea of a photograph of him with his family. Now, Gene Tunney in or out of the ring never could look particularly savage. But at this suggestion he shook with rage. The project was abandoned.

You may gather from this that Tunney has no illusions concerning the fight game to which he is lending a somewhat false respectability. Because of this the deni-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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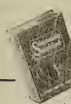

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-TWO]

zens of the cauliflower world dislike Tunney intensely; which is foolish, because Tunney is doing the fight game something of a service, the same sort of service that Babe Ruth did the business of professional baseball when it was in a very bad way indeed.

In Tunney we have a new type of prize fighter, different from all the rest, and I am not excepting that amiable Thespian who was "Gentleman Jim" Corbett. Tunney is very near to being a realization of Mr. Shaw's *Cashel Byron.* Perhaps he will play Cashel Byron's Profession one of these days, as Corbett once tried to play a version of it.

VERY frankly, Tunney wants to make money out of his profession and then he will retire. As soon as there is one of those "logical contenders" decided upon, Tunney will fight him, provided he gets a guarantee of about the same amount that Mr. Dempsey received when he lost his title.

In the meantime Gene Tunney has the culture hunger and the urge to do the smart thing. He has developed as Greenwich Village has developed during his young lifetime. He has met smart people and he prefers the society of smart people to that of the denizens of the cauliflower world, Broadway, and sporting circles. He wants to be the erudite young man sporting writers have made him out to be.

The title of heavyweight champion itself was the end to all of those who held it before him. To the ambitious Gene Tunney it is only a step to greater ends. He wants distinction, though I believe his notions as to what constitutes distinction are a trifle vague. With what was regarded as an inferior physical equipment, he had the self-confidence to win for himself the heavyweight championship. But I think this self-confidence has begun to waver because he does not know exactly what there is beyond it that he wants.

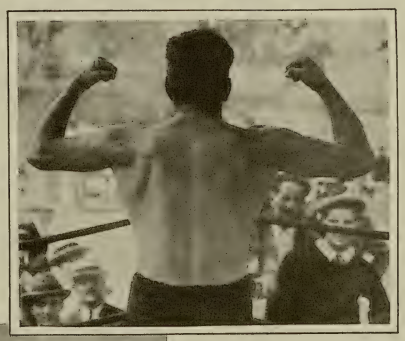
The development of Gene Tunney to this point is a shining example of what a man's serene faith in himself can do.

It is something like seven years ago that I first met Tunney, a returned marine. He then was under the guidance of Billy Roche, the old referee, who had discovered him as a boxing champion of the A. E. F.

Of course they are saying now that Gene Tunney was not at Belleau Wood and that most of his service was behind the lines. But the fact remains that he went into the service voluntarily and that wherever he was with the A. E. F. it was where Jack Dempsey and Harry Wills were not.

Billy Roche had informed me in advance that he was bringing the next heavyweight champion of the world to me. To put it mildly, I felt that William was overenthusiastic. Tunney at the time was a light heavyweight. He looked entirely unlike a prize fighter, as he does today. When he left, my assistant said:

"That's no fighter. Why, he is an altar boy." Which was no bad guess, as Gene Tunney had been an altar boy.



Wide World photo

Tunney's back muscles, from which he derives his hitting powers.

Acme photo

Tunney arrives to inspect the Sesqui Stadium.

After seeing Tunney fight for the first time, I wrote something about his being utterly lacking in the killer instinct and predicted that he never would go very far in prize fighting. Tunney never forgot that. When I got to know him better he would ask me after each fight, "Did I look more like a killer that time?"

GENE TUNNEY never has looked like a killer, and he did not look it that night he faced the scowl of *the* Killer, Jack Dempsey. In his first fights Tunney looked soft and he bled very easily. And yet he came back for more, doggedly and persistently. He had several setbacks, but never was he knocked off his feet.

He had seven years of this. It was hard work and he never was in the big money. But he had an iron will, a terrible determination, and, I think, something else.

You will recall *Bunker Bean,* the timid young clerk who became convinced that he was a reincarnation of Napoleon and started to act the part according to his conception. Tunney developed one of those Man of Destiny complexes and it was no slight factor in bringing him the championship.

There was work and will to back the complex. In seven years Tunney developed twenty pounds of solid muscle. He toughened that soft skin. He no longer bled easily.

It became evident that he was not only ambitious to become champion, but to be a different sort of champion. He shocked all sense of propriety of the cauliflower world when he took up golf as the smart thing. He seemed to seek the company of nice people by preference and not for professional reasons. According to the accepted tenets he was doing everything wrong. He would come to no good end in the prize-fighting business.

Always as the "logical contender" there loomed the dark and somber figure of Harry Wills, the wartime stevedore. In comparison to Tunney he seemed formidable. It was evident that Jack Dempsey, the wartime shipbuilder, was not anxious to meet Wills.

BUT the serene Gene continued to work out his destiny in his own way. He knocked out Tom Gibbons, who lasted fifteen full rounds with Dempsey. He stopped Georges Carpentier. He knocked out Bartley Madden, who lasted fifteen rounds with Harry Wills. But still he could not convince himself that he should be given a fight with Dempsey. Not that the heavyweight champion was unwilling, for he, like all the others, underestimated the fighting ability of this young man with the passive face and the ambition to be associated with nice people.

It was about this time that I had a long confidential talk with Tunney.

"Did I look any more like a killer the last time?" he demanded.

"You did not and you never will," I said.

He laughed. Then he became serious. "I am ready now," he said. "I want my chance at that title. I think I am logical now on my record and I think it is coming to me.

"They all seem to say that Wills should have it. I am willing to fight Wills for the chance. I know I can beat him. That may sound like boasting to you. He might beat me, of course, but he will have to kill me to do it. I don't think he is a great fighter. I've studied him and I know how to beat him.

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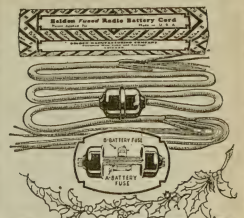

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[YOU PAYS YOUR MONEY AND YOU TAKES YOUR CHOICE
Continued from Page Fifty-three]

"I'll admit frankly that I do not care to fight with a colored man. It is just that I don't like it; but I will fight him because it seems to be the only way to get the fight with Dempsey."

"And you think you have a good chance with Dempsey?" I asked.

"Oh, I am sure I can beat him. Yes, I know you must feel skeptical and so will everybody else. But I feel—I know—I can beat Dempsey."

"And then?" I asked by way of humoring him.

"Then I will have a few fights, when there are fighters of the sort that would make it worth while. After that, when I get ready and get what I think is worth while, I will retire. I will not cling to the title when I am through with it. When that time comes let the best man have it."

At the time, Jack Dempsey was invincible and there was some suspicion that Dempsey regarded Harry Wills as a very serious menace. Mr. Dempsey was not the only person who regarded Wills thus. The various boxing commissions passed one unwritten rule that Wills would not be permitted to meet Dempsey for the heavyweight championship.

Tunney was saying quite simply and quietly that he would beat them both. He did try to meet Wills. Tex Rickard told me later he had tried to arrange the match, but that Wills wanted the big money, and he wormed out of it.

WHEN Rickard finally made the match between Dempsey and Tunney the New York Boxing Commission refused to permit the bout to be held in New York. An attempt to stage it in Chicago also met with rebuffs. Finally Rickard found his site in the Sesquicentennial Exposition grounds in Philadelphia.

With this part settled, Tunney again did everything wrong from an expert point of view. He went to the Adirondacks, to a little resort owned by a former comrade in the Marine Corps. This was the most thoroughly respectable prize fighter's training camp I ever visited.

"I came here to get in condition," Tunney said. "I suppose I could go somewhere and charge admission and make something. The Lord knows I could use the money, but I know very well I am going to win that championship, so I can afford to sacrifice the small money for freedom and peace of mind.

"This is off the beaten track. They will not come here, feeling my muscles and asking foolish questions. It is worth it. I told Bill Osborn, who was my machine-gun instructor at Quantico, that if ever I trained for a heavyweight championship bout it would be at his place, so here I am."

But with the switching of the fight to Philadelphia it became necessary for Tunney to switch his camp. This time he moved to a little golf club in the Pocono Mountains near Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania.

This move roused the ire of the experts.

"He can't take any golf clubs into the ring with him!" bellowed an expert of the old school. Later he added, "And he can't carry any books with him into the ring. You can't hurt Dempsey with a book."

In his boxing Tunney did not make any particular impression with the recognized judges. At Atlantic City Jack Dempsey mauled and bruised his sparring partners as was his wont. He trained to the accompaniment of jazz bands. He had more retainers and bodyguards than many a monarch. He demanded privacy excepting when he was performing in the "dog park" for an admission charge. He was harassed, suspicious, and unhappy, while Tunney was the most serene young man in the world.

THE men scoffed at Tunney and his pretensions, but the women believed in him. Of all the heavyweight champions, Gene Tunney is the women's champion.

At the ringside in Philadelphia they were praying for him when Dempsey, with the killer scowl made more diabolical by the smear of white cotton plastered with collodion over the shaggy black eyebrows, rushed out at him.

"Oh, Gene," one of the women cried hysterically. "Look out, Gene!" The tears were streaming down her cheeks and she was shaking with emotion. She was not the sort of woman that followed prize fights or prize fighters, either.

It always will be my contention that Tunney won this fight in the air. He kept the secret from even his manager and from the promoter, Tex Rickard. The program was for Tunney to move on to Philadelphia by special train as Dempsey came in from Atlantic City by the same conventional and sane method of transportation.

But early that day Rickard got a call from Stroudsburg announcing that Gene had just left for the Philadelphia Navy Yard in an airplane.

"My God!" gasped Tex Rickard. A very essential part of a $2,000,000 project was up in the air on a misty morning and so was Mr. Rickard.

It was Tunney's first airplane ride and something of an adventure. He was crowding his day by taking that one on the morning of his greatest adventure.

One of Dempsey's various advisers insisted that the news of Tunney's manner of arrival at Philadelphia be kept from him. This man had a shrewd hunch. But Dempsey did hear about it.

His only comment was, "Yeah?" But I am convinced that this was one of the psychological punches that had Dempsey stunned before he went into the ring. Tunney made his serenity and confidence register with Dempsey as it could not be registered by any "statements" he could make or by any other means of bringing home the impression. It was the mental baffling that preceded the physical baffling.

I often have felt that the last

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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From Rags to Riches

(*Chapter 1*) Jethro Geesicks, the Napoleon of Wall Street, was a self-made man. He amassed his fortune by the original method of buying General Gadgets every morning at 22⅜ and selling it in the afternoon at 86¾. But a ghastly, hidden woe crept into his life . . .

(*Chapter 2*) Constant reading of the ticker tape had given Jethro one headache after another. This great, ruthless man, before whom the financial world cringed, not only was conquered by these harassing headaches, but he became a slave to a remedy that he had thoughtlessly begun to take for them. This drug gave him a worn-out feeling, and lined his face. Hold fast, the worst is yet to come. . . .

(*Chapter 3*) One morning, after a distressing headache and the usual effort to cure it, Jethro's face looked so dreadful that his appearance in Wall Street precipitated a panic. General Gadgets went into reverse and closed at 2⅛.

(*Chapter 4*) The great Geesicks soon recouped his fortunes and his health, by acting on his doctor's advice to treat his headaches scientifically . . to depend on a safe, balanced prescription that left no harmful after effects, Kohler-Antidote, a remedy of thirty-five years' standing . . . and now he seldom has a headache!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-FOUR]

hour for a prize fighter before he steps, half blinking, into the ring must be something like the last hour of a criminal about to step upon the scaffold. It was at this time that Gene Tunney either was the most serene young warrior that ever prepared for battle or that he made one last magnificent gesture.

He arrived at his dressing-room about an hour and a half before the time set for entering the ring. When he had dressed in his ring costume, he lay on the rubbing table covered with a blanket. Then he said, "I wish you fellows would get out for about half an hour. I feel like taking a little nap." Five minutes later he was sleeping peacefully.

Tunney came into the ring swathed in the gift bathrobe of the Marines with the Marine insignia blazoned on the back. He looked less like a prize fighter than ever.

He was much calmer than Dempsey. He adjusted his own bandages deftly and deliberately while the nervous Dempsey fidgeted with his in the opposite corner. Even the visit from the referee, who was not diplomatic, had not disconcerted Tunney.

The referee had been in the dressing-room half an hour before Gene had entered the ring. This referee was a bit flustered. "I want to explain the rules," he said. "I want you to know I am going to referee a fair fight and I do not want any squawks from the loser."

Tunney smiled at him serenely.

"Have you talked to Dempsey yet?" he asked.

"Why, no, not yet," said the referee.

"Well, I think you should," said Tunney. "You owe it to yourself and to Mr. Dempsey, in view of what is going to happen, to make it very clear to Mr. Dempsey that you want no squawks from the loser."

The referee was quite as baffled as Dempsey when he heard Tunney was coming through the air smiling to meet him.

WHEN his bandages were adjusted Tunney looked down along the ringside seats, picking out a few friends here and there. He was then the most serene and composed young man I ever saw. He looked over to where I sat and nodded and smiled the same sort of smile he wore when he would ask, "Did I look any more like a killer that time?" He was smiling when the bell rang and Dempsey, with the Mephistophelean make-up, rushed out of the corner at him.

Of course the rest is history recorded hastily in the downpour, recorded to some extent with bias, bitterness, and suspicion. What happened was incredible, and the consequent incredulity in men's minds persists.

But James Joseph Tunney, son of the longshoreman of Greenwich Village, is heavyweight champion of the world. He baffled the Killer and, if he did not kill him, rendered him helpless and impotent.

The prize-ring public resent him because he is unusual and because he became heavyweight champion against all the traditions. In fact, he almost made light of what is regarded by the human male as the proudest jewel in the crown of Caucasian civilization. They feel he has a superiority complex. He has. It was a bigger asset in his campaign than his physical equipment.

James Joseph Tunney, who might have been Father James, is Gene Tunney, successor of the late John L. Sullivan, a mystery to the fight followers, excepting those new fight followers, the women, whose champion he is. And I think he is something of a mystery to himself.

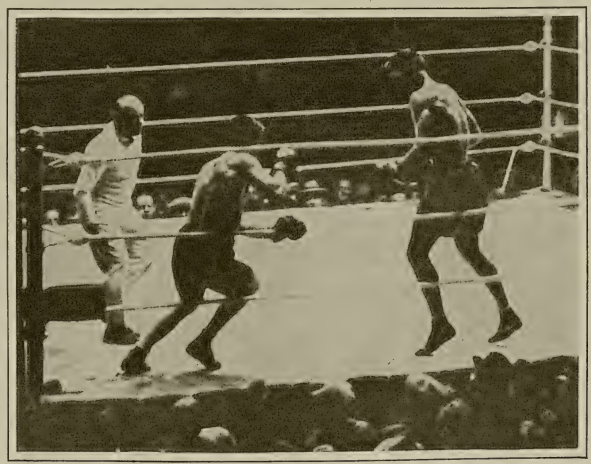
THE END

Was *The* Big Fight a Fake?

We Don't Know, But Here's What a Broadway Wisecracker Said to

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

A WET, bedraggled, unhappy mob swirled around the lobby of the Broad Street Station in Philadelphia. They were wet because it had rained. They were bedraggled because they had battled like wild men and women to reach the depot from the washed-out Sesquicentennial grounds. And they were unhappy because they were wet and bedraggled; because it was 1:30 o'clock on Friday morning, September 24, and there was a long, tiresome ride back to New York City; and because many of them had lost money on the outcome of the heavyweight championship contest.



P. & A. photo

Dempsey sending Tunney to the ropes with the only real punch he landed.

Near me, when the gates finally opened to let the crowd funnel through to the train shed where a Tex Rickard special was waiting, strode James Aloysius Durk, the renowned Broadway bon vivant, raconteur, man-about-town, first-nighter, boxing enthusiast, wise fellow, wily bettor, inside-stuff agent, and all-round New York Cityite.

"If weekun find a seat on this rattler we'll be lucky, with this mob," he grunted.

We climbed aboard like a lot of monkeys clambering up after a coconut; we shouldered our way down the aisle and tumbled into a seat together. We doffed our sopping raincoats, folded them in a heap on the rack above, and unbuttoned our vests. Durk still was snarling profanely as he reached into a hip pocket, drew out a silver flask, unscrewed the top, and offered it to me. When he girdled its neck with his own lips, the uptilted receptacle gurgled like an expiring washbasin in a Bide-a-wee hotel.

"Do me a favor, willya?" quoth J. Aloysius as he thrust the flask into his coat pocket and licked the frayed kimono of a fresh panatella. "Hook your left to my kisser and lean your right on the button. Then slip me a slow count and don't wake me up till we reach Manhattan Transfer."

I surmised the Durk was chafed. I remarked as much.

"Lissen to me, skipper," he retorted, removing his hat a moment. "See them white hairs? That ain't age: that's the bleach of the lights above a million ringside seats. Say, I been lamping them babies up there tossing the leather for thirty-five years. I seen 'em all—the good and the bad, the up-and-up boys and the rosin-wallowing lads.

"I watched Stanley Ketchel and Joe Thomas commit first-degree murder for thirty-five rounds—and I got sick watching Jim Corbett and Kid McCoy put on their celebrated waltz. Good ones and bums, I see 'em all. I've stuck a newspaper under my straw kelly and fanned myself with a program when it was a hundred and ten at ringside in Vernon and not a cloud nearer'n Sacramento. And I sit on my hands to keep 'em from freezing when Johnny O'Leary stopped three boys one night at Athabasca Landing, a hundred miles above Edmonton and sixty-five degrees below zero.

"But this thing tonight in the Seskwisentinel bowl was the biggest joke I ever watched in my life!"

Durk snorted and again had recourse to the flask. I stared at him, bewildered.

"You don't mean to tell me this was a frame?" I exclaimed.

"NO?" the wise boy of Broadway responded grimly. "Lemme chin a few miles and you'll hear a lotta things that'll begin to leak out in the sportin' pages as time rocks along—maybe. It won't come out all immediate, because the experts'll need a month or two to get back to earth, and because they'll hate to print it when they do come to. Most of 'em are on the fight payroll, anyhow; and most of 'em'll just forget it, and hope the boobs who storm the box office will too.

"In the first place, le's take a look at them two babies up there in the ring tonight. That background stuff'll help explain what I'm chirpin'.

"Jack Dempsey's got the fightingest heart of any pug that ever lived. Not only is he chocked fulla guts, but he's got that rare thing—the *real love* o' fightin'. He'd rather fight than do anything else. Moreover, he's a product of the underworld. Maybe that don't mean a lot to you, but I'll tell you what it *does* mean.

"To get by in the underworld—the world of gamblers, hopheads, wineos, burglars, dips, ex-convicts, sluggers, stickups, woman-beaters, white-slavers, snowbirds, crooks of every sort—a man's gotta be tough. He can't have no principles or conscience. He can't have none of them sucker traits that sets the other world apart from the underworld.

"He's got to be rough and tough, ready to go—and able to go. He's gotta be full of mayhem for any bird who crosses him, whether it's a copper, a squealer, or some dude tryin' to steal his broad or monkey with his grift. And he must be a winner. He mustn't lose. If a wolf loses, the pack's the first to turn on him and eat him up. It's that way in the underworld, brother.

"Now, you take Jack Dempsey. Added to his training in the ruthless, pitiless under-

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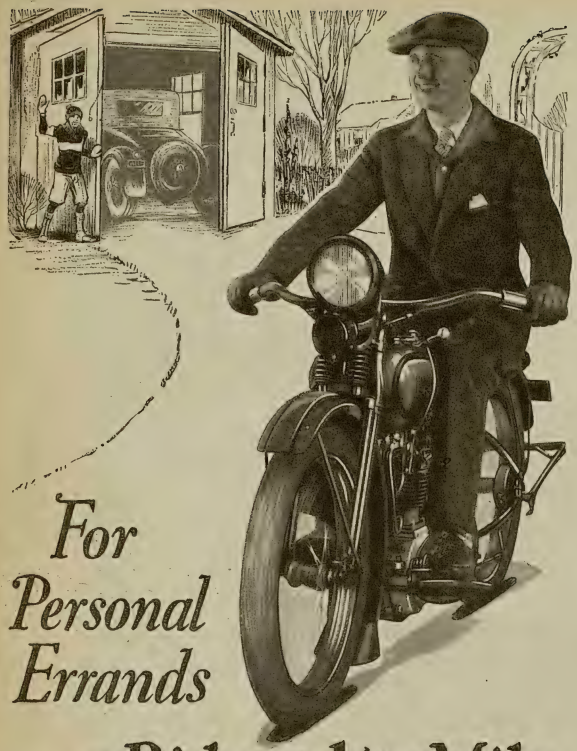

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[YOU PAYS YOUR MONEY AND YOU TAKES YOUR CHOICE Continued from Page Fifty-five]

world where he lived and flourished for years, he's got the most fearless fightin' heart in the world.

"The war? Oh, t'ell with the war! There wasn't any purse for fightin' a nesta Germans.

"And that ex-con, Jack Kearns—who wasn't named that when they baptized him—had been hunting a prize-ring meal ticket for ten years. Here he'd got hold of the finest meal ticket the world ever saw. Suppose he was gonna let a lot of German bayonets punch it fulla holes?

"WELL, we got this Dempsey, then—one o' the hardest eggs that ever taped a mitt. You saw him butcher Firpo, didn't you? You saw how he acted under fire: how he crawled back in the ring, bloody, battered, cuckoo, out on his feet, and sailed into the Wild Bull. You saw him lift Willard six inches off the canvas before that big tramp began to fall. Sure, Dempsey probably had the works in that day, the tea-lead bandages; but a man weighin' one hundred and eighty-two pounds has to have *something* to lift a two hundred and forty-five-pound hunka beef off the floor and slap him down seven times in one round.

"Now, you gotta put one more stroke in this picture I'm paintin' of Dempsey. You gotta take this rough fowl and chisel it into his thick skull that he's acquiring culture because he eats with his fork; that he's traveling among actors and female movie stars; that he's a rich man, a business man, a fit associate for all the decent people he meets. He finally gets so bad he has his dented beak made over so his profile'll look purty. He gets to thinkin' he really is intelligent and socially a wow. But he still knows that the only thing keeps him up there is the fact that he's the champion. And he still knows just how much money that title's worth to him.

"Well, what's a gorilla from the underworld, who figures the world's at his feet while he's champion—what's this really great title-holder gonna do when a second-rate, hundred and eighty-five-pound fighter smacks him in the face and draws blood?

"I'll tell you what he's gonna do, doc. He's gonna kill him! That's what he'd do in the back of a saloon; and that's what the real Jack Dempsey'll do to any man that climbs into the ring with him today.

"And did you see him up there tonight, pullin' every wallop; roughing it in the clinches to make the hundred and thirty-five thousand ducket-holders think he was tryin' infighting; rolling his head with Tunney's punches so they'd cut but not drop him; lettin' himself get chopped up because he don't know nothin' about defensive stuff, because the only way he knows how to fight, in a box car or in the ring, is to leap in and kill with his fists?

"In what fight you ever watched him in did you see him lunge outta the corner at the tap of the bell, weave his way quick to his opponent—and when he got there come up out of the crouch and begin to paw daintily with a silly left jab, or fall in a clinch? That ain't his way of fightin'. He's the sort of great champion you have to knock unconscious before he'll admit he's out.

"Why didn't he stay down in his crouch when he got in range of Tunney and start lacing 'em out, as he did with Firpo and Willard? Why didn't he sidle in close and begin to fire his old barrage, the short, curving left hooks that travel eighteen inches and sink up to the wristband of his glove in the other fellow's belly? Why didn't he bring up that short right drive that knocked the Wild Bull's head back between his shoulder blades?

"Why didn't he fight like the man-eating tiger he is, and, if he *was* up against it, fight on and on until Tunney crashed him down, knocked cold—the only way he knows how to lose a fight? If he's fightin' on the up-and-up?

"Because he's gone back, the nitwit fight experts'll say in the papers tomorrow. Why hadn't he gone back during his training? Why had he boxed for a month in such a way that three or four hundred of the best judges of boxers and boxing, the fight writers, staked their reputation on the prophecy that he would chill the mediocre Tunney in two or three rounds?

"They saw him just forty-eight hours before the fight, and they were so impressed even then, when he was taperin' off and not trying, that they sent out a million words that Tunney didn't have a look-in. If he'd gone back fifty, sixty per cent, they said he'd still lick Tunney. But they all swore they couldn't see he'd gone back ten per cent.

"Before I spill a mouthful about the gamblers, them sure-thing highbinders that disgrace the name of gamblers—because a gambler is a man who gambles, not a lad who sandbags a pal—I'll paint a little picture of Gene Tunney.

"TUNNEY'S an honest boy. He thinks right now he actually whipped Jack Dempsey. Say, brother, he couldn't carry a water bucket for the real Dempsey!

"Tunney had nothing to do with what happened tonight. Neither did Tex Rickard know anything about it. The dynamite boys wouldn't have to do business with them if they wanted to frame the thing. Tunney's a fair, second-rate, orthodox boxer. He never had an original idea in his life. He stands up there straight, leads with his left and crosses with his right. He can't hit; he can't box; he can't outgeneral anybody. Just a big, honest, likable, second-rate boob. Little Joe Walcott would stop him quicker'n he did Joe Choynski.

"And what a ripe spot this was. Arnold Rothstein, Johnny Waters, Tim Mara, Chicago O'Brien, Myer Boston, Mike Gross, Sam Boston, Benny Falk, Lob Kohn, Ed Alvey, Sandy McNaughton, Max Zimmon, Mike Lyman, Feet Edson, and Abe

Attell—to say nothing of Frankie Pope and Harry Finnegan out in Chicago—do you know what that mob did?

"Well, let's look at Chicago for an example. On the morning of the fight—by sunrise yesterday—Pope and his gang had more than half a million dollars to bet on Tunney. They maced the odds down from three to three and a half to one on Dempsey, to seven to five. And they laid it all.

"From noon yesterday until the first gong rang, there were enough banknotes right here in Philly to place on Tunney that if you'd sewed 'em all together they'da made an umbrella big enough to cover the Stadium tonight against that rain. And I happen to know that hundreds and hundreds of thousands of dollars were shot to soft spots all over the country to bet on Tunney—Denver, San Francisco, Boston, Baltimore, Montreal, New Orleans, Atlanta, St. Louis, Minneapolis, Seattle, Dallas, and Los Angeles, where they took the movie crowd good.

"THAT was wise money, buddie; sure-thing jack; mazuma that never rides on a loser, any more'n it was on a loser when the White Sox turned black. And if the gamblers 'ud do business with eight or nine lame-brained boobs in baseball uniforms, any one of whom 'd talk and most of whom did, what reluctance do you 'magine these wise eggs would feel in doing business with a man from their own depths, from the underworld, a man like Dempsey, who never talks?

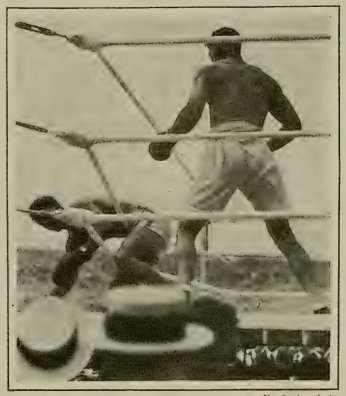
"But you're gonna hear the experts rave that Dempsey didn't have any money to bet. Certainly he didn't. That's why he was fighting—because he needed cash. But you don't suppose a flock of lead-pipe betting men would hesitate to cut their winnings with him? And you don't suppose they'd double-cross *him*, like they did the fat-headed Black Sox, only one or two of whom got a dime for kissing themselves outta baseball? Even Attell wouldn't dare stay in America if he held out on Dempsey, for Jack would pick him up by the beak and shake his brains out through his feet.

"Look at the pictures when you get a chance, especially when they run 'em slow motion. You'll see Dempsey pulling a hundred punches. You'll see him deliberately crooking his wrist and curving his arm toward himself as he would if he wanted to be sure not to hit Tunney accidentally. And you'll see him working his shoulders and dancing up and down as if he really was trying to get in close—but watch his dogs and you'll see they're keeping him away.

"And I'll tell you something I heard tonight. Dempsey's got a twenty-five per cent interest in Tunney's earnings while the latter is champion. That's hard to believe, ain't it? It sounds crooked. But, according to Broadway's standards and the conscience of the fight game, it ain't outta line a-tall.

"Suppose Dempsey found himself needin' kale. He looks around. There's just two challengers who can pull in enough spectators to make it worth while for the champ and the promoter. They are Harry Wills, the big false-alarm smoke; and Tunney, the popular marine who's on a dictionary diet. But nobody'll promote a Dempsey-Wills go; that is, Rickard won't touch it, and he's the only promoter in the world big league enough to put on a Dempsey fight.

"That leaves Tunney. Now, Dempsey knows, and so does everybody else, that he can name the round and chill Gene. Still, Gene's the only one left to fight. So maybe Dempsey figures this



P. & A. photo

Carpentier hanging on the ropes, and practically at the mercy of the Killer, Dempsey.

way—and he might talk out loud while he's figuring, so if anybody happens to hear they can slip the news to Tunney:

"'Lissen: I'll fight Tunney, and it'll be on the level. If he can knock me off, all right. If I can trim him, all right. But if he should happen to lick me I gotta have twenty-five per cent off what he makes while he's champ. Take it or leave it, skipper.'

"Of course, he might not come right out and tell Tunney this. Or maybe he might. Why not? Broadway don't think it's wrong, and it's a swell chance for Tunney to climb in there with the champ. If he loses, he ain't out a dime. If he wins, he'll make so much coin he'll never miss that twenty-five per cent. And the fight's gonna be on the level, ain't it?

"But a few weeks, or maybe a few days, before the fight comes off, suppose the knock-'em-dead gamblers get to Jack. Here's about what they would put up to him:

"'Lissen, champ: Why go in there and level? The odds is just right for a mop-up. Tunney and Tex don't know nothing about this; they wouldn't stand for it. But we'll cut the heavy sugar with you. You don't have to flop, because for a palooka like Gene to stop you, would be too raw. *But don't win.* Just paw him around and maul him up a bit.

"'Your end's three-quarters of a million from Tex. You'll be in on the million or so Gene'll make later. And you're in on our plunder right away. Then you'll get a return bout, because, no matter how smart you do your stuff, everybody's gonna know he can't whip you, and they'll say you was just stale and that you got a return bout coming.

"'What happens? Well, meantime they'll be feeding Gene a lotta tramps. He'll stop most of 'em and the sap public'll think he *can* fight. So the next time you step in there with him, the odds will be right. Well, this time you level. We'll swamp the country again, even if we have to lay it down at even money. And of course you stop Tunney any round you want. You're in on everything, now and next time.'

"Then they make *sure*. They slip Jack a little hyoscine. Now, you know—some of us got to know—something about dope. And this one, according to a doc I know, is a 'powerful nerve depressant, mydriatic, and hypnotic.' In my lingo, it ties a fighter in a bunch and he can't make his muscles do what his stupefied nut's figuring out.

"YOU see, they know Dempsey's fighting heart, his old underworld character, and his pride in that title. They seen him go wild when Firpo batted him one, and they're afraid he'll forget his lines and tear Tunney apart if the Marine happens to clout him one in the mush. In oozing this drug to the champ, they happen to get some in Captain Marbutt's soup, and that big dude's in a hospital now with the croakers trying to keep his heart beatin'.

"Well, it worked, didn't it? You saw a great champion up there boxing about like Monte Munn or Berlenbach would. You saw a second-rater, scared white, take the title. And you probably took a good look at the happy light in the eyes of Abe Attell.

"What's the answer, brother? Was the great champ stalling? Or was he doped? Or was he doped and stalling too?

"Now watch what's gonna happen. One or two of the experts will say about what I just told you. The rest will string with the game they find so profitable. They'll all say Dempsey has skidded back, that Tunney's better'n they figured, and that there must be a return bout to settle it for all time.

"But, oh, baby, wait till the ballyhoo starts next summer for that return go! You'll feast—or gag—on a million juicy words about how Dempsey's out in the woods, chopping down the giant redwood for exercise, fighting grizzlies with his bare fists to get back his judgment of distance, and sparring with rattlesnakes so he can learn to duck. And they'll quote Tunney's long words that don't mean nothin', and tell how good he is to his folks, and bust out crying about what a credit he is to the game.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Discovered
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Eugene Feuchtinger, A. M.

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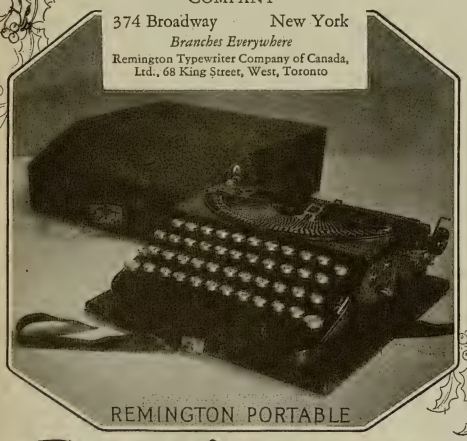

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A MACHINE FOR EVERY PURPOSE

Remington-made Paragon Ribbons and Red Seal Carbon Papers always make good impressions

[YOU PAYS YOUR MONEY AND YOU TAKES YOUR CHOICE Continued from Page Fifty-seven]

"And yet, there ain't ten of them will have the nerve, no matter what their rake-off or what the odds is, to predict that Tunney will win. They know down in their hearts that Jack can take a box-car full of Tunneys and trim 'em as fast as they shoo 'em down the gangplank.

"One proof of what I'm feeding you tonight is the way the rest of the second- and third-rate heavies will begin to scream for a fight with Gene. Say, there'll be a dozen of 'em watering at the mouth to get in there with the new champ for a thousand beans: Jack Renault; Harry Wills; Jack Delaney, who can left-hand the Marine till he's dizzy and then drop him; Berlenbach; Tommy Loughran, who Tunney can't lay a glove on in ten rounds; Jack de Mave; Monte Munn, the big cheese they're building up; Harry Persson, because all them foreigners is fine drawing cards; Arthur de Kuh, a really promising boy; Jack Sharkey, Romero Rojas, Jimmy Delany of St. Paul; George Godfrey—and a whole raft of others.

"But can you coax any of that crew in there with the ex-champ? Not for less than a billion dollars.

"That mob *knows* who's the champion of the world, no matter whether he's got the title or not. They *know* that Dempsey could take 'em all into the parlor of a dump and run 'em all up the wall like a lot of cockroaches!

"Well, here we are, kid—Manhattan Transfer. I'm gonna drop down to a speak-easy I know on Park Row and collect a coupla grand I had brains enough to lay on Gene Tunney when I heard Arnold Rothstein and Abe Attell was stringing with the Marine! Say, brother, if them two birds bet the twelve apostles won the World War, you just come around and tap my bank roll if you think they didn't!"

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

New Subway Territory

A young mother, leading a small child, pushed her way into a crowded subway train. Somehow they became separated and the frantic mother called:

"Jackie, where are you?"

The child immediately answered, "Here I am, mother; down by the feets."—M. B. L., Teaneck, N. J.

* * *

She'd Often Wondered

Jane, aged five, was not overfond of eating vegetables. One day her mother urged her to eat her spinach, saying:

"It is very good for you, it has so many vitamines."

"Oh," said Jane, "that's what those gritty things are I taste in it."

—J. J., Johnstown, N. Y.

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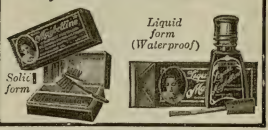

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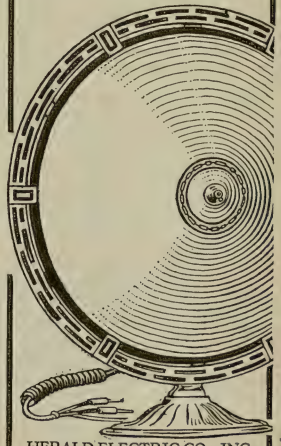

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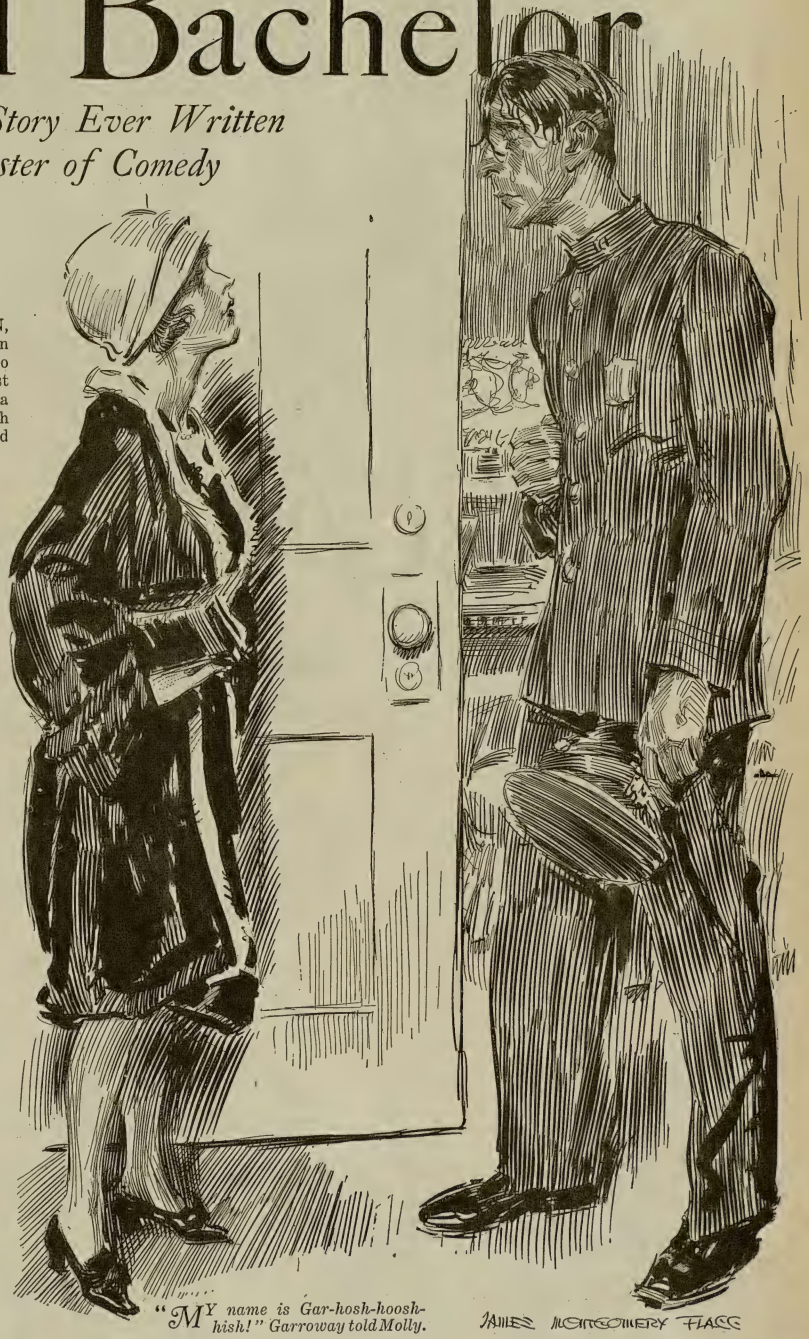
Pictures by James Montgomery Flagg



"MY name is Gar-hosh-hoosh-hish!" Garroway told Molly.

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

MRS. SIGSBEE H. WADDINGTON, proud society matron, had thrown pepper into a policeman's face to escape arrest and had been frightened almost into a fit by a parrot while prowling in a strange apartment at night. Conduct well nigh unbelievable in a person of her dignity and poise until we remember her real errand—the discovery of evidence that would stamp George Finch, once and for all time, as a man totally unfit to marry Mrs. Waddington's stepdaughter, Molly.

The love affair of George and Molly, starting innocently enough, had been the cause of a great scramble of crookedness, plotting, and other love affairs.

First, Sigsbee H. Waddington, Molly's doting father, feared she would discover that he had abstracted her pearl necklace to buy motion-picture stock.

Second, Mrs. Waddington was determined the wedding should never take place.

Third, J. Hamilton Beamish, fixer incomparable, and confidant of both George and Molly, fell in love with Madame Eulalie, Mrs. Waddington's palmist. Madame Eulalie's real name was May Stubbs, and she was an old sweetheart of George Finch's in East Gilead, Idaho.

Mr. Waddington, at one fell swoop, sold his worthless motion-picture stock to Garroway, the poetic policeman, and employed Fanny Welch, fiancee and, later, bride of Mullett, Finch's valet, to steal the pearl necklace on the day of the wedding of George and Molly.

Fanny effectually stopped the wedding. Whereupon, Mrs. Waddington, with Sigsbee H. and Molly in hot pursuit, hurried from her Long Island estate to New York to expose George's villainy.

Destiny in another form rode with Mrs. Waddington in the person of Ferris, the butler. Accompanied by Lord Hunstanton, she approached the Greenwich Village apartment of George Finch and glimpsed the silhouette of a young woman behind the curtain. But Mullett and his bride, Fanny, quickly made their way elsewhere, leaving Mrs. Waddington, as we have seen, to the stern measures of the policeman-poet.

Part Twelve

MRS. WADDINGTON acted swiftly. The strange calm that had been upon her dissolved into a panic fear. She darted back into the sitting-room, and, taking the chesterfield in an inspired bound, sank down behind it, and tried not to snort.

"Been waiting long?" asked some person unseen, switching on the light and addressing an invisible companion.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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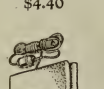

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[THE SMALL BACHELOR
Continued from Page Fifty-nine]

The voice was strange to Mrs. Waddington, but about the one that replied to it there was something so fruitily familiar that she stiffened where she lay, scarcely able to credit her senses. For it was the voice of Ferris, her butler. And Ferris, if the truth were in him, should by now have been at the sick-bed of a relative.

"Some little time, sir; but it has caused me no inconvenience."

"What did you want to see me about?"

"I am addressing Mr. Lancelot Biffen, the editor in chief of *Town Gossip?*"

"Yes. Talk quick; I've got to go out again in a minute."

"I understand, Mr. Biffen, that *Town Gossip* is glad to receive and pay a substantial remuneration for items of interest concerning those prominent in New York society. I have such an item."

"Who's it about?"

"My employer, Mrs. Sigsbee H. Waddington, sir."

"What's she been doing?"

"It is a long story."

"Then I haven't time to listen to it."

"It concerns the sensational interruption to the marriage of Mrs. Waddington's stepdaughter."

"Didn't the wedding come off, then?"

"No, sir; and the circumstances which prevented it——"

MR. BIFFEN uttered an exclamation. He had apparently looked at his watch and been dismayed by the flight of time.

"I must run," he said. "I've a date at the Algonquin in a quarter of an hour. Come and talk to me at the office tomorrow."

"I fear that will be impossible, sir, owing to——"

"Then see here. Have you ever done any writing?"

"Yes, sir. At Little Seeping-in-the-Wold I frequently contributed short articles to the parish magazine. The vicar spoke highly of them."

"Then sit down and write the thing out. Use your own words and I'll polish it up later. I'll be back in an hour, if you want to wait."

"Very good, sir. And the remuneration?"

"We'll talk about that later."

"Very good, sir."

Mr. Biffen left the room. There followed a confused noise, apparently from his bedroom, in which he seemed to be searching for something.

Then the front door slammed, and quiet descended upon the apartment.

Mrs. Waddington continued to crouch behind her chesterfield. There had been a moment, immediately after the departure of Mr. Biffen, when she had half risen with the intention of confronting her traitorous butler and informing him that he had ceased to be in her employment. But second thoughts had held her back. Gratifying as it would undoubtedly be to pop her head up over the back of the sofa and watch the man

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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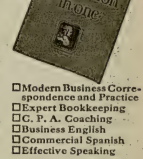

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George shut his eyes and kissed Molly tentatively.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY]

cower beneath her eye, the situation, she realized, was too complicated to permit such a procedure. She remained where she was, and whiled away the time by trying out methods to relieve the cramp from which her lower limbs had already begun to suffer.

From the direction of the desk came the soft scratching of pen on paper. Ferris was plainly making a job of it. He seemed to be one of those writers, like Flaubert, who spare no pains in the quest for perfect clarity and are prepared to correct and recorrect indefinitely till their artist souls are satisfied. It seemed to Mrs. Waddington as if her vigil were to go on forever.

But in a bustling city like New York it is rarely that the artist is permitted to concentrate for long without interruption. A telephone bell broke raspingly upon the stillness, and the first sensation of pleasure that Mrs. Waddington had experienced for a very long time came to her as she realized that the instrument was ringing in the passage outside and not in the room.

With something of the wild joy that reprieved prisoners feel at the announcement of release, she heard the butler rise; and presently there came from a distance his measured voice informing some unseen inquirer that Mr. Biffen was not at home.

Mrs. Waddington rose from her retreat. She had about twenty seconds in which to act, and she wasted none of them. By the time Ferris had returned and was once more engrossed in his literary composition, she was in the kitchen.

She stood by the window, looking out at the fire escape. Surely by this time, she felt, it would be safe to climb once more up to the roof. She decided to count 300 very slowly and risk it.

MOLLY and Sigsbee Horatio, the latter muttering, "Gallagher! Gallagher! Gallagher!" to himself in order that the magic name should not again escape him, had started out in the two-seater about a quarter of an hour after the departure of Mrs. Waddington's Hispano-Suiza.

Halfway to New York, however, a blowout had arrested their progress; and the inability of Sigsbee H. to make a quick job of fixing the spare wheel had further delayed them.

It was not, therefore, till almost at the exact moment when Mrs. Waddington was committing the rash act that had so discomposed Officer Garroway that Molly, having dropped her father at Police Headquarters, arrived at the entrance of the Sheridan.

She hurried up the stairs and rang George's doorbell. For a while it seemed as if her ringing were to meet with no response. Then, after some minutes, footsteps made themselves heard coming along the passage. The door opened, and Molly found herself gazing into the inflamed eyes of a policeman.

SHE looked at him in surprise. She had never, never seen him before, and she rather felt that she would have preferred not to see him now; for he was far from a pleasing sight. His nose, ears, and eyes were a vivid red, and his straggling hair dripped wetly on to the floor.

With the object of diminishing the agony caused by the pepper, Officer Garroway had for some time been holding his head under the tap in the kitchen; and he now looked exactly like the body that has been found after being several days in the river. The one small point that differentiated him from a corpse was the fact that he was sneezing.

"What are you doing here?" exclaimed Molly.

"Achoo!" replied Officer Garroway.

"What?" said Molly.

The policeman checked another sneeze.

"There has been an outrage," he said.

"Mr. Finch has not been hurt?" cried Molly, alarmed.

"Mr. Finch hasn't. I have."

"Who are you?"

"My name is Gar-hosh-hooshhish!"

"What?"

"Gar-ish-wash-*wush* — Garroway," ended the policeman, becoming calmer.

"Where is Mr. Finch?"

"I could not say, miss."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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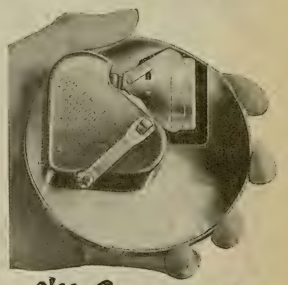

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THE CHARLES H. PHILLIPS CHEMICAL CO., NEW YORK AND LONDON

[THE SMALL BACHELOR
Continued from Page Sixty-one]

"Have you a cold?"

"No, miss; not a ker-osh-wosh-osh. A woman threw pepper in my face."

"You ought not to know such women," said Molly severely.

The injustice of this stung Officer Garroway.

"I did not know her socially; I was arresting her."

"Oh, I see."

"I found her burgling this apartment."

"Good gracious!"

"And when I informed her that I was compelled to take her into custody, she threw pepper in my face and escaped."

"You poor man!"

"Thank you, miss," said Officer Garroway gratefully.

"Can I get you anything?" asked Molly.

OFFICER GARROWAY shook his head wistfully.

"It's against the law, miss, now. In fact, I am to be one of a posse this very night that is to raid a restaurant which supplies the stuff."

"I meant something from a drug store. Some ointment or something."

"It is very kind of you, miss, but I could not dream of putting you to so much trouble. I will look in at a drug store on my way to the station house. I must leave you now, as I have to go and drish-hosh-hish."

"What?"

"Dress, miss."

"But you are dressed."

"For the purposes of the raid to which I alluded, it is necessary for our posse to put on full evening drah-woosh—in order to deceive the staff of the rish-wish-wosh and lull them into a false security. It would never do, you see, for us to go there in our uniforms. That would put them on their guard."

"How exciting! What restaurant are you raiding?"

Officer Garroway hesitated.

"Well, miss, it is in the nature of an official secret, of course; but, on the understanding that you will let it go no further, the rosh-ow-wush is the Purple Chicken, just round the corner. I will wish you good night, miss, as I really must be off."

"But wait a moment. I came here to meet Mr. Finch. Have you seen anything of him?"

"No, miss. Nobody has visited the apartment while I have been here."

"Oh, then I'll wait. Good night. I hope you will feel better soon."

"I feel better already, miss," said Officer Garroway gallantly, "thanks to your kind sympathy. Good nish-nosh, miss."

Molly went out on to the roof, and stood there gazing over the million twinkling lights of the city. At this height the voice of New York sank to a murmur and the air was sweet and cool. Little breezes rustled in the potted shrubs over which Mullett was wont to watch with such sedulous care, and a half-moon was shining

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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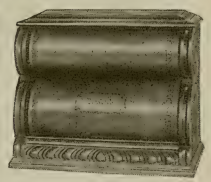

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE SIXTY-TWO]

in rather a deprecating way, as if conscious of not being at its best in such surroundings. For, like Sigsbee H. Waddington (now speeding toward his third Gallagher), the moon, really to express itself, needs the great open spaces.

MOLLY, however, found nothing to criticize in that pale silver glow. She felt a proprietary interest in the moon. It was her own private and personal moon, and should have been shining in through the windows of the drawing-room of the train that bore her away on her wedding journey. That that journey had been postponed was in no way the fault of the moon; and, gazing up at it, she tried to convey by her manner her appreciation of the fact.

It was at this point that a strangled exclamation broke the stillness; and, turning, she perceived George Finch.

George Finch stood in the moonlight, staring dumbly. Although what he saw before him had all the appearance of being Molly, it was so utterly impossible that she could really be there that he concluded he was suffering from a hallucination. And so he remained where he was, not daring to approach closer; for he knew that if you touch people in dreams they vanish.

But Molly was of a more practical turn of mind. She had come twenty miles to see George. She had waited for George for what seemed several hours. And here George was. She did the sensible thing. Uttering a little squeak of rapture, she ran at him like a rabbit.

"Georgie! My pet!"

One lives and learns, George found that he had been all wrong, and that his preconceived ideas about dreams and what could and could not happen in them must be revised. For, so far from vanishing when touched, this wraith appeared to be growing more substantial every moment.

He shut his eyes and kissed her tentatively. He opened his eyes. She was still there.

"Is it really you?" said George.

"Yes, really me."

"But how—what——"

It was borne in upon George—for he was a young man of good average intelligence—that he was spoiling a golden moment with unseasonable chatter. This was no time for talk. He talked, accordingly, no more; and there was silence on the roof. The moon looked down, well pleased. There is not much of interest for a moon to look at in a large city, and this was the sort of thing it liked best—the only sort of thing, if you came right down to it, that made it worth a moon's while to shine at all.

George clung to Molly, and Molly clung to George, like two shipwrecked survivors who have come together on a wave-swept beach. And the world moved on, forgotten.

But the world will never allow itself to be forgotten for long. Suddenly George broke away with an exclamation. He ran to the wall and looked over.

"What's the matter?"

GEORGE returned, reassured. His concern had been groundless.

"I thought I saw someone on the fire escape, darling."

"On the fire escape? Why, who could be?"

"I thought it might be the man who has the apartment on the floor below—a ghastly, sneaking, snooping fellow named Lancelot Biffen. I've known him to climb up before. He's the editor of *Town Gossip*, the last person we want to have watching us."

Molly uttered a cry of alarm.

"You're sure he wasn't there?"

"Quite sure."

"It would be awful if anyone saw me here."

George silently cursed the too vivid imagination that had led him to suppose he had seen a dark form outlined against the summer sky. He had spoiled the golden moment and it could not be recaptured.

"Don't be afraid, dear," he said. "Even if he had seen you, he would never have guessed who you were."

"You mean he would naturally expect to find you up here kissing some girl?"

GEORGE was in the state of mind when a man cannot be quite sure what his words mean, if anything; but so positive was he that he did not mean this that he got his tongue tied in a knot trying to say so in three different ways simultaneously.

"Well, after what happened this afternoon—" said Molly.

She drew away. She was not normally an unkind girl, but the impulse of the female of the species to torture the man it loves is well known. Woman may be a ministering angel when pain and anguish rack the brow, but if at other times she sees a chance to prod the loved one and watch him squirm, she hates to miss it.

"I swear to you," began George, going so far in his emotion as to raise a passionate fist toward the moon.

Molly gurgled delightedly. She loved this young man most when he looked funny, and he had seldom looked funnier than now.

"I swear to you on my solemn oath that I had never seen that infernal girl before in my life."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

GEORGE bent his lips to the waiter's attentive ear. "Bzz—bzz—bzz," said George.

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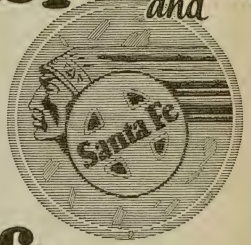

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[THE SMALL BACHELOR
Continued from Page Sixty-three]

"She seemed to know you so well."

"She was a perfect, complete, total, and absolute stranger."

"Are you sure? Perhaps you had simply forgotten all about her."

"I swear it," said George (and only just stopped himself from adding "by yonder moon"). "If you want to know what I think——"

"Oh, I do."

"I believe she was mad. Stark, staring mad."

Molly decided that the anguish had lasted long enough. Sufficient agony is good for a man, stimulating his mind and keeping him bright and alert; but too much is too much.

"Poor old Georgie!" she said soothingly. "You don't really suppose for a moment that I believed a word of what she said, do you?"

"What! You didn't?"

"Of course I didn't."

"Molly," said George, weighing his words, "you are without exception the dearest, sweetest, loveliest, most perfect and angelic thing that ever lived."

"I know. Aren't you lucky?"

"You saw at once that the girl was mad, didn't you? You realized immediately that she was suffering from some sort of obsession, poor soul, which made her——"

"No, I didn't. I couldn't think what it was all about at first; and then father came in and said that my pearl necklace had disappeared, and I understood."

"Your pearl necklace? Disappeared?"

"She stole it. She was a thief. Don't you see? It was really awfully clever. She couldn't have got it any other way. But when she burst in and said all those things about you, naturally she took everybody's attention off the wedding presents. And then she pretended to faint on the table, and just snapped the necklace up and rushed out, and nobody guessed what had happened."

GEORGE drew in a whistling breath. His fists clenched. He stared coldly at one of the potted shrubs as if it had done him a personal injury.

"If ever I meet that girl——"

Molly laughed.

"Mother still insists that you had known her before and that the story she told was true and that she only took the necklace as an afterthought. Isn't she funny?"

"Funny," said George heavily, "is not the word. She is one long scream from the rise of the curtain and ought to be beaten over the head with a blackjack. If you want my candid and considered opinion of that zymotic scourge who has contrived to hook herself on to your family in the capacity of stepmother to you and general mischief-maker to the rest of the world, let me begin by saying—However, there is no time to go into that now."

"No, there isn't. I must be getting back."

"Oh, no!"

"Yes; I must go home and pack."

"Pack?"

"Just a suitcase."

The universe reeled around George.

"Do you mean you're going away?" he quavered.

"Yes. Tomorrow."

"Oh, heavens! For long?"

"Forever; with you."

"With——"

"Of course. Don't you understand? I'm going home now to pack a suitcase. Then I'll drive back to New York and stay the night at a hotel, and tomorrow we'll be married early in the morning, and in the afternoon we'll go off together, all alone, miles and miles from everybody."

"Molly!"

"Look at that moon. About now it ought to have been shining into our drawing-room on the train."

"Yes."

"Well, there will be just as good a moon tomorrow night."

"And half an hour ago," said George, "I thought I should never see you again."

"Come down and put me in the car," said Molly briskly. "I left it at the door."

They descended the stairs.

MOLLY climbed into the two-seater, and George mentioned a point that had presented itself to him:

"I don't see why you need hurry off like this."

"I do. I've got to pack and get away before mother gets home."

"Is that blas—is your stepmother in New York?"

"Yes. She came in to see the police."

"Oh, she's in New York, is she?"

"Probably on her way home by now."

"You don't think there's time for us to go and have a little dinner somewhere? Just a cozy little dinner at some quiet little restaurant?"

"Good gracious, no! I'm running it very fine as it is." She looked at him closely. "But, Georgie darling, you're starving. I can see it. You're quite pale and worn out. When did you last have something to eat?"

"Eat? Eat? I don't remember."

"What did you do after that business this afternoon?"

"I—well, I walked around for a while. And then I hung about in the bushes for a while. And then—I believe I went to the station and took a train or something."

"You poor darling! Go and eat something at once."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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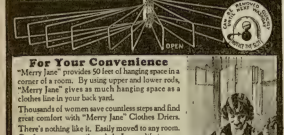

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE SIXTY-FOUR]

"Why can't I come back to Hempstead with you?"

"Because you can't."

"What hotel will you go to tonight?"

"I don't know. But I'll come and see you for a minute before I go there."

"What, here? You'll come here?"

"Yes."

"You promise?"

"Yes, if you will go and have some dinner. You look perfectly ghastly."

"Dinner? All right; I'll have some."

"Mind you do. If you haven't by the time I get back, I'll go straight home again and never marry you as long as I live. Good-by, darling; I must be off."

The two-seater moved away and turned into Washington Square. George stood looking after it long after there was nothing to look at but the empty street. Then he started off, like some knight of old on a quest commanded by his lady, to get the dinner on which she had so strongly insisted. She had been wrong, of course, in telling him to go and dine; for what he wanted to do and what any good doctor would have recommended him to do was to return to the roof and gaze at the moon. But her lightest wish was law.

Where could he go most quickly and get the repulsive task done with the minimum waste of time?

The Purple Chicken. It was just around the corner, and a resolute man, if he stuck to their fixed price table d'hote at one dollar fifty, could shovel a meal into himself in about ten minutes—which was not long to ask the moon to wait.

Besides, at the Purple Chicken you could get "it," if they knew you. And George, though an abstemious young man, felt that "it" was just what, at the moment, he most required. On an occasion like this he ought, of course, to sip golden nectar from rare old crystal; but, failing that, synthetic whisky served in a coffeepot was perhaps the next best thing.

* * *

THE Purple Chicken seemed to be having a big night. The room opening on to the street, when George reached it, was so crowded that there was no chance of getting a table. He passed through, hoping to find a resting place in the open-air section that lay beyond, and was struck, as he walked, by the extraordinarily fine physique of many of the diners.

As a rule, the Purple Chicken catered to the intelligentsia of the neighborhood, and these did not run to thews and sinews. On most nights in the week you would find the tables occupied by wispy poets and slender futurist painters. But now, though these were present in great numbers, they were supplemented by quite a sprinkling of granite-faced men with knobby shoulders and protruding jaws.

George came to the conclusion that a convention from one of the outlying States must be in town and that these men were members of it, bent upon seeing Bohemia.

HE did not, however, waste a great deal of time in speculation on this matter; for, stirred by the actual presence of food, he had begun now to realize that Molly had been right, as women always are, and that, while his whole higher self cried out for the moon, his lower self was almost equally as insistent on taking in supplies. And at this particular restaurant it was happily possible to satisfy both selves simultaneously; for there, as he stepped into what the management called the garden—a flagged back yard dotted with tables—was the moon, all present and correct, and there, also, were waiters waiting to supply the table d'hote at one dollar fifty.

It seemed to George the neatest possible combination, and his only anxiety now was with regard to the securing of a seat. At first glance it appeared that every table was occupied.

This conjecture was confirmed by a second glance. But, though all the other tables had their full quota, there was one, standing beside the Sheridan's back wall and within a few feet of its fire escape, that was in the possession of a single diner. This diner George approached, making his expression as winning as possible. He did not, as a rule, enjoy sharing a table with a stranger; but, as an alternative to going away and trudging around in search of another restaurant, it seemed a good plan now.

"Excuse me, sir," said George, "would you mind if I came to this table?"

The other looked up from *poulet roti aux pommes de terre* and *Salade Bruxelloise* that had been engaging his attention. He was plainly one of the convention from the outlying State, if physique could be taken as a guide. He spread upward from the table like a circus giant, and the hands that gripped the knife and fork had that same spaciousness which George had noted in the diners in the other room.

Only as to the eyes did this man differ from his fellows. They had had eyes of a peculiarly steely and unfriendly type, the sort of eyes that a motorist instinctively associates with traffic policemen, and a professional thief with professional detectives. This man's gaze was mild and friendly, and his eyes would have been attractive but for the redness of their rims and a generally inflamed look that they had.

"By no means, sir," he replied to George's polite query.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[THE SMALL BACHELOR
Continued from Page Sixty-five]

"Place very crowded tonight."

"Extremely."

"Then, if you don't mind, I'll sit here."

"Delighted," said the other.

George looked round for a waiter and found one at his elbow. However crowded the Purple Chicken might be, its staff never neglected the old habitue, and it had had the benefit of George's custom for months.

"Good evening, sare," said the waiter, smiling the smile that had once broken hearts in Assisi.

"Good evening, Giuseppe," said George. "I'll take the dinner."

"Yes, sare. Sick or glear zoop?"

"Sick. Crowded tonight, Giuseppe."

"Yes, sare. Lots of guys here tonight. Big business."

"The waiter appears to know you," said George's companion.

"Oh, yes," said George; "I'm in here all the time."

"Ah," said the other thoughtfully.

The soup arrived, and George set about it with a willing spoon.

"This your first visit to New York?" asked George, after an interval.

"No, indeed, sir; I live in New York."

"Oh, I thought you were up from the country."

"No, sir; I live right here in New York."

A curious idea that he had seen this fellow before somewhere came over George. Yes, at some time and in some place, he could have sworn that he had gazed upon that long body and that prominent Adam's apple. He searched his memory. Nothing stirred.

"I have an odd feeling that we have met before," he said.

"I was thinking just the same myself," replied the other.

"My name is Finch."

"Mine is Cabot—Delancy Cabot."

George shook his head.

"I don't remember the name."

"Yours is curiously familiar. I have heard it before, but cannot think when."

"Do you live in Greenwich Village?"

"Somewhat farther uptown. And you?"

"I live in the apartment on top of this building here at the back of us."

A SUDDEN light as of recognition came into the other's face. George observed it.

"Have you remembered where we met?"

"No, sir; no, indeed," said the other hastily. "It has entirely escaped me."

He took a sip of ice water. "I recall, however, that you are an artist."

"That's right. You are not one, by any chance?"

"I am a poet."

"A poet?" George tried to conceal his somewhat natural surprise. "Where does your stuff appear mostly?"

"I have published nothing as yet, Mr. Finch," replied the other sadly.

"Tough luck. I have never sold a picture."

"Too bad."

They gazed at each other with kindly eyes, two fellow sufferers from the public's lack of taste. Giuseppe appeared, bearing deep-dish apple pie in one hand, *poulet roti* in the other.

"Giuseppe," said George.

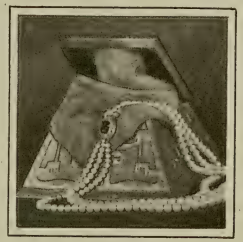
"Sare?"

George bent his lips toward the waiter's attentive ear.

"Bzz—bzz—bzz," said George.

"Yes, sare. Very good, sare. In one moment, sare."

George leaned back contentedly. Then it occurred to him that he had been a little remiss. He was not actually this red-eyed man's host, but they had fraternized and they both knew what it was to toil at their respective arts without encouragement or appreciation.



"Perhaps you will join me?" he said.

"Join you, sir?" echoed the red-eyed poet.

"In a highball. Giuseppe has gone to get me one."

"Indeed? Is it possible to obtain alcoholic refreshment in this restaurant?"

"You can always get it if they know you."

"BUT surely it is against the law?"

"Ha, ha!" laughed George. He liked this pleasant, whimsical fellow. "Ha, ha! Darned good!"

He looked at him with that genial bonhomie with which one looks at a stranger in whom one has discovered a sly sense of humor. And, looking, he suddenly congealed.

Stranger?

"Great Scott!" ejaculated George.

"Sir?"

"Nothing, nothing."

Memory, though loitering by the way, had reached its goal at last. This man was no stranger. George recollected now where he had seen him before—on the roof of the Sheridan, when the other, clad in policeman's uniform, had warned him of the deplorable past of Frederick Mullett. The man was a cop, and under his very eyes he had just ordered a highball.

George gave a feverish laugh.

"I was only kidding, of course," he said.

"Kidding, Mr. Finch?" rejoined Delancy Cabot.

"When I said that you could get it here. You can't, of course. What Giuseppe is bringing me is a ginger ale."

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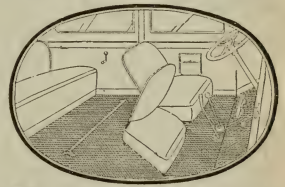

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By
Richard Barry

Why the knockout kick is missing from the modern prize ring

IN NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY

The Machete versus the Cross

A Close-up of the Great Religious War

The Fourth Letter from Mexico

By Sidney Sutherland

[EDITOR'S NOTE: An unprecedented modern conflict between the Mexican Government and the Roman Catholic Church, murder and conflict, stagnant business, and the views of President Calles on these conditions, all have been detailed by Mr. Sutherland in his previous letters. Here is the Church's side. Mr. Sutherland, reared in Mexico as the son of a Methodist missionary, knows the people of whom he writes, and his impartial analysis of conditions in the Latin Republic is enhanced by his fluent knowledge of their language and a sympathetic understanding that gave him entree to both sides.]

Mexico City,
Thursday, August 19, 1926.

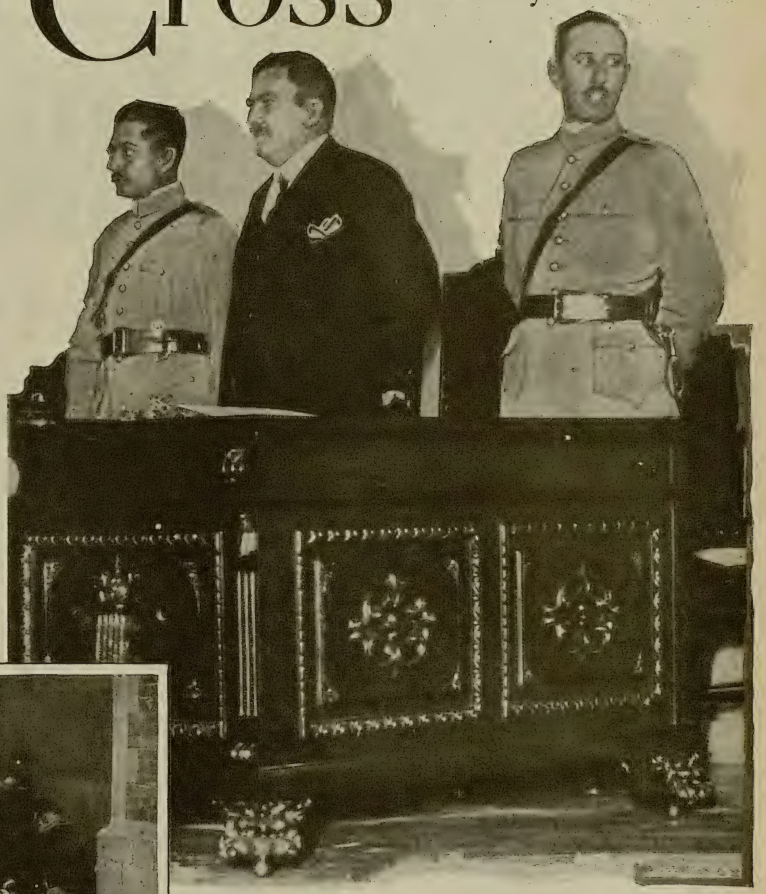
MY DEAR HARVEY:

Odd manners are the usual thing down here. If you talk to one whose viewpoint coincides with the government's, you may quote him freely. Indeed, he will press upon you his name, antecedents, address, vocation, and photograph.

But if you wish to publish the opinion of men and women who disagree with what is going on, you have to mask their identities in utter anonymity. It is a dangerous thing to disagree with Calles. Hence what the authorities of the Catholic Church and prominent lay members thereof think about the present anachronistic religious conflict will simply have to be the composite answer of many minds.

I cannot name them because that is to inscribe their names on a police warrant. Suffice it to say that all spoke with authority; that I interviewed priests who are living in the seclusion of their relatives' homes, who live under assumed names, and who, at whispered rendezvous, say mass, administer communion, perform marriages, and bend loving ears above the pallid lips of dying Catholics.

Later I shall tell you of the fortunes of the Protestant churches. This chapter is devoted to what the Catholic Church in Mexico thinks today.



Wide World photo

ABOVE: President Calles of Mexico, between his minister of war and chief of staff.

AT left: Overflow of worshipers praying in street in front of a Mexican cathedral just before the priests were withdrawn.

"There is neither legal nor moral justice nor fairness in the campaign of extermination being waged against us by the government of Plutarco Elias Calles," comes the united voice of the Church in response to my inquisitiveness.

"LET us give you, briefly, the history of Catholicism in this country; then reveal the real reason for the decision to murder our faith; and finish by telling you what is being done to us.

"The cross followed the sword of the conquistadores when this land was discovered, more than four centuries ago. It was our mission to convert, elevate, and improve. From the shores of Chiapas to the lovely banks of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONT'D FROM PAGE SIXTY-SEVEN]

the Sacramento River in California, the friars journeyed afoot and on donkeys, building missions, preaching to the savages, instructing them to till the soil, pacifying their fierce spirits, and introducing civilization.

"While the soldiers were plundering and murdering, we were saving and upbuilding. We clothed the naked, healed the sick, taught the little children, and added a noble empire to the spiritual domain of Christ on earth.

"Two of our priests voiced the battle cry of freedom from the exploitation that was early Spain. Without Hidalgo and Morelos, Mexico's neck would have worn the Castilian yoke for years longer.

"It was the pleasure of every Mexican ruler from 1810 until this very hour to keep the millions of unlettered poor in bondage and in ignorance. For a century the only schools, save for a few in the larger cities, were conducted by monks and nuns. The only education Mexico has today is that dispensed by the Church. Incapable of ruling by peaceful and civilized means, since they were neither peaceable nor civilized themselves, the constantly changing presidents led a vicious warfare against the Catholic schools.

"IF illiteracy is widespread in Mexico today, it is because of the government. If there is any reading and writing at all, it is because of the Catholic priesthood.

"Certainly the Church owned immense properties. Our acquisition was encouraged by Spain because we alone could keep the aborigines in peace. And, to preach, one has to stand upon something besides the air. We quickly found that it was only by grand and imposing monuments in stone and mortar that the native mind could be impressed.

"If we held large tracts of land, it was to teach our converts to cultivate it, to raise live stock on it, to bring it within the pacified areas, to make it contribute to a teeming Europe's needs. Unlike the ministers of other creeds, the Catholic clergy is not paid wages. We live on the free offerings of our flocks.

"The confessional is one of the cardinal bases of our faith. To drive home the lesson of repentance in minds none too stable and comprehending, it has been the practice of the Church for centuries to exact some material proof of contriteness. A few centavos, perhaps, donated to the cause; a few tasks imposed to impress on him who sinned that only by good works shall the soul of man live—and all this the Calles regime calls graft!

"And what did we do with the gold and silver that the Indians gave us? Most of it was returned to them in deeds of charity, in the cost of the education which the government so bitterly opposed, in the erection of new temples, and in the adorning of altars. If the true religion could best be brought home to simple mentalities by ostentation in our priestly robes, by beauty and show in our cathedrals, by the unceasing performance of meritorious deeds, then the Church would not withhold these things.

"Most of our possessions were the outright gifts of the grateful and the devout. If a man making a will chose to leave a part of his estate to the Church, surely no construction of equity anywhere could deprive us of it.

"They accuse us of mixing in politics. The Church is composed of clergy and laymen, all human beings with human rights, and the welfare of those human beings required us to protest at times against the savages sitting in the Federal and State palaces throughout the country. And when conditions became insufferable, we sometimes listened to the promises and pledges of an aspiring official and gave him our spiritual and moral support in his efforts to encompass a change, since any change must needs be a relief.

"Let the world know this: Not once has a Mexican kept his word that he would halt the practices that were destroying his land! One would have thought, indeed, that we should have been cured of our efforts to improve the situation. But because good deeds are repulsed today is no reason for not essaying a new attempt tomorrow to bring about improvement.

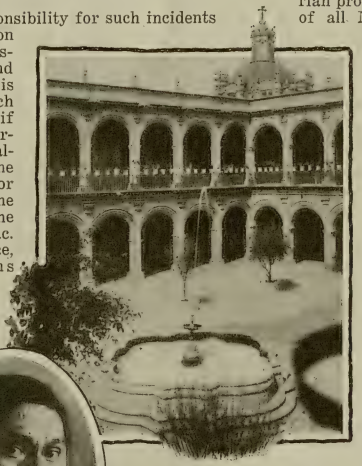
"As to our responsibility for such incidents as the installation as emperor of Agustin de Iturbide and Maximilian, it is idle to deny such charges, because if it suited the purposes of Senor Calles he would blame the Presbyterians, or the Hottentots, or the trade winds, or the signs of the zodiac. Idiotic on their face, such accusations merit no contradiction.

"Naturally, we opposed the sequestration of all our holdings by President Benito Juarez, as provided for in his constitution of 1857. We are physically and legally an entity, and we have natural rights as have other men and other organizations. That our protests were ignored by Supreme Court rulings does not lessen the fact that they had a moral weight that was recognized—for, until Calles ran amuck, no effort was made to enforce the law so far as it affected our conduct.

"True, many of our extensive haciendas were confiscated. Had they been devoted to purposes that would be an improvement over the uses to which we put them, we should have kept our peace. But what was done with this vast acreage? It was parceled out to government favorites, to foreign concession hunters, and not in one instance used for the advantage and benefit of the peon.

"THEN came the revolution of 1910 and the dozens of insurrections that have disgraced Mexico before the world as an incompetent and barbaric country. The avowed program of each leader was justice, fraternity, equality, and improvement of the dumb millions. The actual program was looting, murdering, stealing, wrecking, private enrichment, and unrestrained license.

"Whatever may be said of Porfirio Diaz, certain things cannot be denied: He found a waste land of savagery and ignorance and he left a civilized republic of marble and steel and the commencement of an educational system that would have changed the history of Mexico.



Interior view of a Catholic college in Mexico City.

Luis Morones, Mexican labor leader and a government power.

Bishop Diaz, Indian secretary to Archbishop Mora y del Rio.

"What have we here today? We have a Cabinet whose members are fattening on the taxes and graft wrung from a decaying commerce and a dying industry.

"Mexico has not advanced a step in her internal betterment, and she has retrograded immeasurably in her foreign relations. The government has the hatred of the helpless and leaderless millions within her frontiers, and the contempt of the civilized world without. Native and foreign business men are hopeless, desperate, nearly bankrupt. The agrarian program, trumpeted as the solution of all Mexico's ills, is based on the ancient and ever fallacious doctrine that you can get something for nothing merely by stealing it. It is based on sheer confiscation, and it has resulted, not in improving the lot of the landless Mexican, but in discouraging the man who actually was cultivating his soil.

"RICH in resources, in potentialities, in a Heavensent destiny to become a world leader in agriculture, mining, oil production, stock raising, precious woods, what is Mexico today? An aboriginal waste, where no culture exists, where no progress is possible, where even hope has died; a country actually importing corn and beans and wheat; a country that rapidly is sliding back into the abyss of utter barbarism—the barbarism of the North American Indian.

"To what do we attribute the present onslaught against Christianity? Simply to the desire to possess themselves of our property, and to the fact that the rulers of Mexico are a sovietized, irreligious, Christ-hating band of outlaws.

"The unionized labor of Mexico, particularly here in the capital, is a misled, misinformed, mistaken group of ignorant men whose leaders are exploiting them, misdirecting them, and grafting on them until they have amassed millions.

"It is enough to say that the ungodly elements and the unholy gold of Moscow are being used freely to corrupt a ruling element eager to be corrupted, and to debauch a working class that does not know it is being betrayed. It is this propaganda, handled by the soviet embassy here, that is largely responsible for present conditions in Mexico.

"Now let us see what it is Calles wants us to do, and why we refuse to obey. The laws of the Catholic Church require its priesthood to be answerable in spiritual things only to the pontiff and to his bishops.

"Mexican law requires a priest to register and be licensed just as a chauffeur and a dog are licensed. We might even agree to this, but we are also required to turn in an inventory of our churches and their contents. We might even comply with this provision if the thing stopped there.

"But the law demands that ten citizens of the parish, to be appointed by the mayor of the town, shall exercise complete supervision over our services and our professional conduct. And the law further says that, after we have registered, the State governments shall be the sole judge of the number of priests who shall receive license to preach.

"To these demands we cannot yield. And we cannot let an outsider tell us that one priest is sufficient, say, for ten thousand citizens.

"Another point on which the Catholic Church is equally determined not to recede from its doctrines is involved in the Mexican law which denies Catholic instruction to the children of Catholics. Our bishops have re-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTY-THREE]

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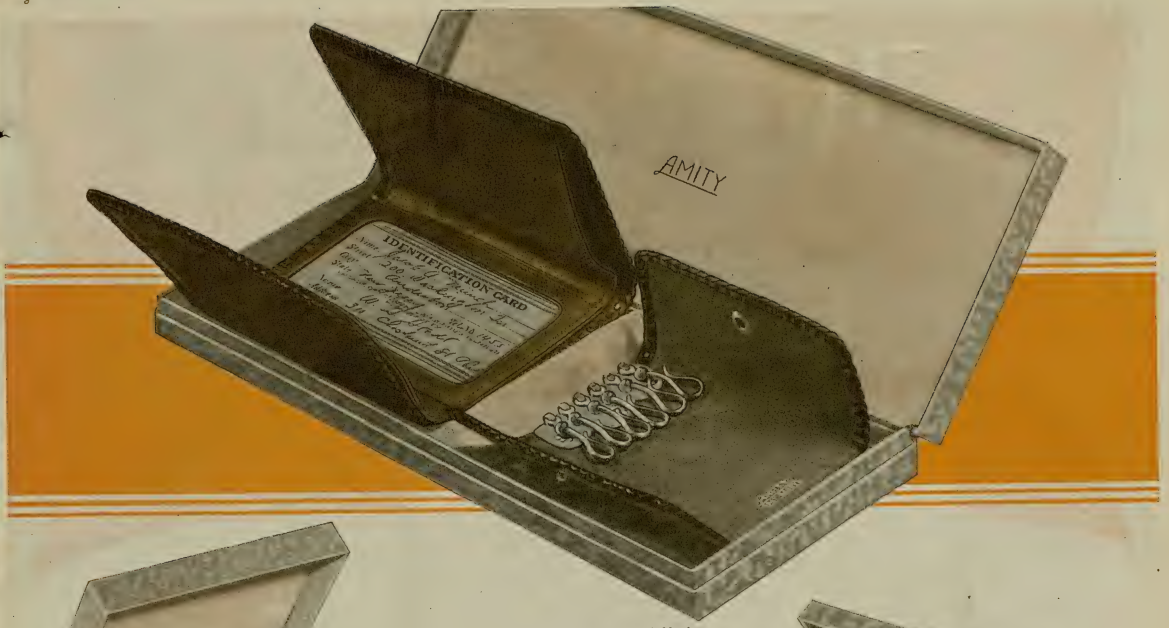

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE SIXTY-EIGHT]

corded Canon No. 2319, paragraph 4, which reads: 'Parents, or those acting in their stead, who knowingly cause their children to be instructed or educated in a religion other than the Catholic, incur excommunication subject to the decision of the bishop.' And so we hold that, if a public or a private school is known to be the cause of the moral or religious perversion of a child, our ecclesiastical as well as natural law prohibits attendance at such a school, the same in Mexico as in any other part of the world.

The Late President Diaz of Mexico

"The Federal authorities and those of the States have attacked us in many ways. In Yucatan, for instance, a law was passed that, because of hygienic requirements, dead bodies could not be taken into or from a church. Of course, this was simply to deny Catholics a church funeral.

"The whole proceeding is merely a conspiracy to possess themselves of our properties.

"And even legally—still omitting reference to our divine origin and existence—Calles has no right to confiscate our possessions and destroy our church. The constitution of 1917 was adopted by a set of Carrancistas in Queretaro who called themselves a national congress. Of the dozen parties in existence, only those bandits who had helped the pro-German Carranza into power were allowed to sit in that congress.

"IN no country save Mexico is there a constitution on which the whole electorate has not had a chance to express its opinion.

"Under any impartial court that constitution would be thrown out as illegal. It forbids liberty of speech, of the press, freedom to express opinion, of conscience, of religion.

"Let us now turn to the effect on the Church of Senor Calles' campaign. While we, here in the capital, have no means of knowing exactly what the figures are, because such statistics are known only to the bishops now in hiding, we can safely say there are about three thousand Catholic churches in the republic. In Mexico City there are about one hundred and fifty.

"There are twenty monasteries in the capital. How many there are outside, we do not know, possibly several hundred. There are more than two thousand schools conducted by priests and nuns; and there are easily a million pupils in these schools.

"There are probably four hundred convents in the republic, averaging fifteen nuns in each. This includes nursing and charity orders.

"And there are about seven thousand priests. In the larger churches there will be twenty or thirty clergymen; but some priests take care of three or four small congregations.

"The value of our holdings, including church buildings, monasteries, convents, schools, and the land these stand on; haciendas, stocks and bonds, cash and precious vessels, incomes, trusteeships, and personal belongings, might be estimated generously at half a billion pesos. Not so much by half as the government claims, but surely a prize worth fighting for—worth it to Calles and his avaricious cohorts, and worth it to the Catholic Church, which worked for many centuries to accumulate it.

"With this set of statistics to judge us by, let us see where we stand since August first, when the President's reglamento took effect.

"More than three hundred priests have left Mexico. About half of them left under armed escort. Thirty nuns were expelled by police officials, and more than five hundred have left of their own accord, following distressing scenes.

"Unable ourselves to resist by physical force and unwilling to incite our congregations to violence, what recourse did our seventy-two-year-old archbishop have in the face of Calles' declaration of war? We withdrew the priests from the churches, and ordered a commercial boycott.

Underwood & Underwood photo

Joseph R. Sheffield, United States Ambassador to Mexico.

"To find out how effective has been the boycott, you have only to inquire of business here and in the interior.

"A certain store on Avenida Francisco Madero, which ordinarily takes in fifteen thousand pesos on a week-end, took in exactly seven hundred pesos last Saturday. An American firm, with an overhead of one thousand pesos a day, yesterday took in exactly two pesos. More than four thousand automobiles have been withdrawn from the streets by Catholics, which means about forty thousand liters less of gasoline sold daily.

"THE movies have lost sixty per cent of their patronage, and the speaking stage plays to empty seats. The big stores have wired their buyers abroad to halt all purchases, and they have curtailed their newspaper advertising ninety per cent. The newspapers have dropped from twenty pages daily to twelve and sixteen, the reduction being the loss in movie, commercial, and foreign advertising.

"The Banco de Mexico, which is the government's bank of issue, has lost ten million pesos in deposits, and these have been redeposited in the big Canadian banks.

"Persons who formerly bought choice portions from the butchers and paid a few centavos for bones for their dogs, now make soup for themselves out of the dog meat and leave the more expensive cuts in the shops.

"There are stores that cater to wealthy women which have not sold a dress or a hat in weeks.

"In little towns everywhere, many establishments are simply closing their doors, their owners bankrupt or facing ruin.

"We are ruining industry and commerce, and it is our only way of making an impression on the government. You may be sure the latter is hearing from the chambers of commerce!

"AS to overt acts committed against us, the tale is endless. Our priests have been arrested; two of our bishops jailed without any charges being laid against them. Our churches have been raided and the sacred vessels confiscated.

"Our convents have known shameful episodes. In Tacuba, a suburb of Mexico City, there was a home for old women. The building and the money to run it were donated to the church by an old widow. More than seventy aged women were thrown into the street, the nuns were compelled to dismantle the altar and remove all religious objects, and the place was sealed up.

"The Church of the Holy Family, one of our largest, was summarily closed by the police. On February twenty-third last, the authorities appeared and ejected everybody. A bewildered crowd decided the police were planning to sack the place and gathered outside to remain on guard.

"There were about two thousand women in the throng. Suddenly an automobile drove up filled with uniformed officers. A few questions were asked, and the machine was first backed away and then driven full tilt into the assemblage. Dozens were knocked down, bleeding and unconscious, on the pavement.

"Finally, the fire department turned its hose on the throng and it fled. Several hundred women went to the Department of Interior, which is in charge of Catholic persecution, and asked to see General Tejeda, the secretary. He ordered the chief of police to chase them away. This was done amid curses and buffeting. Meanwhile, the police at the parish home stole three thousand pesos.

International photo

Ex-President Obregon of Mexico

"From the Sacred Heart Convent in San Cosme, another suburb, the nuns were ejected and lay teachers were installed. The chapel has been sealed.

"Minister Tejeda's little daughter attended the Convent of Jesu Maria on Calle Orizaba, which may explain why this institution has been spared. But the nuns there have been forced to discard their habits and dismantle the chapel.

"Out in the interior there were even wilder scenes, priests being beaten, nuns kicked about, the pitiful inmates of asylums for the blind and insane being turned out

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Rub Away That Weary Ache with Puretest Rubbing Alcohol

WHEN you are all tired out, try the bracing effect of a vigorous rub with *Puretest Rubbing Alcohol.* In ten minutes you will feel like a new person. Sore muscles will ease up, stiff joints will become limber, the body will glow with renewed energy.

Puretest Rubbing Alcohol is soothing and refreshing. A delightful lotion for bathing athletes, babies, invalids and tired folk generally. Splendid for anyone who wants to feel fit.

Puretest Rubbing Alcohol has been adopted by leading athletic clubs, schools and hospitals throughout the United States. Sold only at Rexall Drug Stores.

SAVE *with* SAFETY *at your*

Rexall Drug Store

The Rexall Store — United Drug Company

You will recognize it by this sign

Liggetts are also Rexall stores

Pathfinders

An Advertisement of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS discovered America, thus adding a new world to the old. Alexander Graham Bell discovered the telephone, giving the nations of the earth a new means of communication. Each ventured into the unknown and blazed the way for those who came after him.

The creating of a nation-wide telephone service, like the developing of a new world, opened new fields for the pathfinder and the pioneer. The telephone, as the modern American knows it, has been made possible by the doing of a multitude of things in the realms of research, engineering and business administration. Its continued advancement requires constant effort in working upon a never-ending succession of seemingly unsolvable problems.

Because it leads the way in finding new pathways for telephone development, the Bell System is able to provide America with a nation-wide service that sets the standard for the world.

Takes Carbon from car in 5 minutes

Universal Carbon Remover takes Carbon out of the car immediately, saving a mechanic's bill of $4.50 to $7.50. It does not go into the gas, and is guaranteed not to harm the finest motor or carburetor. Order now and have a clean, singing motor in 5 minutes. Do not send stamps. Postage prepaid to any point in U. S.

50 A CAN

Jobbers and Dealers Wanted

State whether Jobber or Dealer

UNIVERSAL MANUFACTURING CO., 309 SOUTHERN BLDG., WASHINGTON, D.C.

Made $512 First Month

"I made $512 the first month I sold Stay-Prest—$123 the very first week! Have been going strong ever since. It's easy," says J. W. Varner of Iowa.

Big Profit in Advance

Men and women everywhere reaping veritable golden harvest of profit. You get your big cash profit in advance—no waiting. Stay-Prest sells to every man. Puts perfect crease in pants—takes out wrinkles and baggy knees. **New!** Absolutely no competition—greatest selling sensation—biggest profit maker—of the age. Big repeater—many men buy six at once—your sales and profits guaranteed. Every man a prospect—orders on sight. **Sensational Seller!**

FREE SUPER-SELLING OUTFIT to all who write quick! Just give name, address and territory wanted. You make amazingly big profits from the very start! **SEND NO MONEY**—we furnish everything you need to make $100 to $150 a week—$35 to $60 in spare time alone.

The Getgoy-Jung Co., W-122G-J Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

Ivory Snap Inter-Dentajator

Get what the Toothbrush missed Between Teeth, where 90% of all fatal decay starts—where no toothbrush can reach. Comes in Beautiful Ivory Finish and Leather Case. Lasts a lifetime. Complete $1.00 — or without case, plain finish, 50c. New Refills, 30¢ in. special silk tape, 15c. Send dollar bill or pay postman.

Instant Tooth Whitener FREE with First Order.

FLOSSY DENTAL CO., East 77S EVANSTON, ILL.

FLORIDA

Fruitland Park in Florida's lake jeweled highlands will appeal to the homeseeker who, whether wishing land or an orange grove, desires the best. Write for book of actual photographs and learn how you can own your own grove on easy payments. BOARD OF TRADE. 364 Trade Avenue, Fruitland Park, Florida.

[THE MACHETE VERSUS THE CROSS Continued from Page Seventy-three]

helplessly on the streets to wander, groping and starving.

"There has been bloodshed, of course. Not all the peons were cowed, and, although the priests counseled them to passivity, there have been fierce battles. Naturally, the unarmed peons were killed or wounded. Mexico City newspapers receive nightly from ten to thirty dispatches from their scattered correspondents narrating such incidents, and not one story has been published, so strict is the censorship.

"WELL, senor, we do not know where it will end. Every avenue of reconciliation with Calles, except abject surrender, seems closed. He says we have legal ways of amending the constitution and repealing the laws. This is a horrible jest. He mentions the right of petition as conferred on all citizens by the Code of 1917. We tried to avail ourselves of this, and several young girls went about with lists, seeking the required number of names to legalize our plea to the President.

"What happened? They were all thrown into filthy prison cells with criminals and prostitutes, and their parents had a difficult time to effect their release.

"The President is astute. He constantly excites the populace by discovering mythical plots against his life. Conspiracies, he calls them, by Catholic fanatics to assassinate him. Well, such things may have happened, but so far not a 'plot' has been followed by a conviction; all the conspirators are freed after a brief examination.

"And he is cunning in dealing with foreign opinion. He orders substantial payments in gold coin on the national debt, on Mexican bonds held by Wall Street. This keeps finance in good humor. He refrains from enforcing Article Twenty-seven, which steals all the oil lands from foreign firms, and they sigh with relief, not daring to do anything to antagonize him.

"He forbids organized labor to strike for the time being. Of course, this holds business men a art from the religious controversy.

"And he makes no effort to enforce the same laws he inflicts on us against the Protestant churches and their ministers, most of whom are foreign.

"But if, unhappily, he should win his fight against the Catholic Church, now the only barrier in Mexico against bolshevism, you may be sure he will turn on the Protestants later and condemn them out of their own mouths."

And now, Harvey, you have both sides of the religious warfare, as voiced by the chieftains involved. In my next letter I'll tell you something about how American and native business men are faring in this sovietized country.

Affectionately,

Sidney Sutherland

The next letter by Mr. Sutherland will appear in an early issue.

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

Per Schedule Summerall Takes a Chance

By

NORMAN S. HALL

The thrilling narrative of a hidden chapter of the World War. How the Army's new Chief of Staff took the reins at a critical point in the great battle of the Argonne Forest and made a glorious victory possible.

— Also —

Adam and Eve Knew Better

By

JAMES OPPENHEIM

A short story of a manhater and a womanhater who discovered the thrill of being in love.

IN NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY

Answering The Superfluous-Hair Question

An Article by EILEEN BOURNE

IF I were to write a drama around beauty seekers as I know them, I should insist upon the girl with the superfluous-hair worry being cast for the leading role. In all good drama the leading lady must suffer, and from my experience I believe none is more capable of registering sorrow than the one whose face shows more than a normal downy growth.

The fat woman and the thin wouldn't have a ghost of a chance. It is as instinctive in woman to detest this masculine manifestation as it is in a red-blooded man to detest effeminacy in his sex.

However, the wave of humiliation that submerges the victim of superfluous hair often is due to an exaggerated conception of a perfectly normal fuzz.

One hears the ridiculous argument that women are becoming more masculine in explanation of the greater number of superfluous-hair sufferers of recent years.

If women of an earlier day were not troubled with this disfigurement, it was not because they did not have it. They also had fat—superfluous pounds of it—which they accepted as something over which only Nature had control.

The reason for superfluous hairs is not yet scientifically established. It is set down as a peculiarity of skin structure, sometimes individual, but in most cases hereditary and showing as a family tendency.

Contrary to a more or less current belief, superfluous hair is not caused by applications of oily creams and lotions. If a person has a natural tendency to grow hair where it does not belong, it will grow after all of these supposed local causes are abandoned or before they ever are adopted.

However, it does not mean that one need suffer a lifetime because she has the natural tendency.

If the growth is light in quantity and dark in color, it can be made less conspicuous by bleaching with peroxide of hydrogen. A couple of drops of ammonia also may be added to a tablespoonful of peroxide.

The use of X rays to remove hair should be avoided, since the amount required to cause the hair to fall out carries the risk of scarring, discoloring, or causing warty growths on the skin. The same thing applies to the use of radium.

The only safe method for the permanent destruction of the hairs is electrolysis, but inquiry through the best medical channels about an operator certainly ought to be made before a woman submits her one and only face to the test.

There seems to be some controversy on the subject of depilatories. Some of them are good and some are better left untried.

However, depilatories make no claim to anything but temporary relief.

After much investigation by scientific workers it has been fairly well determined that shaving, clipping, and tweezing do not appreciably increase the amount of hair or coarsen it.

During the last couple of years, wax preparations have grown in favor for removing hair. It is claimed for them that they pull the hair out by the roots. The product of a reliable manufacturer is urged when you are making the purchase, for inferior grades may act like pitch, pulling the skin off with the wax. If you use wax, be sure to follow instructions that come with the package. Be particular not to let the wax preparation go cold on you. Apply talcum powder to the affected area first; then, after melting the wax, spread it on thick with the back of a spoon. While it is still warm, but set, catch hold of the rough edge, roll it back quickly, and lift it off. Use a cold cream and an astringent immediately afterward. Where there are large areas to be covered, such as on legs and arms, it is better to take a little at a time so that the wax will not get cold.

THE END

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

LIBERTY'S Beauty Book, 247 Park Ave., New York, N. Y. **16**

Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of LIBERTY'S Book of Youth and Beauty, by Eileen Bourne.

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly in ink)

Street and No.....

City.....State.....

Miss Anderson's Statement

When I arrived at the Kaufmann & Fabry Studio my hair was straight as you may see in the picture at the left. I had very little faith in any of the so-called hair-wavers and expected I would have to visit my hair-dresser before keeping my other posing appointments in the afternoon. To my delight, as you will see from the center photograph, it was not necessary. My hair was perfectly waved.

(Signed) Evelyn Anderson.

Notice to Readers

Chicago representative of over one hundred nationally known magazines and newspapers witnessed a demonstration of these Wavers and found them to be successful and very satisfactory.

Kaufmann & Fabry Co. Commercial Photographers 425 South Wabash Avenue Chicago

Maison de Beaute, Chicago, Illinois.

I, Edward J. Cook, hereby certify that these are actual photographs taken by me while Miss Evelyn Anderson's hair was marcelled with Maison Marcellers. The one at the left shows Miss Anderson's hair as she entered my studio. That at the right shows the Maison Marcellers in place. The center photograph shows Miss Anderson's hair as it appeared 30 minutes later.

(Signed) *Edward J. Cooke.*

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 24th day of March, 1926.

Emma W. Stolzenbach, Notary Public.

Glorious Waves Like This

No beauty shop expense . . . no ruinous hot iron . . . no bothersome appointments.
Just 30 Minutes . . . At Home . . . Whenever Convenient.

IF anyone told you that you could have the loveliest marcelled hair you ever saw, every day in the year, without ever stepping into a beauty shop, without another ruinous touch of the hot iron or torturous "permanent," you wouldn't believe it.

Yet, it is literally true. You can have the most beautifully groomed, gloriously waved head of hair imaginable, all the time. And you needn't step outside your own home to get it.

Just 30 minutes with the Maison Marcellers, once a week—right at home—and hair with a wave as perfect and lovely as the most skilled specialist in waving can give, will be yours from now on.

A $1.50 Marcel Saved Every Time You Use Them

No one knows better than you how those trips to the beauty shop mount up. The Maison Marcellers save all this expense. The initial cost is practically nothing—just the price of a couple of marcels.

No longer are you at the mercy of the professional waver. No more will you have to make appointments far ahead with a popular operator. No more will you race about to secure a last-minute wave before some unexpected engagement.

Now you are absolutely sure of a lovely, natural wave, no matter if your plans are last-minute ones.

It Waves While You Dress

All you do is slip the Maison Marcellers on slightly dampened locks. At the end of thirty minutes you slip the Maison Marcellers off—and your hair lies in smooth, soft waves about your face! Does it sound too good to be true? Your mirror proves the almost unbelievable wonder of its results—far better than any word can picture.

Restores Your Hair's Natural Beauty

Maybe you have let your hair go completely, worried along with straight, straggly, unkempt locks, because you hair could no longer stand the ruinous methods in vogue to keep it waved.

Maison Marcellers give your hair a chance to regain all the soft, silky lustre that Nature has bestowed on it.

For Any Kind of Hair—For Any Arrangement

No matter whether your hair is soft and fluffy, coarse and straight, long or short, the Maison Marcellers will give you a wave of unbelievable beauty—a shingle bob, Ina Claire, horseshoe wave or pompadour, center or side part. And it is the simplest thing in the world to do. The Maison Marcellers adapt themselves to any style—any requirement. Made of soft rubber, light and flexible, scientifically designed. Lie down for a nap with them on—you'll never know they are there.

We asked fifty women their opinion of Maison Marcellers. Here is what some of them say:

Miss K. W., Chicago: I have had my hair marcelled so much that it was beginning to get terribly dry and scraggly. Since I have quit applying heat to my hair, it is quickly regaining its old lustre and beauty. I think your marcelling outfit is wonderful.

A Clever Christmas Idea Give Maison Marcellers!

If you want to gain the reputation of giving your friends highly original gifts, if you want them to have something that is sure to delight them, no matter how they wear their hair, or what kind of a wave they prefer—*choose Maison Marcellers.* Every person who receives this valuable little gift will be grateful to you for disclosing such a remarkable waving method, enabling them to have the loveliest wave imaginable, a marcel that the most skilled professional might envy, and that without the least harm to the hair.

If you want us to send the Maison Marcellers to you already packed in a charming gift box, specify so in the coupon below.

Mrs. A. K., Memphis: I am cursed with thin, straight hair that is unusually hard to wave. I have tried many home marcelling outfits, but have always been disappointed until your Maison Marcellers came. Now I can easily keep my hair in a dandy marcel, just the way I want it. I can't say too much for your new invention.

Buy Now While the Special Offer Still Prevails.

Just to establish this revolutionary new invention—just to put it into the hands of the women whose words of praise will sweep the Maison Marcellers throughout the country, we are making this special offer to you. If you act promptly you can still get the Marcellers at this special price. *A complete set of Maison Marcellers, including a new and authentic marcel fashion chart for only $2.98 plus a few cents' postage—a price that scarcely covers the cost of making, packing and advertising.*

Send No Money—Just Mail the Coupon

Even at this special price, you need not risk a penny. Just sign and mail the coupon, in a few days, when the postman brings our outfit, just deposit $2.98 with him (plus a few cents postage). After you have tried this marvelous new marcelling outfit for 5 days, if you are not delighted with results—if it doesn't give you the most beautiful marcel you ever had and improve your hair in every way—simply return the outfit to us and your money will be refunded quickly and cheerfully. But don't put it off. Be among the first to take advantage of this special introductory offer. Fill in and mail the coupon today!

MAISON DE BEAUTE
711 Quincy St. Chicago, Illinois

MAISON DE BEAUTE
711 Quincy St., Dept. 76
Chicago, Illinois.

Gentlemen: Please send me your newly invented marcelling outfit, including Marcel Style Chart, and complete directions which I agree to follow. I agree to deposit $2.98 (plus postage) with the postman when he makes delivery. If the marcellers do not put a perfectly defined wave in my hair I will return the outfit within 5 days and you are to refund the purchase price without argument or delay.

Name.....

Address.....

Please pack Marcellers in gift box ( ).

NOTE:—If you expect to be out when the postman comes, enclose $3.10 with your order and the Marcelling Outfit will be sent postpaid.

HEAVEN *and* HELL

By Emanuel Swedenborg

This book of 632 pages, or any of the following works of Swedenborg, printed in large type on good paper, well bound in stiff paper covers, will be sent prepaid on receipt of 5 cents per book:

Divine Providence.....629 pp.
Treats of the government of the universe and of the human soul by the love and wisdom of God, emphasizing the fundamental need of freedom in the life of man.

Divine Love and Wisdom.....618 pp.
Shows that the Divine Love is the fountain from which all things proceed; gives also a philosophic outline of the primary processes of creation.

Heaven and Hell.....632 pp.
An epoch marking revelation of the conditions that prevail in the spiritual world and of the laws under which each man finds his immortal abode.

The American Swedenborg Printing and Publishing Society
Room 819 16 E. 41st Street, New York

"DON'T SHOUT

"I hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody. How? With THE MORLEY PHONE. I've a pair in my ears now, but they are invisible. I would not know I had them in myself, only that I hear all right."

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is to the ears what glasses are to the eyes. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Anyone can adjust it.

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PATENTS

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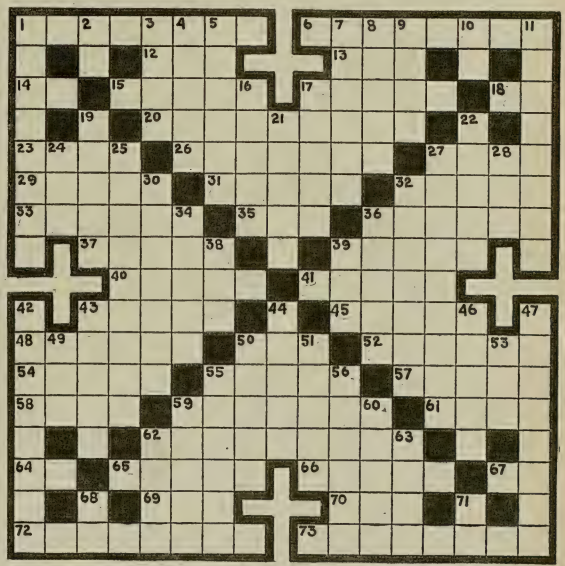
$25 *for* CROSS WORDS

HAVE you tried for the $25 weekly prize offered by LIBERTY for the best cross-word puzzle sent in by its readers? Making a cross-word puzzle is one of the most fascinating ways known for passing some pleasant hours. Try your hand at it this very evening. Don't forget, though, that all parts of a puzzle must interlock and that no technical or obsolete words may be used. LIBERTY cannot return puzzles not accepted for publication. Address, CROSS WORDS, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.



Prize Puzzle No. 13

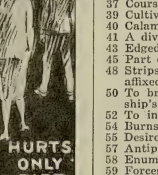
BY WILLIAM RAY GILMAN, Columbus, Ohio

HORIZONTAL

1 Insolvent
6 Sweet or agreeable successions of sounds
12 A pronoun
13 Cover
14 To an elevated position
15 A serpent
17 List of those summoned for jury duty
18 Us
20 Lies between
23 Auricles
26 Goes into seclusion
27 Requited
29 Characteristic
31 Dents
32 Estimation
33 Fragile
35 Firmament
36 A refrigerant
37 Course
39 Cultivated land (plural)
40 Calamities
41 A division of society
43 Edged
45 Part of a harness
48 Strips of iron or wood affixed for strengthening
50 To bring an anchor to a ship's cathead
52 To injure
54 Burns
55 Desires with expectation
57 Antipathy
58 Enumerated
59 Forces
61 Hence; therefore
62 Newlyweds' holiday
64 Toward
65 Enumerations
66 A game of cards (plural)
67 To partake of reality
69 It is (abbreviation)
70 A crib for corn
72 Combines
73 Officially estimates property values

VERTICAL

1 Of dark pigmentation
2 Not
3 Wands
4 Less than
5 Glanced slyly
7 Pulls up
8 Marks
9 Compositions in verse
10 Within
11 Three-wheeled velocipedes, used on railroads
16 Classifies
17 Faction
19 Concession
21 The players on both sides in the game of bowls
22 Claws
24 Twenty-five one-thousandths of an acre
25 A piece of dining-room furniture
27 A public walk
28 Freeze
30 Lessees
32 Colonnade
34 Assumed functions
36 State of affairs (plural)
38 Scarlet
39 Different in time, quality, or nature
42 In a state of rapture
43 Repairs
44 Jubilant
46 Agitates
47 Fashions anew
49 A constellation
50 Arrives
51 Bears abundantly
53 Embrace
55 Straightforward
56 Sailing vessels
59 Paroxysmal abdominal pain
60 A fish (plural)
62 Abhor
63 Not any
68 At the surface of and supported by
71 The Roman libra or pound



Answer to Puzzle No. 12

The Campbell Soup Co. Buys 53 *Four-Color Pages* in LIBERTY for 1927!

A Full Page Every Week

53 Pages in Four Colors

Teaching the American People to Eat Soup and Keep Well!

THE greatest number of four-color pages ever placed by Campbell in *any magazine*. During 1927 the Campbell Soup Co. will use in LIBERTY more than twice the space used in 1926.

THIS advertiser is a shrewd buyer of four-color advertising. What greater testimonial could LIBERTY get for its four-color advertising than a 53 page order for 1927 from such a discriminating buyer?

Liberty

A Weekly for the Whole Family

TWO YEARS OLD and ALREADY SECOND
in Advertising Lineage

Your BUSINESS Or Your Wife

Too Much Home Life May Spoil a Career

An Article by
PAUL KINKEAD

Pictures by
R. B. FULLER

Among business sacrifices—having late suppers with actresses.

FEW women ever can get the proper view of the relative importance of home and business life, and in this hurrying age it has reached a stage in which husband and wife must agree as to a just division of time. It is impossible for a business man to make any considerable success without taking something from his family life. No matter how much a man may desire to be at home with his wife and children, it is impossible for him to give much time to them without somewhat sacrificing his business interests.

This fact forms a vicious circle, and, in many cases, the wife is working against her own best interests by insisting that her husband get home early or take her to a bridge party, the theater, or a dance.

The attitude of the wife frequently places the husband at a disadvantage, and often he becomes irritated because she cannot or will not understand the situation. Admittedly, it is difficult for any man to convince his wife that it is of more importance that he remain downtown to dinner and stay with the boys until midnight than to come home to dine and take her to a show, as he had tentatively promised.

Few women are liberal enough to appreciate the fact that what he is doing is for her and the children. Yet she is keen to praise him if, by remaining downtown and producing a quart of pre-war stuff at the proper moment, when the other fellow is ripe and mellow he secures a large contract which adds to her allowance or gives her a trip to Florida or the Riviera.

She may concede his point that, had he not remained downtown and drunk with the boys, he never would have had a chance to get the contract; but in her heart she always will think he did it because he likes to drink, enjoys being with the boys, and prefers such pleasures to her and his home.

Men, knowing the sacrifices they make in remaining downtown, eating and drinking, perhaps going to shows and having late suppers with actresses, when they would much prefer to go home to dinner and, after dinner, put on the slippers and smoking jacket and spend a nice quiet evening in pleasant, homelike surroundings, are apt to feel hurt when their wives charge they remained away because they liked it.

It is usually unavailing for the man to argue that what he did was for the sake of business. The wife, for whose sake he makes these sacrifices, thoughtlessly, perhaps selfishly, thinks he should be at home helping her with the training and care of the children, maybe aiding her in wiping the dishes, or assisting in other household duties.

If she only knew it, her days of dishwashing and household drudgery would end much sooner if she permitted her husband to devote himself entirely to business and its promotion through social means.

Aiding his wife wipe the dishes.

Golf, of recent years, has become another fruitful source of domestic discord. Business men play golf not so much because they enjoy it but because the contact with prominent men in clubhouse, the intimacy engendered in playing with them in foursomes, and the friendships formed aid materially in business.

Every man knows exercise is essential to health and health is necessary to success. Yet many men, seeking the double advantage of golf, improving their health and earning power, are chided, frequently none too gently, by wives who assert they are being neglected. I know some women who even hint there is as much good exercise in pushing a lawn mower or hoeing as in golf. Yet, how many sales would a man make, how would he ever make progress in the good opinion of the boss, if, instead of golfing, he hastened home from the office and cut the grass and hoed the garden?

Few women can appreciate the importance of golf.

I KNOW a man who used to be a Broadway hound. He was known to everyone, from the hat checker to the head waiter. When he entered a place, greetings were cried from every table. He spent freely, and his salary outpaced his spendings. He was immensely valuable to his firm.

Then he married. His wife's idea was a nice cozy dinner, a fireplace and slippers. Perhaps once a month she would go to a party, sip half of her cocktail, make a face as she puffed on a cigarette, and at midnight go home to talk of the wild time.

Her husband slowed his pace to hers. Two years later, during a vacation, he visited the old haunts. No one knew him. He was out of date and his value to his firm decreased.

The great trouble appears to be that men who have stepped around from high spot to high spot marry girls who are nice and homeloving. They cannot take a nice, innocent, and unsophisticated girl into the crowds with which they mingled. She wouldn't understand. So they stay at home—and lose business prestige, standing, acquaintances, and become back numbers.

Possibly this is one reason why so many wealthy and successful men marry actresses and other women who understand the other mode of life. These understand, when their husbands fail to show up to dinner, that they are devoting themselves to the best interests of the family.

THE END

Christmas Puddings and Fruit Cakes

By ETHEL SOMERS

Wash fruits quickly in and out of boiling water. To glaze plum puddings and fruit cakes, spread them with a generous coating of corn syrup.

RICH, fruity cakes and puddings for the Christmas season have become traditionally essential, though, dietetically speaking, they should be avoided.

Though the following recipes may look as if they entailed an elaborate preparation, you will find them simple. Accuracy in measuring and weighing, nicety of preparation, and a thorough steaming will concoct such a cake or pudding that only Charles Dickens could describe!

Fruit cake is difficult to bake without careful and precise oven regulation. Modern oven regulators now take care of that. It is not necessary, however, that the fruit cake be baked. Steamed fruit cake, made tender and savory by a long steaming and crusted in a moderate oven for the last half-hour, requires little watching and skill. The amateur will do well to adopt this method.

Fruit cake, ready for the party.

Fruit Cakes

(c. = cup; t. = teaspoon; tb. = tablespoon)

Kind	Butter	Sugar	Yolks	Whites	Molasses	Flour	Soda	Salt	Baking Powder	Spices	Fruit	Liquid	Nuts
Cheap Plain Fruited Cake	¼ c.	¾ c.	1	1	1 c.	3 c.	½ t.	½ t.	4 t.	½ t. allspice ¾ t. nutmeg ¾ t. cinnamon ⅛ t. cloves, if desired	1 to 3 c. mixed and floured (see Variations)	1 c. cold strong coffee	¼ to 1 c.
Plain Fruit Cake	½ c.	¾ c.	2 or 3	2 or 3	1 c.	3 c.	½ t.	½ t.	3 or 2 t.	½ t. allspice ¾ t. nutmeg ¾ t. cinnamon ⅛ t. cloves, if desired	1 to 3 c. mixed and floured (see Variations)	½ c. cold strong coffee	¼ to 1 c.
Richer Fruit Cake	¾ c.	¾ c.	3 or 4	3 or 4	1 c.	3 c.	½ t.	½ t.	2 or 1 t.	2 t. cinnamon 2 t. allspice ½ t. mace 1 t. nutmeg ½ t. cloves, if desired	4 c. mixed	½ c. lemon or orange juice	1 to 2 c.
Rich Fruit Cake	1 c.	¾ c.	4 or 5	4 or 5	1 c.	3 c.	½ t.	¼ t.	1 t. or none	3 t. cinnamon 3 t. allspice 1 t. mace 1 t. nutmeg ½ t. cloves, if desired	7 to 12 c. mixed	2 tb. lemon juice	1 to 2 c.
White Fruit Cake	1 c.	1½ c.	2	7 or 9	none	3 c.	none	¼ t.	3 t.	none	7 to 12 c.	1 tb. vanilla ½ c. milk	½ to 1 c.

Plum pudding and fruit cakes are particularly adapted to Christmas dessert services, since they may be prepared weeks ahead, and, with a simple reheating over boiling water, may readily be served, a la Dickens, "O, a wonderful pudding!" with a "smell like an eating house and pastry cooks next door to each other." Truly an accomplishment wherein the amateur cook gains much praise for her skillful performance.

VARIATIONS are made by the addition of spices, increasing the egg (particularly the whites), or varying the fruit content. Any combination of the following fruits may be used if the proportion indicated in the table above is maintained: Preserved strawberries, strawberry jam, canned cherries, seeded raisins, currants, chopped figs, pitted dates, shredded citron, candied orange, lemon, or grapefruit-peel shreds, chopped nuts, orange, lemon, or grapefruit marmalade.

Glazing: To glaze before baking, spread a dark fruit-cake mixture with 1 tablespoon of molasses in 4 tablespoons of water. A light fruit-cake mixture may be glazed by spreading with 2 tablespoons of egg white in 1/3 cup of cold water. To glaze after baking, spread corn syrup over the cake and let stand until the surface is dry.

Baking: Bake in a 250° F. oven, regulated to maintain this temperature for 3½ hours. It is best to set the cake pan in a second pan containing 1 inch of water. Increase the heat to maintain a moderate oven—325° F.—and allow the cake to continue baking 1 hour longer. A thorough baking is necessary to produce the sterilization essential to long keeping. Steaming may take the place of the first 3½ hours of baking. Place the cake pan on a rack over boiling water. Cover the kettle tightly and proceed with the steaming. Dry off in a moderate oven—325° F.—for 1 hour after steaming or ½ hour for individual cakes.

Mixing: Wash the fruits by immersing in and out of boiling water. Drain well. Dry on a clean towel and chop, grind, or leave whole, as desired. Mix the flour, salt, and spices, and baking powder, if used. Cream the butter well. Gradually work in the sugar. Add the well beaten egg yolks and beat the mixture until smooth and creamy.

Alternately sift in the dry ingredients and an addition of liquid. Beat vigorously until thoroughly mixed, then lightly fold in some of the stiffly beaten egg white and floured fruits and nuts. Fold and stir as little as possible. Grease the cake pan and line with wax paper. Bake or steam as indicated above. Remove from the oven, let stand for a few minutes, then remove the cake from the pan and cool.

Pudding: Chop the suet (sprinkled with a little flour) and the vegetables, if used, in a food chopper or chopping bowl. Pick the fruit over carefully. Place in a collander, wash in hot water, rinse in cold, and then drain on a clean towel. Shake flour (about ¼ cup) over the cleaned, dried fruit and stir until well covered. Mix the dry ingredients. Add the floured suet, vegetables, if used, and fruit. Combine the liquids and stir these into the fruity mixture. Place in an oiled mold or pan, and cover tightly—one or two layers of wax paper underneath the cover helps materially. Immerse, covered, in boiling water; or, uncovered, in the steam, *over* hot water for from 2 to 4 hours, depending on the size of the mold. Long steaming insures the keeping qualities. Serve hot, or reheated, with sauce.

Plum Puddings

Kind	Base	Leavening	Eggs	Fruit	Sugar	Spices	Liquid	Salt	Shortening
Plain	2 c. bread crumbs	½ t. soda 2 t. baking powder	1	½ c. currants ½ c. raisins ½ c. prune pulp 1 lb. raisins	½ c. molasses	½ t. cloves ½ t. cinnamon	¾ c. milk	¼ t. salt	½ c. suet
Vegetable	2 c. flour 1 c. potato 1 c. carrot chopped	1 t. soda	1 or none	1 lb. raisins	1 c. sugar	½ t. cinnamon ⅛ t. cloves	2 oranges—juice and rind 1 tb. water 1 lemon—juice and rind	1 t. salt	1 c. suet
Fruit-cake type	2 c. flour	½ t. soda 2 t. or none baking powder	4 or 6	1 lb. almonds, blanched 2 lb. raisins, seeded 1 lb. citron, if desired 1 lb. currants ½ lemon rind ½ orange rind ½ lb. cherries ½ lb. figs or 1 lb. prunes	1 c. molasses	2 t. cinnamon 2 t. allspice ¾ t. mace 1 t. nutmeg	1 c. fruit juice	½ t. salt	1 c. suet

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That Charming and Dangerous Science—

Clothes

By Bettina Bedwell

Paris, November 7.

DO women dress to please men? A bachelor of my acquaintance replies cynically, "Yes, before"—meaning before marriage. "But after!—try and tell her what to put on. Divorce ensues for less than that."

Scientists who specialize in analyzing and diagraming our fundamental urges and emotions will answer this question every time with "Yes." The men we dress to please may not be our husbands, our brothers, or even our sweethearts; but we do dress to please men—either the individual or the composite male.

My own opinion is that we may dress to satisfy our fundamental love of beauty and adornment, but that none of us dislike our clothes because they please men. My acquaintance with Frenchwomen is that in clothing themselves they always try to do both of these things. I believe that all women who make an art of being well dressed attain what Victor Hugo calls "the science that makes the woman something so charming, profound, and dangerous."

Of course men often irritate by their inability to comprehend the subtleties of mode and costume. Most of them have an irritating way of commenting in a complimentary manner on some old rag one has worn a hundred times before, and of ignoring a new and stunning costume. But, generally, men will fall for a toilette that is trim and dainty, as well as for one that is luxurious without fussiness.

EXTREMELY simple and smart is this tailleur of beige mixed woolen — for street or sports.

BLACK velvet and beige fox trim this luxurious wrap from Worth, with full length cape sleeves.

AN alluring Lenief frock of black crepe de Chine with a pale rose yoke, collar, and cuffs

THE ostrich-trimmed evening frock of pink satin is prominent in Paris night life at the moment.

Men don't like obvious complications of costume. Even men couturiers—Frenchmen—generally stick to trim simplicity, which may account for their great success. No real man likes to see any woman he admires or loves dressed like a vamp. It is, however, entirely possible to be chic and to please the man at the same time.

Take the trim tailleur. It was invented by a man, M. Doucet, and it almost invariably pleases men. The tailored suit is smart, and there is no season in which it cannot be worn. However, a tailleur demands definite feminine accessories if it is to be fashionable, and above all if it is to please the man. Nothing tricky or intricate, but details that soften and enhance.

The ideal accessory for the tailleur this season is the fox scarf. It flatters any face, and softens just enough the hard severity of the tailored suit.

Our sketch of a new tailleur from O'Rossen shows the ideal type for mode and general becomingness. It is made of beige mixed woolen, with a hip-length jacket showing cunning pockets and welted seams, and with a skirt that is slim, but relieved from rigidity by its inset plaits. Worn with a fox fur—*reynard d'argent* or beige—and with a supple beige felt hat, this tailleur forms a chic daytime toilette, and one that will poll a 90 per cent favorable vote from our male friends.

ONE way of glorifying the American girl via the costume route lies in the simple frock that is useful for countless occasions of everyday life—the kind of dress that is unassuming enough to disarm hardened gold-digger dodgers and yet is full of profound charm. Black crepe de Chine, in a model such as we have illustrated on this page, has an almost universal allure, particularly when combined with some dainty color, perhaps pale rose, which is the shade Lenief uses to make the collar, the back yoke, and the dainty handkerchief cuffs of this frock.

The graded, plaited ruffles of the skirt, topped by scalloped bands, arranged as they are to rise and form cascades at the sides of the skirt, give to the somber black an airy delicacy that doubles its chic and attraction. To the potency of this kind of frock we have the attestation of countless ladies who adhere to this half-mourning combination long after it speaks of bereavement. But nowadays black and color are in the free-for-all class, and not the exclusive prerogative of widows, who used to have all the advantage. Particularly this season, black is universally worn.

I have spoken before of the cachet and glamour of black velvet combined with beige fur. It is used, naturally, for coats and capes rather than for dresses, and the black coat with light fur has the advantage of being attractive with almost any kind of gown. Our model is a sketch of a black velvet with beige fox coat from Worth. It has a delightful air of luxury and a simplicity that is exceptionally fine.

It is a straight coat with cape sleeves that are full length in front and three-quarters in back. Any woman with the least sense of how to wear a coat can drape this one in many irresistible ways. And every time you find a new way to arrange it you get the thrill of having a new coat.

Our Lenief evening gown is certainly "easy to look at" without being the brilliant type that tires the eyes and scares the masculine observer. It is made of pale pink satin, the lustrous surface of which is beautifully contrasted by ostrich trimming. Vertical lines of pearls trim the bodice and form the triangular motifs of the skirt. It has the quality of drawing admiration, and yet is not at all conspicuous—the first of which should be sought and the second shunned by those women who don't mind dressing to please men.

Building The Smart Ensemble Economically

By Mary Brush Williams

YOU might almost say the present set of illustrations has a plot to it. There is the maid helping on one of the young women with her fur coat. The girl in the frock with short sleeves could be the hostess. The coat below is part of this last costume. By the simple device of adding it to the short-sleeved dress one makes out of an afternoon frock a very practical tailleur.

In building up your wardrobe it is well to practice a certain restraint of economy, even if you have a lot of money to spend. The clothing thus selected will probably represent your best judgment and taste. Waste, on the other hand, is the by-product of extravagance, which is synonymous with carelessness and never got anybody anywhere.

Whether it is more trouble having a lot of things or not having them, it is hard to say. If you have bought at random, there is always a button off, or a dress lacking a pair of shoes—whereas there probably will be another pair in the rack that was bought because kind of pretty, although a little too short, so they hurt in a warm room and don't go with anything. A good rule for buying is not to get anything you can possibly resist. Then your wardrobe will stand out with character, registering clean cut and clear. The most comfortable feeling of all is to have one or two dresses representing your best taste and care, and consequently almost perfect for you, and with money left in hand to buy anything later to which one takes a fancy.

DEEP black crepe de Chine cuffs and necktie accentuate the royal blue of this crepe de Chine frock.

A BLACK satin dress with bands of gold-stitched white satin, and a circular inset in the skirt.

GRAY wool forms this sleeveless blouse, worn with a velveteen skirt and the jacket shown at extreme left.

JACKET of gray velveteen bound with gray wool like the blouse at the extreme right.

The dress to go on under the fur wrap is a suitable one to look for when in the economical attitude of mind, for it meets just about every other occasion besides. It may be a part of your tailleur, and even that tailleur may serve as an afternoon dress by the simple device of making it with short sleeves. At the same time you may jazz up simpler frocks, such as the other two illustrated, with scarfs and fur pieces and jewelry. One or all of these offerings constitute the leading Parisian dressmaker's present notion of a wardrobe to carry you through every crisis this side of 6 o'clock.

IF I were assembling one costume, and one only, it would be some version of the one on the extreme right, which was conceived originally by Lanvin. If you got too cold when wearing it round the house, or wished to look less "dressed up," you could put a sweater on over that dressiness.

The blouse is in a new kind of material, like drap, only fuzzy. The skirt and the jacket (in the lower sketch) are of gray velours, or sometimes of velveteen. Of course, if you were having this for your one outfit, you could choose some other material; but this would be a pity, and unnecessary besides. A feature that makes the blouse becoming is that the neck is bound with white grosgrain, and we very seldom get to wear its clear becomingness next the face. The hip-length jacket is bound with the wool, while the cuffs are fastened with a highly ornamental silver button.

The dress on the left, of royal blue crepe de Chine, is very practical and pretty, with its deep cuffs and tie of black crepe de Chine. The wide blue suede belt and buckle help to give it distinction. The middle frock is of the kind that, having once bought it, whatever the rest of your wardrobe consists of, you will wear it most of the time. It is of black satin trimmed with bands of white satin stitched with gold.

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Nuns and Madonnas

An Article by

Rudolf Kommer

Elinor Patterson as the Nun in the great stage spectacle, The Miracle.

[Editor's Note: There are many tales told of almost talismanic luck in gaining a foothold upon the ladder that leads to fame on the stage. Luck may place one upon that ladder, but it will do no more. Only possession of the inner fire, coupled with slavish devotion to an ideal, can carry the neophyte onward and upward to the heights of artistic distinction. In this installment Mr. Kommer tells the story of Iris Tree, daughter of Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, and Elinor Patterson of Chicago, each an amateur actress who won acclaim and renown for her interpretation of the *Nun's* role in The Miracle. Like the stories of other stars in the famous Max Reinhardt-Morris Gest spectacle, these seem almost miraculous instances of "luck." But the author's deeper analysis shows that again the "second sight" of Reinhardt and Gest perceived in raw material the elements of true artistic greatness.]

Part Three

IN the summer of 1925 a great number of English people visited the Salzburg Festival, arranged by Max Reinhardt, Richard Strauss, and Hugo von Hofmannsthal, to witness the performance of Lady Diana Manners as the *Madonna* in The Miracle. Among them was Iris Tree, youngest daughter of the late Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree.

She was not only the lovely child of a great father, but a celebrity in her own right. Her poems had made her name known to all those esoteric Anglo-Saxons who still prefer the reading of poetry to the devouring of headlines.

Alas, one cannot be so esoteric as to appreciate poems in a language one does not know. Max Reinhardt was struck by the personality of the young poetess, but her poetry did not mean a thing to him. He observed her for weeks and could not understand why this obviously highly gifted daughter of his late friend, Sir Herbert, should never have longed for the stage.

Dragged into Fame

HE refused to believe it, and arrived at his own conclusions: she loves to dress up, to masquerade, to disguise and to express herself in strange costumes (her peasant dresses stirred the good old duchy of Salzburg). She imitates everybody; she says more with a smile or a nod than others with torrents of eloquence; she is a veritable genius of movement. She is the daughter of Sir Herbert and Lady Tree—she is an actress!

There was a long and exhausting way from these deductions to their testing out in a serious examination of a professional character. Iris Tree could not bring herself to recite a few lines, to say the Lord's Prayer, or to perform the shortest and simplest scene.

"A bundle of inhibitions," she was called; and she certainly was that. It was easy to convince Morris Gest of her talent; it was easy to win over the author of The Miracle, the conductor, the designer. Lady Diana believed in her implicitly. But she herself set

The Stories of the STARS of The MIRACLE

all the forces of despairing shyness against any and every attempt to "present her." She had to be trapped into an unwilling recital in Salzburg—she had to be dragged from Salzburg to Cincinnati—to become an actress in spite of herself.

There were only six weeks between that involuntary test in Salzburg and the opening night in Cincinnati—hardly enough time under favorable circumstances; perilously little in view of this resisting *Nun*-to-be.

A Heartrending Job

LADY DIANA was intrusted with the bitter task of teaching Iris Tree her part and supervising all rehearsals. On the way from Salzburg to London, in a drawing-room in Arlington Street, aboard the Olympic, in a deserted beer garden in New York, and finally in the big concert hall in Cincinnati, the pathetic struggle between the inhibitions of the theatrical novice and the friendly determination of her teacher went on.

Lady Diana did not let go. It was a cruel, a heartrending job to both of them. But when the shouting of delirious applause on that pale evening in Cincinnati had died down, all the inhibitions were gone as the snow of yesteryear, never to come back. The new *Nun* moved on the stage and behind as in her proper sphere.

Max Reinhardt had been right once again, and Iris proved herself a true branch of the Tree family.

About the time these things were going on in distant Salzburg, Morris Gest was sitting in his mysteriously Oriental office in the Princess Theater in New York, brooding over the fate of his Miracle production, which had just been irrevocably deserted by its *Nun* Rosamond Pinchot, who had decided to enter a dramatic academy and to go on the speaking stage. The prospects of Iris Tree filling her place were uncertain. No other *Nun* possibility was in sight.

IRIS TREE, daughter of Sir Herbert Tree, who was "dragged into fame" in The Miracle.

Murray photo

Elinor Patterson, the young Chicago actress, as she appears off stage.

Morris Gest is renowned for being able to do anything; but there is one thing that it is quite certain he cannot do, and that is to sit still for five minutes. He rose from his chair of sorrows and passed into the waiting-room of his office.

A theatrical waiting-room! Dante's Inferno is a merry-go-round compared with a manager's anteroom. *L'asciare ogni speranzo voi ch'entrate.*

In my years in the theater I must have seen thousands and thousands of those anxious faces, and how few of them have I ever seen later across the footlights!

As always, the room was filled with budding stars and resigned old-timers; with Russian ci-devant aristocrats and bored society ladies who had suddenly heard the call of the stage; with girls who were tired of shorthand and men who were through with the cash register.

The "Rooshian" did not seem to see any of them—neither the ones that advanced to attract his attention, nor those others that had suddenly lost their nerve and wished to sink into nowhere. But in a wink he turned sharply to a young girl of the latter description; sitting far back, and beckoned her into his room.

As to this young girl, she had many friends, two beloved sisters, no secret sorrow, her own roadster. In winter she lived in an apartment in Chicago, with a latchkey when she wanted it. In summer, a country home with tennis, swimming, riding, golf, and dancing. Or a trip to Europe. In vision, a continuation of the same pleasant life transmuted into a not too harassing domesticity.

But ever since she was a little girl she had wanted to go on the stage. This is not strange. Most little girls do. But, fortunately, most do not persist. This one persisted. For three years her parents opposed her ambition in every way they could devise, from sweet to sour. But no way was sufficient.

Coppering a Hope

AT last her people decided that, since nothing else worked, homeopathy might. They would let her try and perhaps weary of it. Her father, a newspaper man, obtained letters of introduction for her to a dozen of the leading theatrical producers in New York.

A letter to Gest had not been included; for, said her father, Gest produces strange, exotic, artistic things, full of color, symbol, dancing, singing. So why send her to Gest just to be disappointed? She doesn't want to be a singer or dancer, but an actress. She should try for

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTY-THREE]

a small part in a modern American drama, watch the others, and get stage-wise. At the end of a year or two she'll know something or be sick of it. This last is what we hope.

She took the dozen letters of introduction to the dozen prominent theatrical managers in New York, and they all turned her down. Some spoke of a possible opening later; others offered her letters to still other (and less prominent) managers. She begged them for even the tiniest parts—two lines a night. But the two lines were not forthcoming.

She was lodging in a very petite room, fourth story back, walk-up, eating in one-arm restaurants, and August of 1925, you may remember, was hot. Her folks back home knew all this and hoped it would assist in her cure. She admits she was becoming gloomy over her chances.

She had seen nearly all the big managers, had had good letters to them. They had given her appointments, admitted her to their offices, talked to her, and turned her down. Sufficient cause for gloom for one aspiring to become an actress.

A relative living near New York met her by accident and heard her sad story of one disappointment following another.

"Why not try Morris Gest?" said he. "I believe I can get you a letter to him."

"I'll try anybody," said she; "but if the others didn't want me, Gest won't. He goes in for plays where, if the people talk at all, they talk Russian. However, I'll go and see him. He's about the only one I haven't seen. Maybe he'll let me be part of some mob and I can get the feel of the stage under my feet. That'll be a start."

When the young girl found herself in Morris Gest's sanctum he proceeded to ask several utterly irrelevant questions, and after a few minutes he ended the interview with a kind nod and the friendly request to leave name and address with the secretary in the waiting-room.

The Unbelievable Happens

NOBODY in the world, the bewildered young girl least of all, would have gauged the meaning of these hopelessly futile proceedings. The huge book of addresses in the anteroom was an endless list of those to be forgotten before the ink had dried. No one has ever seen it used, for reference or otherwise. It was nothing but a pedantic *beau-geste*, a vast collection of forlorn hopes, a burial ground for ecstatic dreams. (The addresses really wanted are scribbled on odds and ends of letters, papers, telephone books, on a wall, on a cuff, on blotters—and they are never forgotten and readily found.) And there the name and address of the enchanting young girl was calligraphically deposited. Then a smile, a nod, and she was gone.

A few days later the lion awoke and roared for rehearsals. But there was no *Nun*. Of course there was a *Nun!* "The blonde who called on Thursday or Friday—or—what was her name? No! No! No, I tell you! No! It was not Jewish—it was American—or Danish. A blonde with dark blue eyes—slender—with a sob in her voice."

The unbelievable had happened. The book of addresses in the waiting-room was wanted, actually wanted—for the first time in its history. But its help was called in vain. Like all theatrical managers, Morris Gest could not remember a name—not for the life of David Belasco—and there in the huge book no fewer than thirty-eight females had been registered within the three days in question.

Nothing else could be done but to send out thirty-eight polite invitations, asking the thirty-eight ladies to call at the Princess Theater at their very earliest convenience. The thirty-eight letters were marked "urgent" and forwarded "special." Thirty-eight women of all ages and looks had to make their reappearance in the waiting-room, so that one might be chosen—no, that the lost one might be rediscovered.

The tension in the office was insufferable. People, and particularly actresses, have a habit of changing their addresses, leaving town, or doing other unaccountable and unreasonable things. Especially when they are wanted to play the part of the *Nun*. Twenty-two had already come and gone when, at the sight of the twenty-third, a very wild Morris Gest rushed out of his room, grabbed his *Nun* by the hand,

Lady Diana Manners (at left) and Iris Tree in Tyrolean peasant costumes during a festival at Salzburg.

and led her triumphantly to the boards of glory.

HE had been right. Slender—a voice that sobbed the paternoster. He was once more right in the mystical second sight of his instinct. A delicate, tender, infinitely moving *Nun* she became, hailed by hundreds of thousands of the critically inarticulate as enthusiastically as by the ponderous highbrows who are supposed to know.

Just as Rosamond Pinchot had been the *Nun* of New York and Cleveland, and Iris Tree the *Nun* of Cincinnati, Boston, and St. Louis (both sharing their honors with the one and only Lady Diana), Elinor Patterson became the *Nun* of Chicago.

The Misses Tree and Patterson alternate in the role of the *Nun* this year in Philadelphia, Kansas City, San Francisco, and Los Angeles. And that brings The Miracle to an end as a major—nay, the major—enterprise of the American theater.

L'Envoi

SUCH were the reasons why and thus it happened that the famous "outsiders, nonprofessionals, amateurs, or dilettantes" were discovered, selected, and trained for their parts in The Miracle. This faithful report on the peculiar casting of the play may contain a useful lesson or moral; but, alas, it is dark and unfathomable to the writer himself.

From all those experiences he has not learned a thing that might help him to answer that eternal quest after the shortest and most direct way to the stage, to fame, to self-expression through art. Innumerable roads lead into these realms, but there is no Baedeker. Everyone has to gain access in his own way, and oh, gods, there is no help, no guidance.

Who would grudge to you millions of stenographers, waitresses, manicurists, shop and factory girls, who are dreaming of similar splendor, the heart-refreshing consolation that luck is all and everything? That Lady Diana would never have come to New York as the *Madonna* of The Miracle if her name had not been known to Morris Gest as that of the most beautiful daughter of the seventh Duke of Rutland? That Rosamond Pinchot would now be known, at best, as a charming debutante of 1924 if Lili Darvas had not fallen in love with Franz Molnar, and if she had not crossed the Atlantic on the same boat with Max Reinhardt? That Elizabeth Schirmer would now be just the insignificant widow of a much commented upon composer if at certain times a *Madonna*-manikin had not been needed? That Iris Tree and Elinor Patterson would never have crossed a stage if—and so forth.

ALL this is true, and yet it is not. Luck is essential, and everybody has luck sometimes. If Lili Darvas had not broken her contract, Rosamond Pinchot would certainly never have played the *Nun;* but her talent, her will, character, and personality would have manifested themselves in other ways (perhaps in Labrador). Who has no luck at all has no talent. A cruel adage, but it has governed the actions and attitude of many, if not all, the leaders of humanity. Napoleon had no use for generals of "bad luck," and the Napoleons of the theater are very much like him in this respect.

Besides, this story, like most stories of the theater, deals only with the splendor of the shining stars. How many burning ambitions were extinguished during the "sobbing tests" for the part of the *Nun,* and how many recitals of the Lord's Prayer were declined by the Lord as well as by the producer! Nobody wants to hear the stories of the failures; but there are many, and they are very sad and infinitely longer.

The men of the theater are at least as eager to find new talents as these are anxious to be found. The demand, alas, is immeasurably greater than the supply. But no one has yet been able to say how and where the man who is seeking talent and the talent that is looking for that man shall meet.

It's all in the stars, they say on the stage, and it may well be. Help yourself and you will be helped. All roads lead to the theater. Sing aloud in your lonely room and you may be discovered by Gatti-Casazza passing by. Or board the Aquitania and Max Reinhardt may see in you a budding star. Or try your luck in the waiting-room of Morris Gest!

THE END

GREG'S Birthday Party

More Adventures of Emmy, Nicky, and Greg

A STORY *for* CHILDREN

By ALINE KILMER

Pictures by ROBERT A. GRAEF

ALLAN, who is a large and sturdy youngster, had turned the chair over, Nicky and all.

IT was Greg's birthday! Great excitement all round! Greg thought it most unfair that he should have to go to school at all on such an important day. But the school part of his day was soon over, and then the fun began.

Uncle Bunkle had sent him a flashlight with which he could keep himself awake for hours at night. I gave him a jackknife, hoping he would not cut his head off.

Gran was going to town to spend the day or she would have been with us. But Haddock and Braddock trotted around with her on her way to the station. She left them in front of the path to our house, and they stumped up the hilly brick walk as fast as their short legs could carry them.

Haddock, who is the older, was carrying a book from Gran under one arm. Under the other he carried two fat Teddy bears, mother and child. They were not gifts. Not at all. Merely brought around to pay a call.

They were as dear to him as his own flesh and blood. He'd rather have given away one of the Twins—even his own special Twin. Only less dear was the father bear, who was borne by Braddock, who carried also a tissue-wrapped parcel containing a handsome black silk tie made by his mother.

The child bear was named Marigold. Its ears were gone, so that it looked very like a seal. The mother, a beautiful buxom bear, was named Titania. The father was just like any other bear and his name was J. Marx, after the grocer.

Haddock and Braddock made a short visit. Then Emmy took them home again. Their mother had asked that they should not be told there was going to be a party.

After Haddock and Braddock had left, we had another visitor who brought the finest gift of all. Nutmeg, Greg's Fairy Godmother, came. Nutmeg is tiny, with bright blue eyes and gray hair and a fine, high-bridged nose such as all Fairy Godmothers should have. And the gift she brought was the very thing Greg's heart had been set on for months. It was a real honest-to-goodness football! And Greg persuaded her to stay for the party.

I THINK no little boy could have been happier than Greg when it was finally time for his birthday party to begin. But just wait until you hear how it went to pieces!

While Carlotta cooked the cereal for the first course, Nutmeg and I set the table as prettily as we could. The white cake was in the middle, and a large silver knife lay beside Greg's place for him to cut the first slice.

Meanwhile the children, with their three guests—Allan, Joan, and Bobbie—played outdoors while the light lasted. Suddenly they began quarreling dreadfully. Allan's voice rose above all the others'. It was full of righteous indignation. Next in power was Greg's, thick with fury.

"I *did!*"

"You did *not!*"

Then all six voices clamoring together. Carlotta went to the kitchen door and tried to quiet them. At last I went out, and they rushed up to me.

"Mother, Greg's not playin' fair! Allan tagged him an' he won't be 'it'!"

"He did *not* tag me, any such a sing!" Greg cried. Then his voice broke. "You always say I'm 'it,' anyhow!" And he stamped upstairs and shut himself in the nursery.

I didn't know what to do. The party was ready. I went up and talked to him quietly, but he would only lie on his face on the bed and moo. He wouldn't come down, and it was pitch dark and the guests were hungry.

Nutmeg went up and talked to him. But it was no good. His party would have to go on without him. We could only hope he'd come to his senses in time to cut the cake.

Nutmeg and I sat upstairs in the living-room, very much distressed. Carlotta placed the five children at the table and gave them their cereal. For about five minutes there was peace.

Then there rose the sound of loud voices, a scuffle, and a heavy fall. Nicky rushed upstairs and into the nursery closet. I hurried after him, dragged him out of the closet, and tried to find out what was the matter.

At last he sobbed out that, while he was helping Carlotta, Allan had taken his chair. He pushed Allan out and sat down. Then Allan, who is a large and sturdy youngster, had turned the chair over, Nicky and all, and jumped on top of the heap.

GREG was not mooing now. He was much interested. However bad he may be at times, Greg cannot bear to see any living thing suffer, even his brother. So he now relented and promised that if Nicky would cheer up and go down again, he'd go with him. Down they both went, and I returned to Nutmeg.

Three minutes later Greg came up again—this time for good. Allan had hit him in the face and his nose was bleeding. Nutmeg suggested that he stay with her and listen to a story. So I left her bathing his nose and I started down to cut the cake. On my way I glanced into the nursery. There was Nicky, lying on the bed, reading.

"Why!" I cried, astonished. "I thought you were downstairs!"

Nicky turned over and yawned.

"Oh," he said, "that party was too tiresome for me. I left it."

I went down to the dining-room, cut a large slice of cake, gave it to Allan, and dismissed him. He could eat it on the way home. We had troubles enough among ourselves without importing extra ones.

In next week's LIBERTY you'll enjoy reading about the very funniest of all dogs, which Emmy, Nicky, and Greg brought home.

SUDDENLY they began quarreling dreadfully.

Boys wanted to work in spare time

Dwight Stranahan of Ohio earns money every week and has won valuable prizes—all in his spare time.

Wouldn't you like to be independent, earn your own spending money, and buy the things you want without having to ask Mother and Dad for it? Of course you would. Well, thousands of boys, just like you, wanted to make money every week, and today they are happy, independent fellows who simply work in spare time right in their own neighborhood. All you have to do is send the coupon. We'll take care of everything else. Send you full information and show you how to get started making money right the first day. You don't need any money or experience. No interference with school or other duties. Every boy can also earn many valuable prizes, like bicycles, radios, all kinds of sporting goods, musical instruments, ice skates, etc.—in addition to earning money every week. Let us send you our big catalog of Free Prizes and our "Liberty Boy Salesman" magazine showing what all our boys are doing. Get started now. Mail the coupon immediately.

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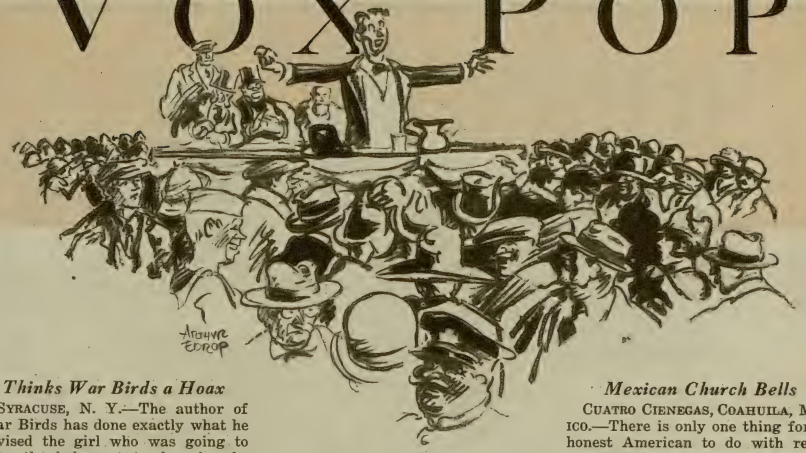


Thinks War Birds a Hoax

SYRACUSE, N. Y.—The author of War Birds has done exactly what he advised the girl who was going to have the baby not to do—viz.: he has broadcast the information to all the relatives and friends of the soldiers of the A. E. F. what asses they made of themselves.

When the first installment appeared I accepted LIBERTY's statement that it was from the pen of an American aviator. But with each succeeding installment an increasing doubt grew in my mind as to the authenticity of the writer.

You may believe that an announcement was and still is to be expected by myself disclosing the truthful author of War Birds. Failing that, I must believe that LIBERTY has been the victim of a hoax.—*C. D. McLaughlin, Formerly Captain A. S. R.*

Answering Mr. Heege

CHICAGO, ILL.—Mr. Heege, who called the writer of War Birds "a poor depraved boy," is undoubtedly a man who is sincere in what he says. He undoubtedly had a lovely home environment, with a mother and father who gave him everything he wanted, who taught him certain principles were right, and that all people who did not thoroughly agree with those principles were pagans, adulterers, and weaklings influenced by the dreadful modern jazz age.

It is men of his cut whom we have to thank for prohibition, for our high crime waves, for any tendency there is to "let down the bars."

Praise God we have a quantity of men like this unnamed aviator and the devil be damned for giving us men of the type of Mr. Heege.—*W. H. Sanderson.*

The Shocked Mr. Heege

HASTINGS, NEB.—Mr. P. C. Heege may return to his Sunday-school lesson at any time now. He was shocked upon learning, in War Birds, that the soldiers took a drink and had a party occasionally. But it seems that this "poor depraved boy," this "mistrained youth," whose diary is being printed, had courage enough to face almost certain death in spite of his few good times.—*George Jones.*

Prefers Hell

ATLANTA, GA.—Generally speaking, pilots would appreciate it if Mr. Heege of Independence, Iowa, would keep his prayers for his own narrow soul. Personally, rather than spend eternity in heaven with his like, I would go to hell with the War Birds.—*Walter S. Stapler.*

Another Slam

TORONTO, CAN.—P. C. Heege must have a very narrow mind. If he was going up the line tomorrow, he would have a hell of a good time tonight. So why should he blame our hero for having a good time while he had the chance?—*R. W. Greenwood.*

By George!

SIOUX CITY, IOWA.—I beg to protest against the injury you are doing me by using my name in your serial, The Small Bachelor. Therein George Finch is portrayed as everything from a "yap" (whatever that may be) to a "jailbird" and a villain. After exhausting the language in holding him up to ridicule and scorn, you say, in the last sentence of the last issue, "another woman enters his life next week."

I insist that you discontinue using my name in "the funniest story ever written."

My friends from all over the State are calling my attention to it. Unless I receive immediate advice that my name is no longer to be used, I shall be compelled to apply to the courts for a restraining order and for redress for the injuries already sustained.—*George Finch.*

Crime and the Church

CABOT, ARK.—In a recent issue you publish a letter from Ohio criticizing a LIBERTY editorial and claiming records show that 98 per cent of the convicts in the Ohio State Penitentiary are affiliated with some church.

This met with my personal approval, yet on exhibiting the clipping to a preacher of my acquaintance he triumphantly waved a letter in front of my gaze from the chaplain of said pen denying the statement in a few lines—neglecting, however, to state what the true figures are.

In the interest of truth, please advise who is right and what the true figures are.—*P. R. Sheaffer.*

Mexican Church Bells

CUATRO CIENEGAS, COAHUILA, MEXICO.—There is only one thing for an honest American to do with reference to the religious situation in Mexico and the articles on the subject in LIBERTY, and that is to *protest.*

The church bells are *not* silent. I can testify strongly on that point. I challenge anyone to go to Muzquiz, in northern Mexico. I couldn't sleep after 5 A. M. in the morning for the clanging of the bells. I was there from about August 16 to August 26, 1926. I hear the bells every day in Cuatro Cienegas—and just three weeks ago we took pictures of the women and children coming out of church.—*Harriet Leonard.*

A Billet Doux from Harry

WOONSOCKET, R. I.—After reading in a recent issue an article entitled, The Machete versus the Cross, by Sidney Sutherland, I want to extend to LIBERTY magazine my thanks and appreciation. It is, to my way of thinking, an honest letter and by far the best article I have read on affairs in Mexico.—*Harry T. Cassidel.*

A Sour Note

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Why this unfair, biased article on Mexico? Why do you not print the *truth,* as known by all *informed* people!—*Merle Reder.*

Wants Two Angles

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I must protest that Sidney Sutherland's article is too much in favor of the Catholics. He is not giving the true situation in Mexico, as it is reported by impartial witnesses.

If religion or politics must be discussed in LIBERTY, can't we have the subject from two different men—one for each side?—*Marie Davis MacBride.*

A Question of Diggers

PASADENA, CALIF.—I do not wish to seem unreasonable, or unduly critical, but when Thyra Samter Winslow exonerates the gold-digger in Who Makes the Gold-Digger Dig?—it's too much.

In this day and age, when intellectual women are becoming economically independent by performing wonderful and helpful work, there is no excuse for the "gold-digger."—*William B. Ogden.*

The Things They SAY With Flowers

Orchids at $7.50 Apiece Have Put a New Price Tag on Love-Making

An Article by

Frederick Tisdale

Pictures by FRED C. COOPER

TO be a successful purveyor of flowers to the mighty of New York you must have something besides the blossoms. Ingenuity, for instance. That rare quality had to be brought into play when a youth with a resounding name strolled into a Madison Avenue florist's shop one gentle June morning and said languidly:

"My friend, Van Blank, sails on his honeymoon tomorrow. Lido, Deauville, and all that sort of thing, you know. I should like you to send them some roses for me."

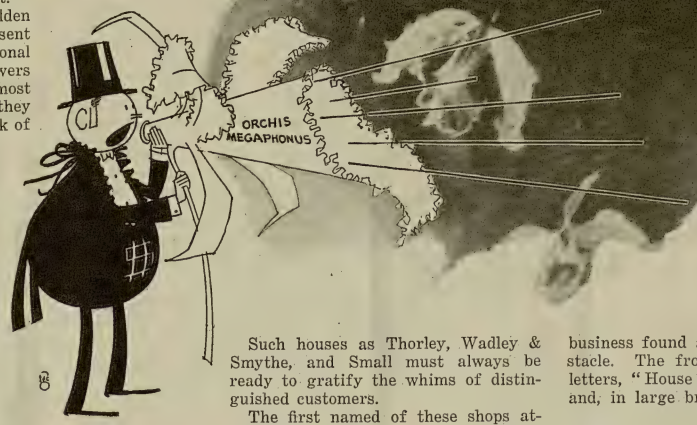
"Yes, sir," said the florist.

"But," continued the golden youth, "I want these roses sent in a somewhat unconventional way—so that, of all the flowers they receive, mine will be most highly regarded. Therefore they must be dropped on the deck of the steamer as she goes out to sea."

"Yes, sir," said the florist again. And I am told he did not bat an eyelash.

The golden youth gave the name of the steamer whose floral bombardment was necessary, lit a cigarette, and floated out into the gentle June sunlight. The fortune back of his resounding name made it understood that cost was not to be considered.

Ten bunches of roses were prepared. They were not boxed, but the stems were tied firmly and a pound weight attached to each bunch. Fifteen minutes after the steamer left her pier, an aviator took off from Mitchel Field with the ten bunches of roses. He had no trouble picking out the liner as she steamed down the bay. Two of the ten bunches made direct hits on the deck.



ORDINARY flowers may whisper tender sentiments, but the orchid shouts extravagance.

Such houses as Thorley, Wadley & Smythe, and Small must always be ready to gratify the whims of distinguished customers.

The first named of these shops attracts the attention of every visitor to New York by the vines and flowers that decorate the entire facade of the building. But few people have noticed that Thorley has one of the most curious signs in the city. The late Charles Thorley built up his name and his business until at the height of his career a rose from his shop would hardly speak to a flower from any other florist.

Thorley's will expressed a wish that the shop name die with him. But it was a vastly valuable asset and old employees who continued the business found a way to get around the obstacle. The front-door signs bear in small letters, "House of Flowers, Formerly with," and, in large brass scroll, "Thorley."

THORLEY has not been gone long, but already vast changes have come in the florist trade. The most striking has been an amazing growth in the demand for orchids. It may be a comment on the present highly geared generation that these rare and exotic flowers have, to a considerable extent, replaced roses in the favor of wealthy New Yorkers.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Double Quick!

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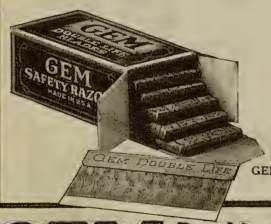
This double-thick blade is double-durable! It's double-reinforced to go over your face with *perfect* smoothness. Double-protected, double-sealed—backed by generous guarantee. On sale everywhere.



P.S.—The Gem de Luxe Razor makes your money go double as far! It is scientifically designed, superbly made, and handsomely cased. If your old Gem isn't 100% perfect, let our service department replace it for you! Send it to

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If your druggist cannot supply, mail this coupon.
KEMP'S BALSAM, LE ROY, N. Y. L-12-4
Please mail me a bottle of Kemp's Balsam, for which I will pay 60 cents upon delivery.

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[THE THINGS THEY SAY WITH FLOWERS Continued from Page Eighty-seven]

The trade explains it in two ways: that the country and city have become so wealthy, the costliest flowers are necessary as carriers of tender sentiments; and that the government embargo on importations of orchids has inflated prices.

Ten years ago you could buy the best orchids in the best stores for one dollar each. Now the choice flowers cost seven dollars and fifty cents.

In the old days regular expeditions went out from New York to gather orchid plants in their native South American jungles. Men have given their lives that a debutante might display the proper colored bloom on her coming-out gown.

But Uncle Sam became fearful of these lovely jungle immigrants. His bug experts pointed out that moths and beetles dangerous to all fruits and vegetables might be introduced into the country with the flowers. In 1912 orchids were included in a strict quarantine.

They may be brought in for experimental, educational, or scientific purposes, but each plant must undergo an inspection that out-Ellises Ellis Island. Every orchid that comes in is regarded as guilty of harboring some deadly bug until it is proved innocent and has been fumigated. This is done by the Federal Horticultural Board at Washington, which, if the disinfection is satisfactory, returns the plant to the importer.

WITH the demand for orchids growing and the importation cut off, the flower growers began the tedious business of growing them at home. They now are raised from seeds in and around New York. Six years of night-and-day vigilance is necessary before the first bloom appears. Even then there is only one stem of flowers at a time and the plants produce but once a year.

In the seventeenth century the world was amazed at the spectacle of Holland gone crazy over the growing of tulips. Rare bulbs brought fabulous sums. Fortunes were made and lost speculating in tulips. The present day has brought a mild repetition of this madness in the "orchidomania" that has gripped many wealthy Americans.

More than a thousand dollars has been paid by amateur growers for a single plant. Samuel Untermyer, the famous crusading lawyer, is a devotee of flowers in general and of orchids in particular. Till his death, James B. Duke, the tobacco magnate, took the greatest delight in collecting orchids. The plants were a not inconsiderable part of his estate. Mrs. Duke continues to raise orchids at the Somerville, New Jersey, greenhouses.

Perhaps the prize orchid story has to do with a rich New Yorker who became enamored of a musical-comedy beauty. An evil chance—and the Lackawanna Railroad—took her company to Buffalo. The distraught swain, crushed with loneliness, decided to say it

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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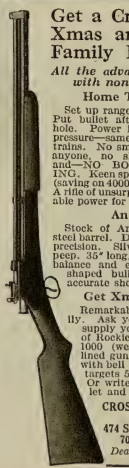

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE EIGHTY-EIGHT]

with flowers and shouted it with orchids. Selecting two perfect white blooms, he said to the florist:

"Deliver them to her theater in Buffalo. No telegraphing, mind you. I want these particular flowers delivered by one of your men."

A messenger with the two precious orchids made the trip and handed the box to the ecstatic beauty as she danced off the stage between acts. It cost her admirer sixty dollars to deliver fifteen dollars' worth of flowers.

It is interesting to note in this connection that most New York theaters have made a rule forbidding the ancient custom of handing flowers across the footlights while a play is in progress. The public presentation of flowers holds up the play and causes jealousy in the cast. Also it gives the cats a chance to whisper that the favored one has possibly sent the bouquet to herself.

The corsage is obsolete since there isn't any place to pin it.

Florists will tell you that the partial eclipse of roses by orchids is probably temporary. Solomon could find no greater tribute for his love than to call her the "rose of Sharon." Poets of all ages have advertised the rose. Could you imagine Bobbie Burns singing, "My love is like a lavender, lavender orchid"?

While the rose family retains a fair share of its ancient popularity, there has been a noticeable falling off in the adulation of the former queen of the species, the illustrious American Beauty. There is much in a name and any advertising man will tell you that the mere title, "American Beauty," had millions in it.

A CURIOUS angle of the decline of this flower is the fact that it was the victim of its own popularity. The demand was so great that intensive breeding was resorted to. We are told that the insane taint in the blood streams of Europe's kings is due in part to inbreeding—keeping the strain too closely within certain families. The royal American rose deteriorated from the same cause—there was not enough mating by male and female flowers of outside strains to bolster up the line. For that reason some of the best American Beauties now offered in New York are, ironically, importations from Canada! Florists will tell you that such roses as the Red Premier and the Mrs. F. R. Pierson surpass the finest American Beauties.

Recent years have seen a change in the traveling habits of American Beauties. No self-respecting rose would now consent to be carried through the streets with its feet sticking through a hole in the box, exposed nakedly to a vulgar public. Even when the stems are four feet long, today's bouquets are entirely encompassed by the box.

The shrinking violet has shrunk still further before the conquering orchid. A perfect bunch of 100 used to cost five dollars. Now you can buy them in the best florists for three dollars. This slump has been a blow to Rhinebeck, New York, which devotes itself largely to the growing of violets.

"The hardest order I ever had," one society florist told me, "was for a bunch of one hundred and fifty white violets. White violets are freaks of nature. You never know where or when they will appear among their orthodox companions. I had very little time to get together this bunch. I had to comb Rhinebeck and every other violet - growing community to find the full count."

Any veteran in business on Fifth Avenue can tell from the way a man orders flowers the state of his heart and his attitude toward the recipient. Here are some examples of flower psychology:

YOUNG man with high color rushes in, gives address of girl, and says: "Send her a dozen American Beauties with the longest stems you can find." That young man is completely goofy about the girl and his intentions are matrimony. If he sends her orchids, he may admire her greatly, but it does not mean necessarily that he is in dead earnest.

Middle-aged man saunters in, hands over ten dollars, looks at watch, and says: "Send out a nice bunch of flowers; whatever you think best." He is a married man of some years' standing and the flower order is a duty, not a pleasure.

Middle-aged man with worried look pays over twenty-five dollars and says earnestly: "Make the best you can for that and be sure you send 'em out right away." He has had a row with his wife and is trying to square himself.

Kindly old gentleman orders "twenty-nine Marechal Niel roses" sent to wife. Why the odd number? It is their wedding anniversary and he is sending one rose for every year of their life together.

Curious creatures, these men. Especially when they go in for flowers. One pink old aristocrat who displays himself every afternoon at the window of an upper Fifth Avenue club formerly was in the habit of sporting a carnation as a daily boutonniere. After making his purchase one day, he returned to his florist in an angry and disheveled condition.

"No more carnations!" he

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

ASPIRIN

Dissolve two "BAYER TABLETS OF ASPIRIN" in four tablespoonfuls of water and gargle thoroughly.

For TONSILITIS *and* SORE THROAT

Swallow some of the solution. Don't rinse the mouth. Repeat gargle every two hours if necessary.

This is an effective gargle proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians.

Safe — Accept only "Bayer" package. Look for the "Bayer Cross."

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.
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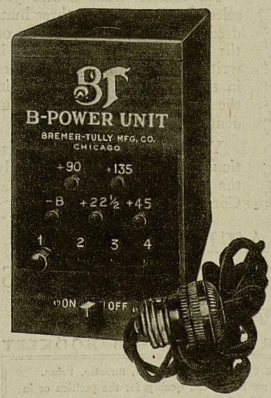

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☐ Industrial Management	☐ Private Secretary	☐ Good English
☐ Personnel Organization	☐ Spanish	☐ Civil Service
☐ Traffic Management	☐ French	☐ Railway Mail Clerk
☐ Business Law	☐ Salesmanship	☐ Common School Subjects
☐ Banking and Banking Law	☐ Advertising	☐ High School Subjects
☐ Accountancy (including C. P. A.)	☐ Business Correspondence	☐ Illustrating
☐ Nicholson Cost Accounting	☐ Show Card Lettering	☐ Cartooning

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES

☐ Electrical Engineering	☐ Surveying and Mapping	☐ Concrete Builder
☐ Electric Lighting	☐ Metallurgy	☐ Structural Engineer
☐ Mechanical Engineer	☐ Steam Engineering	☐ Chemistry ☐ Pharmacy
☐ Mechanical Draftsman	☐ Radio	☐ Automobile Work
☐ Machine Shop Practice	☐ Architect	☐ Airplane Engines
☐ Railroad Positions	☐ Blueprint Reading	☐ Navigation
☐ Gas Engine Operating	☐ Contractor and Builder	☐ Agriculture and Poultry
☐ Civil Engineer	☐ Architectural Draftsman	☐ Mathematics

Name.....

Address.....

Present Position.....

DOMESTIC SCIENCE COURSES

☐ Home Dressmaking
☐ Professional Dressmaking
☐ Millinery ☐ Cooking

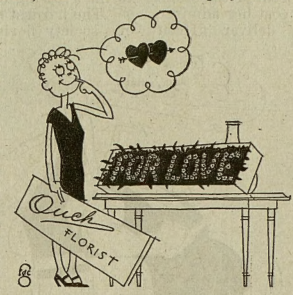
Canadian address—International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal

[THE THINGS THEY SAY WITH FLOWERS Continued from Page Eighty-nine]

shouted. "Give me a flower that bees hate." Observing the other's astonished look, he explained:

"Just after I left here a beastly bee appeared and made for my carnation. No place for a bee—here on Fifth Avenue. I struck at him with my cane and missed. The bee made for my nose. I moved the nose quickly out of his way. My hat fell off, the bee still buzzed around, people gathered, and a boy with a dirty face laughed. Then the rest of 'em laughed. Give me a flower that bees dislike."

The florist didn't feel safe in recommending any such blossom. To be on the safe side the pink old aristocrat now wears an artificial boutonniere.



The flowers that stab the heart simply wreck the hero's wallet.

Just now the favored blossom for the man's coat lapel is the little blue bachelor's-button. (It used to be the "Kaiserblume," but changed its name for obvious reasons.)

"Ours is not a bad business," admitted my florist friend. "People buy flowers to relieve an emotion or express a sentiment and they don't mind paying. We are consulted for offerings at births, weddings, anniversaries, feasts, and deaths. In former days people thought they had to send only white flowers for funerals. That is not so any more. J. P. Morgan's pall was made of red roses, his favorite flower. The coffin of John R. Hegeman, president of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, was covered with orchids. The pall was three and a half by seven feet and had fifteen hundred separate flowers.

"Americans think it a weakness to display emotion. That is why they are eager to let flowers interpret for them. One reason for the falling off in the demand for violets is that they were used for corsages. What would the present-day society beauty do with a corsage? Her gown is too flimsy to hold up a corsage.

"Orchids do not fall under this ban, because they are worn at the shoulder.

"The other day a salesman was in, trying to sell me a line of accessories for ankle bouquets. I refused to buy. Told him that New York girls would never succumb to such a fashion. But I have been thinking it over and maybe I was wrong. Who would have said fifteen years ago that women would one day be wearing skirts that advertised their knees?"

THE END

For the Love o' Lil

LIBERTY readers all over the country are eager to keep abreast of what's going on in the lives of Lil Morse and Sandy Jenkins. It's easy. Just look at the cover illustration and then read the chapter of For the Love o' Lil that appears below.

Contest fans are following the cover continuity with special interest so they will not be at a disadvantage if LIBERTY should decide to put on another contest. Now for the story:

For the Love o' Lil

CHAPTER XXV *of the* FAMOUS COVER CONTINUITY

By LESLIE THRASHER

THE Morse household was at high tension that evening. Mr. Hammerschlosser was calling on Lil, and——

Pop Morse had his ear glued to the parlor door; Ma Morse was right behind him, and little Junior brought up the rear. All were listening—straining for the fateful words.

They came, finally, in Mr. Hammerschlosser's timid, gentle voice. "Lil," they heard him begin, hesitantly; "Lil, I love you. I—I wonder if—if you'd honor me by becoming my wife?"

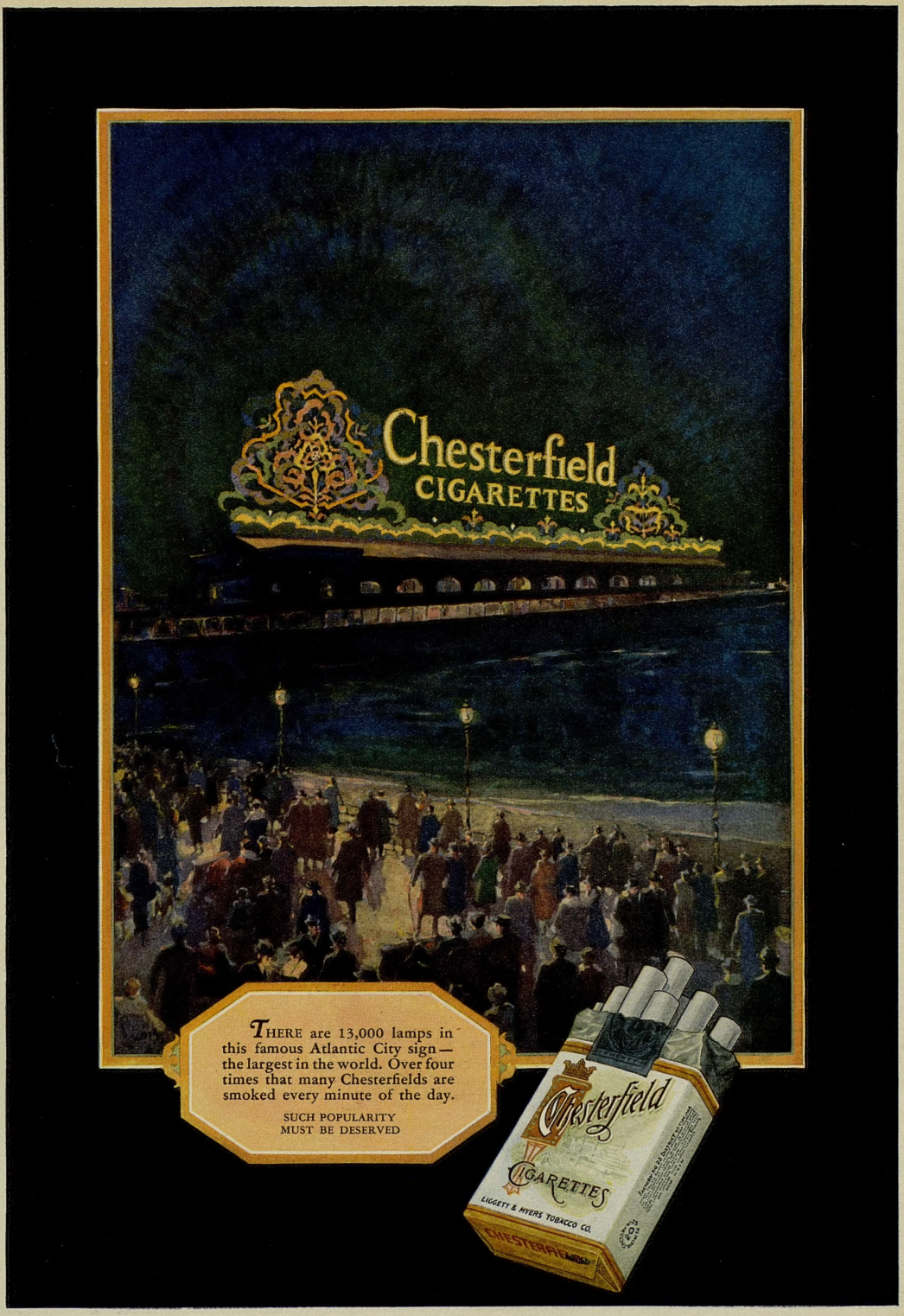
Pop nudged Ma; Ma nudged Junior, and all three held their breath. It was like a glorious dream: the rich Mr. Hammerschlosser asking their little Lil to marry him. The eavesdroppers pressed eagerly forward for her answering "Yes."

But Lil, leaning back in the big parlor armchair, saw another dream. She saw wealth and social position, pretty clothes, a beautiful home, motor cars, trips galore. But, also, she saw Sandy's photograph standing on the mantelpiece. She'd forgotten to remove it.

Mr. Hammerschlosser, rich as he might be, was twice her age. While there, on the mantel, was Youth calling to Youth. Lil shifted nervously. "Wait," she almost pleaded; "give me time; give me two weeks."

Pop Morse eased the door shut and turned to Ma. "Now, there's your crazy modern girl for you!" he said in disgust. "Everything in the world laid at her feet, and she wants time!"

(To be continued next week)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CHESTERFIELD

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with all the latest improvements insured by RCA leadership—plus public approval

CHRISTMAS and a Radiola —one suggests the other. A real Christmas and a real Radiola—one of the sets containing all the new improvements that have set the world talking—but tried and tested and perfected.

If you have not yet heard radio in its natural form—if you are still experimenting with inferior sets, or are merely on the threshold of the enchanted land—do not delay in asking your RCA Authorized Dealer for a demonstration.

There is Radiola 20—an antenna set. It packs into one small radio set all the quality of making and performance that a man wants when he is interested in *results*—and low price. It has a power tube for volume—single control for simplicity—with verniers for accurate tuning of distant stations. And it *does get distance!*

There is Radiola 25—the six tube super-heterodyne. It gets distance with only its loop. It tunes in with a single finger—gets clear, rich volume with its power tube. And its fine tone quality is sealed in.

Radiola 28 is the eight tube super-heterodyne. The eight tubes mean bigger distances and finer selectivity. It is so carefully made that even the wire of its loop is measured to the sixty-fourth of an inch. And the music it brings in with a single turn of the hand is *real!*

Radiola 30 is the eight tube super-heterodyne with power loudspeaker and *no batteries*. Just plug it in on the house current—tune in—and turn up the volume. It is not mere power—but *clear, natural volume.*

It gets the actual tone and the actual volume of the original music—unaltered. This is the radio set of the future—the Christmas offering for the man who has an old radio set of an earlier day.

The super-heterodynes are built with thousandth-of-an-inch preciseness—yet they are built so sturdily and sealed so well that years cannot affect their most delicate adjustments. They are sealed—as no other type of radio set is sealed—in a catacomb that neither dust nor air can penetrate.

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